POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST DECEMBER 14 • 1963 20c

IN MEMORIAM
A senseless tragedy

THE NEW PRESIDENT

JOHN F. KENNEDY

1917-63

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Hate that gray? Wash it away!

Now! Color only the gray

without changing your natural hair color!

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HAIR COLOR LOTION
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Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

Loving Care® **Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL**

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"P-Please, Mister, how do I get out of these woods?"

The green telephone truck ground to a sudden stop on the woods trail.

Installer Jim Phillips looked down from his cab at a seven-year-old boy with a feathered headdress and a quivering lip.

"P-Please, Mister," said the small Indian, "I guess I must be lost. How do I get out of these woods?"

Jim smiled, choked back a laugh, and invited the boy to hop in. But he refused. Wise parents had taught him never to accept rides from strangers.

So Jim did the next best thing. He put his truck into low gear and with Chief Lost-in-the-Woods trudging along behind, led him six blocks back to civilization.

This little story is true—and typical of the spirit that telephone men and women bring to their work. They try to be good neighbors and give good service.

Because they're human, they don't always succeed, of course. But thanks to their earnest effort, you enjoy the finest, fastest, friendliest telephone service in the world.

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SERVING YOU

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THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH — the one gift in all the world which is unquestionably the finest of its kind, a remembrance beyond compare. Recognized in 150 countries of the free world as the standard of elegance and excellence, Longines is the only watch in history to ever win 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes, 28 Gold Medals. And it was Longines that shattered the accuracy barrier at Neuchatel Government Observatory . . . Longines won all honors for watch accuracy. Longines . . . proudest to receive or give for an adult lifetime of reliability, personal pride and satisfaction. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer jeweler soon.

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These World Honored Longines magnificent jewelry watches for ladies all hand crafted in solid 14K gold cases

Left to right: **(A)** No. 3619, Florentine design, 2 matched diamonds, $125. **(B)** No. 3803, 20 matched diamonds in a circle, $295. **(C)** No. 1729, solid 14K gold bracelet watch with 14 matched diamonds, $500. **(D)** No. 3751, 8 diamonds, marquise shaped watch with jewel faceted synthetic sapphire crystal, $195. **(E)** No. 3447, popular octagonal with jewel faceted synthetic sapphire crystal, $125. Shown in box: No. 1701, jeweled cover Longines bracelet watch, set with 3 diamonds, 2 rubies, 2 sapphires and 2 emeralds; a magnificent holiday gift, $400.

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POST

DECEMBER 14, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 44

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Writing this week to memorialize John Fitzgerald Kennedy are men who knew him well. Historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., a trusted adviser, pays tribute to the brilliant young President to whom death came before his destiny could be fulfilled. Former President Eisenhower discusses the grave questions raised about the nature of this republic when one of its citizens murders its elected leader. Contributing writer Bill Davidson, assisted by Peter Maas, both longtime friends of the President and his family—tells how the Kennedy family learned of the tragedy and how they united in grief. New York *Herald Tribune* columnist Jimmy Breslin gives the moving story of Jacqueline Kennedy's courageous vigil at the side of her dying husband. Contributing writer Ben H. Bagdikian explores the life of Lee Harvey Oswald to show how this quiet man became the assassin. Washington editor Stewart Alsop, who has long been close to the White House, provides a portrait of President Lyndon Johnson, whom he has known since Johnson's earliest days in the capital. In revealing him as an expert in the use of power, Alsop predicts Johnson's emergence as a President of great strength, and tells how he will meet the crucial issue of civil rights as a Westerner—not as a Southerner. In an exclusive interview, Johnson, then a senator, describes to Alsop the heart attack he suffered in 1955. In a separate report one of his doctors tells of President Johnson's now complete recovery. Author of books about both Nixon and Goldwater, Earl Mazo examines the tragedy's effects on the future of the Republican Party and on next year's election. Our cover painting by Norman Rockwell was greatly admired by the late President Kennedy. *The Post* republishes it as a tribute to him.

**Portions of this issue were printed before the tragic death of President Kennedy.*

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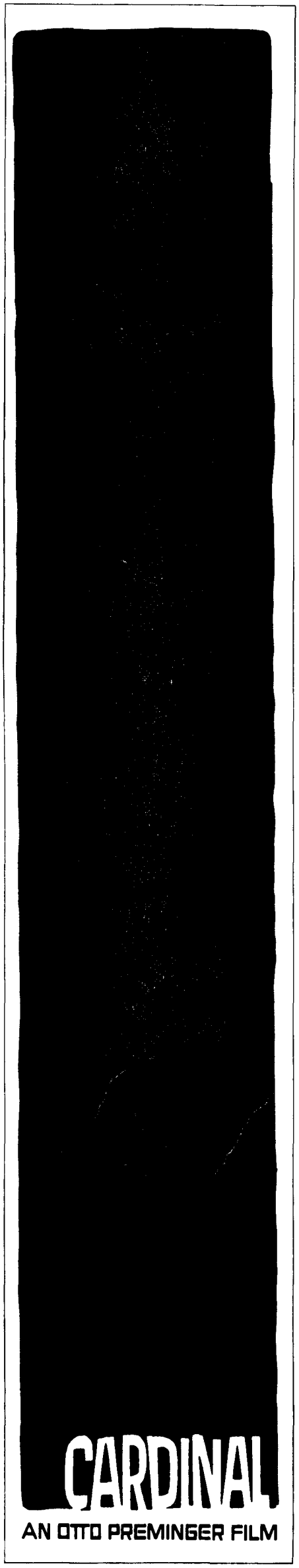


LETTERS

The quints and our town

I've just finished your pieces on the quints [OUR LIFE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME by Andrew J. Fischer with John Bird; THE LONG HOUR OF BIRTH by Mary Ann Fischer with Dorothy Cameron Disney; THE MEDICAL TEAM WAS READY by Steven M. Spencer; "OUR TOWN IS ON THE MAP!" by Trevor Armbrister, Nov. 16]. Done to perfection!

MRS. GEORGE F. JAMES
Wytheville, Va.

• I was particularly interested in your articles as I have triplets, now three years old. You mentioned other quints born in the United States, but failed to mention our only surviving sextuplet who was born in my hometown—Mendon, Mo. I think that small town deserves some fame.

MRS. JEAN HICKMAN
Kansas City, Mo.

(*Marjorie Louise Speichinger, born on August 9, 1936, and the only one of the infants to survive birth, lives on her parents' farm near Mendon. Mr. and Mrs. Speichinger had nine children, in addition to the sextuplets.—ED.*)

• While all South Dakotans are proud of the Fischer quintuplets, we must disillusion your reporter who says that a "Sioux Indian, Ben Reifel, represents Aberdeen in Congress." Aberdeen's population is still not such that it rates its own congressman. Mr. Reifel represents 44 counties in all.

WILLIAM GALL
Brookings, S. Dak.

• We in Aberdeen certainly enjoyed your coverage of our pride and joy. However, lest people in the Dakotas get the impression that we are out of business, will you please print my letter stating that there definitely is a bookstore in Aberdeen. I am referring to Aberdeen's friendly Bible bookstore, Lee's Friendship House, specializing in the Book of Books. We are almost directly across the street from the Alonzo Ward Hotel.

MR. AND MRS. GORDON BUNDROCK
Owners, Lee's Friendship House
Aberdeen, S. Dak.

• Mr. Armbrister states that "Aberdeen is remote from centers of population. Minneapolis—the nearest city of any size—is 284 miles away." I would like to inform him that the city of Sioux Falls, which has a population of 75,000, is only 220 miles away. Ours is the largest city in the five North Central States—South Dakota, North Dakota, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho.

ROGER C. RITTER
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

• That was a good article about the Fischer family, but since when is a town of 23,000 considered small? Of course it's nothing like New York, but Aberdeen is still bigger than most.

JOE MCDONALD
Janesville, Wis.

• I think Mary Catherine Fischer (shown crying loudly on the cover) should be made an honorary drill sergeant in the Marine Corps. She would be perfect for the honor.

C. C. ALLEN
Long Beach, Calif.

• I have read your story about the babies. I know my younger brother and I would welcome quintuplets into our family.

MARY KILHEFFER
South Williamsport, Pa.

• I'll probably spend the rest of my life wondering why you devoted seven pages to Red China and 20 to the quints.

K. GEORGE STANTON
Washington, D.C.

Whitewash Red China?

A DIPLOMAT'S REPORT [by Sir Fitzroy Hew Maclean, Nov. 16] is another tourist report on the Red Chinese regime. The author is essentially correct as far as appearances are concerned, but how few and limited are such things. No one will deny the grandeur of the new Peking, but I am appalled at the statement that Communism is meeting the main needs of the bulk of the population. It is a pity that people in the West seek information about China from visitors rather than from the Chinese, who know China inside out. I would shudder to think of my people having to rely on my reports about political and social conditions in, say, England or France. I could do nothing but mislead them.

On the other hand, THE GI WHO CHOSE COMMUNISM [by Stanley Karnow, Nov. 16] is most commendable—the information coming from a man who has lived among China's common people for a number of years.

S. T. TUNG
Chinese Peasants Party (in exile)
Berkeley, Calif.

• Sir Fitzroy mentions the peace, law and order which the Communists have wrought. Even slaves have that—it all depends on your definition of terms. If Red China were able tomorrow to achieve a paradise on earth, it would still not be worth the price paid in suffering, degradation and destruction of human dignity.

MRS. BARBARA B. WEAVER
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

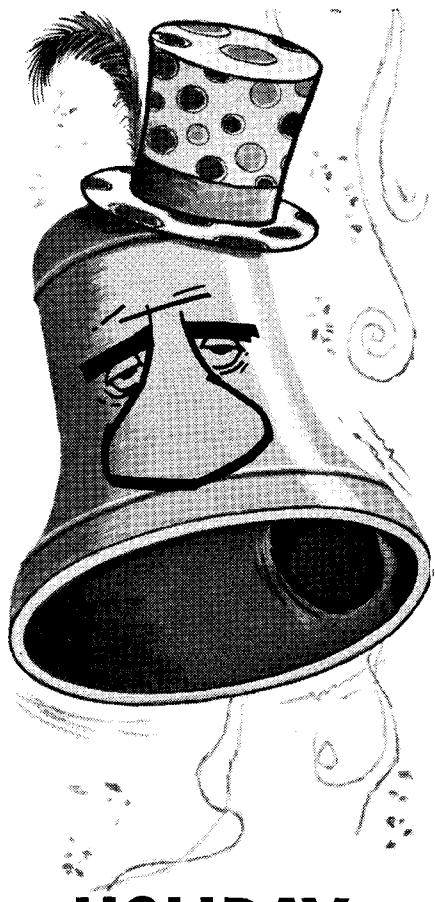
• No doubt the pictures of this proud and smiling father, Albert Belhomme, with his children [THE GI WHO CHOSE COMMUNISM] have already gained him favor with those hearts-and-flowers types among your readers who just can't imagine how such a nice man could have been so bad.

To balance things off, you should have shown pictures of all those graves in Korea of the Americans who didn't forget their oath of enlistment.

PAUL E. WILSON
Lompoc, Calif.

Grief and guilt

Like many ministers, I have been appalled at the amount of money people spend on funerals [AMERICANS DON'T WANT FANCY FUNERALS by Jessica Mitford, Nov. 23]. But I do not think the blame can always be laid at the foot of the undertaker. In fact, it has been my observation that people most often



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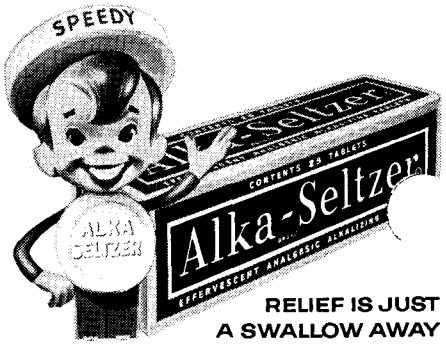
When too much holiday cheer brings on holiday headache, bring out the Alka-Seltzer! Unlike pain pills, Alka-Seltzer is *already* a liquid when you take it. Ready to go to work instantly.

Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever.

When you want a modern effective pain-reliever (and a soothing stomach alkalizer) take two Alka-Seltzer tablets.



RELIEF IS JUST A SWALLOW AWAY

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BRUSH SHOWN
ACTUAL SIZE

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THE NEW **RONSON ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH**

FASTEST, LIGHTEST, MOST VERSATILE...

You'll never want to use a regular toothbrush again after brushing with the new Ronson Electric Toothbrush. It's the best way to brush your teeth and massage your gums. Here's why you owe it to yourself and your family to switch to Ronson, the best electric toothbrush of them all...

FASTEST—Ronson's brushing action is faster than any other electric toothbrush—over 11,000 full-power strokes per minute with complete safety to teeth and gums. While brushing, Ronson maintains its effective power while many other brushes lose substantial power, or stall.

UP-AND-DOWN BRUSHING ACTION—You get the correct up-and-down brushing action most dentists recommend. Cleans teeth thoroughly, massages gums properly.

MOST VERSATILE...LIGHTEST WEIGHT...SAFE—The Ronson Electric Toothbrush is completely safe. You have a choice of two low-voltage power sources, reduced house voltage (110 v.) by use of the Ronson exclusive Safety Coupler, or, four standard batteries located in the storage-carrying case. Ronson is the lightest because there are no batteries in the handle as with most other electric toothbrushes. This makes Ronson the most compact and gracefully contoured of all.

PRECISION ENGINEERED—The Ronson Electric Toothbrush is a precision dental instrument, engineered for long, dependable service, and is fully guaranteed.

POPULAR WITH THE FAMILY—Did you ever think you'd look forward to brushing your teeth or that children would brush without being told? That's what happens with Ronson . . . the electric toothbrush that gives your mouth the cleanest feeling, your teeth the brightest look, and your gums a tingling massage. The price...$19.95 (optional with dealer).

by the maker of famous Ronson Lighters

RONSON

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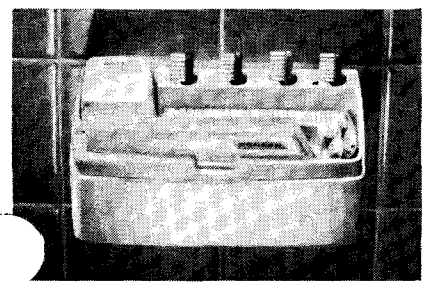
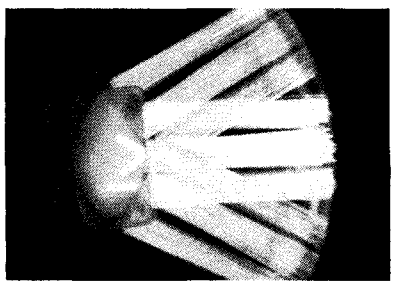
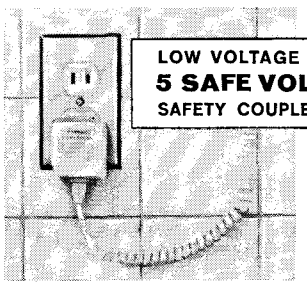


.landsome storage-carrying case, with wall bracket, power handle, Safety Coupler, 5 volt coil-cord and four different colored brushes.

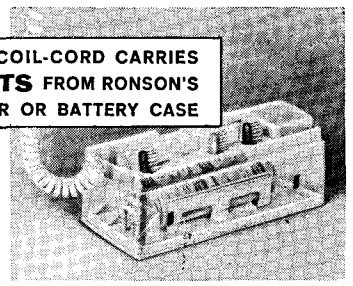


Over 11,000 full-power strokes per minute—dentally-correct up-and-down brushing action for proper cleaning and gum massage.

Ideal for teaching children good dental habits. Ensures dental health for the entire family.



Exclusive Safety Coupler plugs into wall outlet—reduces house voltage (110 v.) to 5 volts.



Low voltage coil-cord also plugs into storage-carrying case which holds four standard D cell batteries in the base.

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Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.

A world-famous research institute has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain *in minutes* and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissues.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations. And most amazing of all – this improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough, that sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." And among these sufferers, were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

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In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids without surgery, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

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LETTERS

use the expensive funeral as an atonement ritual to salve their feelings of guilt. Guilt is always a feeling of the mourner, for all of us fail at times to love those who are closest to us.

Unscrupulous undertakers can use this need for forgiveness to make tremendous profit, but it is not likely that even the most scrupulous can do much about it. This is a sickness of the soul.

REV. C. S. WILSON JR.
Big Stone Gap, Va.

In favor of fiction

Let me sound a note of praise for THE HUMAN FACTOR [by David Ely, Nov. 16]—a delightful satire, a delightful story. It should take its place with *The Devil and Daniel Webster* and other such classics.

DWIGHT PAYTON
Ellsworth, Kans.

• It has been many a day since I've read a story that made me laugh out loud. THE HUMAN FACTOR did it, and I'm still chuckling as I write this. David Ely must have a good knowledge of music. His description of the organist making his own perforated card was a masterpiece.

MRS. GEORGINA BURNHAM
Los Angeles, Calif.

• Thank you for the pleasing and relevant story by David Ely. It is refreshing to see the struggle for individuality and personal opportunity brought into the church context where, in my opinion, a very poor job is being done in support of individual creativity. Fortunately our outlook is not as hopeless as that expressed by the author.

REV. WILLIAM J. WEBB
Ravenna, Ohio

• I wish to commend you on the quality of stories appearing in *The Post*. The two carried in the Nov. 2 issue [ROOM AT THE BOTTOM, ROOM AT THE TOP by George Cuomo, and A MAN OF PASSION by William Harrison] were very meaty.

EDWARD W. ROWAND
Columbus, Ohio

To vote or not to vote

Regarding your article STAY HOME AND DON'T VOTE [by John Keats, Oct. 26], I thought you might be interested in a survey of Rutherford, N.J. residents organized by my high-school social-studies teacher. Each class member was responsible for ten personal interviews with local citizens of voting age. After removing some invalid questionnaires, we collated the remaining 349. The results were shocking to us. . . . My fellow classmates and I now agree that there are a great many people who would help the country by avoiding voting. Some of the results: 18 percent could not name the mayor of Rutherford; only 54 percent could name both candidates running for mayor; 32 percent named both of New Jersey's Senators in Washington; 86 percent planned on voting Nov. 5.

MARY SANFORD
Rutherford, N.J.

COMING SOON...in The Post

The Christian churches of America in color

A SHOCKING REPORT ON AMERICA'S FORGOTTEN POOR

We have no right to happiness
C. S. Lewis speaks out

JULIE ANDREWS • Everyone's Fair Lady

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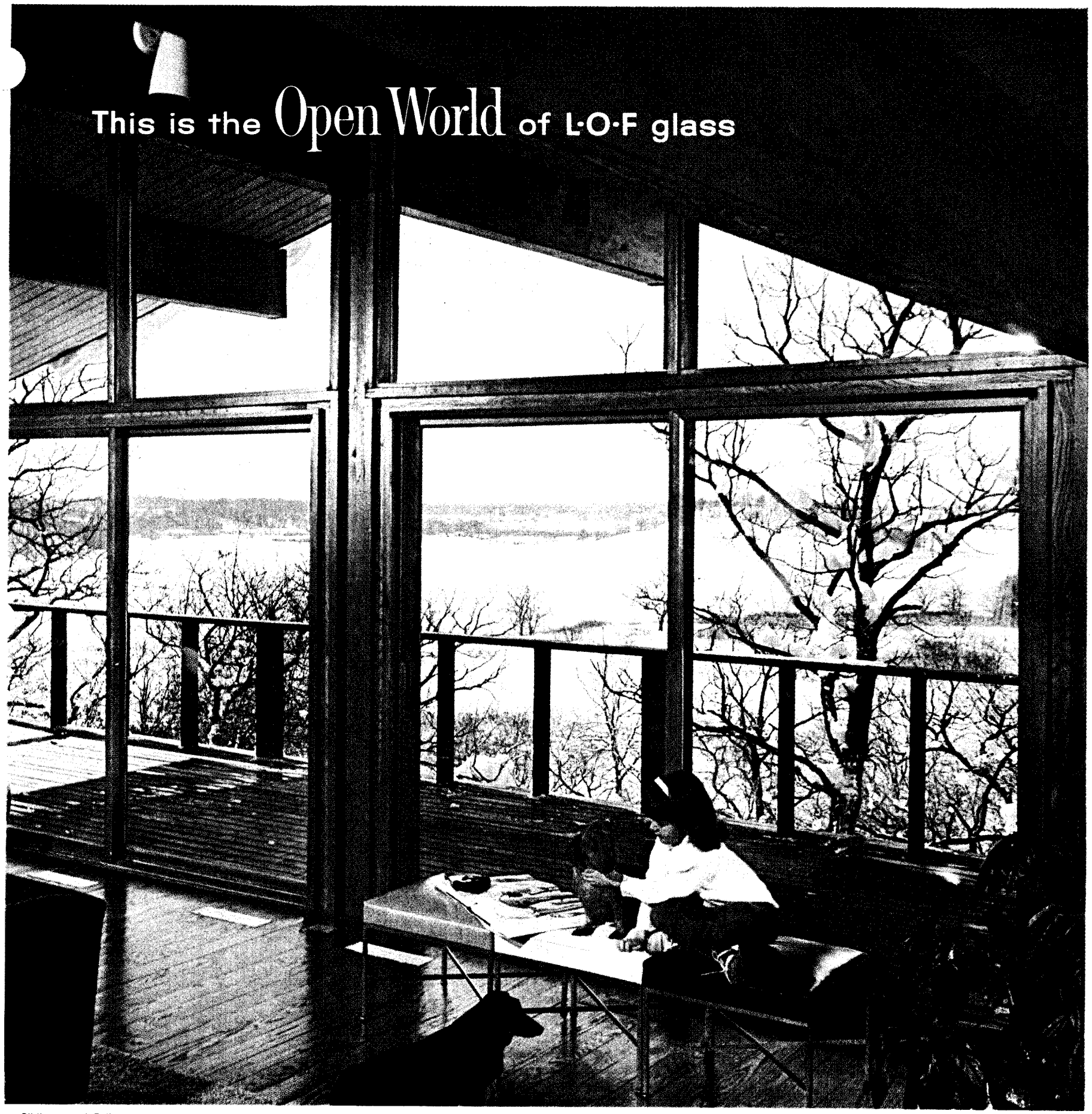

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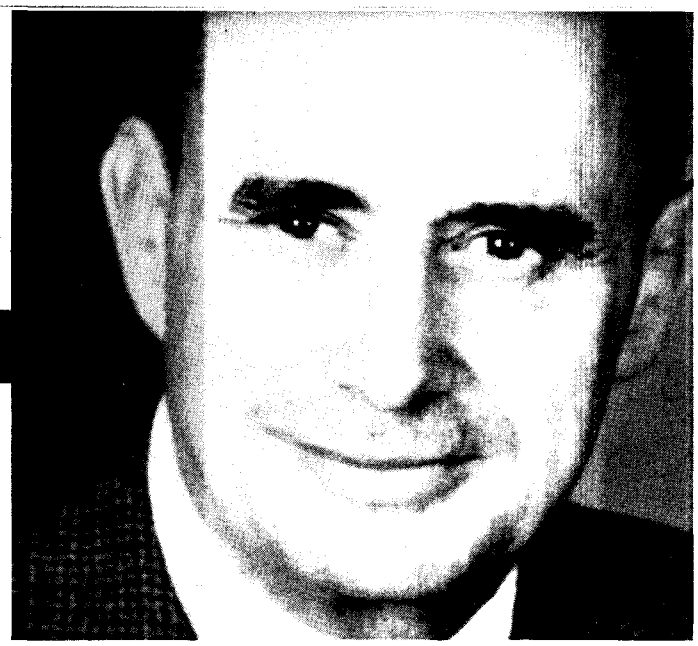
SPEAKING OUT



HATE KNOWS NO DIRECTION

Ralph Emerson McGill, the nation's most celebrated editor-publisher, is renowned for his lifelong battle against bigotry and hatred, whatever their origin. A Pulitzer Prize winner, he is now publisher of the Atlanta, Georgia, Constitution.

By Ralph Emerson McGil

Who killed our young President? Every man who has hated, says this distinguished spokesman for the nation's conscience

Almost 100 years to the day after Abraham Lincoln looked out on the great crop of death at Gettysburg, and spoke with compassion and with faith in the national dream, our young President has been savagely done to death in the harvest of hate. We have learned from history that hate cannot merely destroy a President but bring the nation itself close to disaster. The harvest of the seeds of malice in Texas reminds us that whether it comes from the extreme right or left, hate that is blind, bitter and relentless already is a poison in our national life.

The first suspect at Dallas was a typical product of the furnaces of madness. Although an American bred and born, and although he had worn his country's uniform, he had defected to the Soviet Union. Later disillusioned with Communism, he returned to his native land and became involved, for hire, in one of the pro-Castro groups.

But he was not alone in his hate. His deed brought out the glee of the right-wing extremists. When news of the shooting and, later, the death of the President became known, some Southern newspapers received anonymous, jeering, telephone calls. "So they shot the nigger lover. Good for whoever did it." . . . "He asked for it and I'm damned glad he got it . . . trying to ram the damn niggers down our throats." These were samples. Some of this kind of joy was open and loud.

Hatred knows no direction. The American Communist-oriented and the right-wing extremist groups have dissociated themselves from their country. The danger comes from both. Some of the segregationist forces have for more than a year openly condemned their country, its Government, and its leaders, and declared their hatred for it and their loyalty instead to a state or a leader. Extremists have for six years directly and indirectly encouraged violence and defiance of Federal authority. The list of these includes politicians, evangelists, spokesmen for organizations dedicated to defying the U.S. Supreme Court ruling against racial discrimination, the more rabid anti-Semitic and outright anti-Negro groups, and those of the more outspoken Birch Society mentalities who called Dwight D. Eisenhower a Communist stooge and the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles a traitor and a Communist.

The more shrewd among the peddlers of hate against their country have been careful to avoid open and direct incitement of violence. But their words and other abuse directed at the President and the Government have inspired many whose disturbed minds tend easily toward recklessness and criminal action.

Ever since Little Rock's school riots of more than six years ago, it has been obvious that psychopathically dangerous persons would not hesitate to use dynamite and gunfire against the established laws of their states and national government. Innocent children have been dynamited to death in Birmingham as they sat in Sunday school learning a lesson of Christian love. In the long and dreadful night of rioting when James Meredith was enrolled at the University of Mississippi, two men were killed by sniper fire. U.S. marshals were subjected to a violent attack by stones, bricks, pieces of pipe and other weapons.

After the dawn had come to that strife-torn city and order was restored, local residents told of seeing persons who came from "outside" areas, one of whom was heard to say, "I am glad to be able to fight against this damned Communist country." Days later in Mississippi a sniper, firing from the cover of darkness, shot and killed Medgar Evers, an N.A.A.C.P. official.

We have grown used to seeing, on television and in news and magazine pictures, the hate-twisted faces of young men and women, and of their adult counterparts, crying out the most violent threats and expressing venom against their country, its courts and its authority. We have seen the frightening faces of screaming, cursing mothers during the desegregation of schools in New Orleans. The lives of those persons who sought to stand for law have been disturbed by threats and abuse, by filth shouted over the phone, by prowlers and, now and then, by a shot fired into the house.

The extreme right and left in this country have so well revealed their minds to us in their literature, public utterances, in floods of mail, mostly anonymous, filled with outrageous charges against, and lies about, the murdered President, that we have no excuse not to understand what they plan and how they operate. In some instances men of great wealth, all made in the nation they wish to change more nearly to their own dream of at least semitotalitarian power, reportedly help finance some of the more extreme organizations, left and right. There were businessmen who, in a time when profits were at an all-time high and the domestic economy booming, nonetheless could speak only in hatred of "the Kennedys." There were evangelists who declared the President to be an anti-Christ, an enemy of God and religion.

This hatred could focus on almost anything the President proposed. When he asked for legislation for medical aid for the aged, for example, there were doctors who succumbed to the fever of national unreason and began abusing the President. In locker rooms and at cocktail parties, luncheons and dinners, it became a sort of game to tell vulgar and shabby jokes about the President, his wife and his family. Most of these were repeats of stories in vogue at the time Franklin D. and Eleanor Roosevelt were in the White House. Contributors to this pettiness and malignancy must bear a small share of the national guilt.

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SPEAKING OUT

It was, however, the civil-rights issue that brought down the most hate on the head of a President sworn to obey and defend the Constitution. It is no exaggeration to say that a literal civil war developed and that it still rages. The fury of members of the Congress, of a handful of governors, of many state legislators, of some editors, ministers and businessmen was, and is, so irrational as to remain inexplicable. One may examine the dusty bones of history—tradition, legend, custom—and come up with explanations. But they do not really explain the hate, bitter and deep, that festered in the minds and hearts of otherwise reasonable men.

A short while ago Professor James W. Silver, long the distinguished head of the history department at the University of Mississippi, and president of the Southern Historical Association, delivered a paper to that body titled "Mississippi—A Closed Society." It was a documented and damning indictment of thought control in that state, of education debased, and of a desperate political determination to defy Federal authority at all costs. It was a story of minds closed to reality, even though aware of it. Those who knew they were wrong, and that defeat was ahead, became haters both implacable and unrepentant. They were so blinded as to be not merely willing but determined to destroy their own country and themselves rather than grant equal citizenship and educational rights to the Negro citizen.

And this attitude is a curious thing. It was one that bothered the President. Early in 1963 this writer spent about three months in Africa. On return, the President expressed an interest in hearing the impressions gained. It was a private meeting. I told him of how the Communists were using the racial disorders in this country to undermine the U.S. position in Africa and how painfully confused were so many of the Africans I met by our failure to match with action our advocacy of liberty and justice for all.

As we talked, the President said that of course he knew the historical answer. But he could not comprehend why 160 million Americans were fearful of doing what was really a fairly simple thing—respecting the civil rights of a mere 19 million. That men would be so rational on everything else, but go into a frenzy of hate and fear because a relatively few people wanted an equal share in the national life, puzzled him. He spoke, too of how he and the Department of Justice had sought, earnestly and privately, to assist Southern governors and officials in making what the President knew to be a difficult transition. He had enormous patience, did the President, and it was not exhausted when death came. But, perhaps because he was an intellectual with a respect for logic and reality, he could not understand men who ignored both these qualities of life.

He had something of Lincoln's patience, and he never once sought to "ram things down the throats" of the South, as the demagogues claimed *ad nauseam* in their speeches of defiance. The President knew that some things had to be worn out, and that men of good will had to be aided by time. It was this that made him appear too cautious and slow to the eager young Negro students, to the intellectuals and the writers. But he never once failed to move when he, as President, could. He was sometimes bothered by the criticism, not because it was criticism, but because it revealed a lack of understanding. He had soon learned that while the President does have powers, it often is difficult to bring them to bear.

The hatred expressed by the more voc extremists in the South, and by some the representatives in Congress, hurt the President. His accusers have known he could take no other course. He knew, however, that they represented a small, well-organized minority. This is why he enjoyed getting out of Washington and among the people. His journey to the West a few months ago cheered him immensely. It was not merely that the crowds were tremendous and unmistakably enthusiastic. He did not encounter hate, unreasonable and unrelenting. He was with Americans who were looking ahead and who believed in their country.

He was optimistic about going to Texas. He had an affection for the state, growing out of his liking for its history and his friends there. The President recalled, too, that Texas had been one of the pivots on which his 1960 campaign had turned. He had done what was considered a daring thing, and a politically dangerous one, by submitting himself to questions at a session of Protestant ministers in that state at a time when his religion was regarded as a major factor. He had done well, and from that time on the issue of his religion waned.

Forethoughts of Dallas

But hate was still there. Before his Texas trip, he discounted it. He recalled that a small crowd of hoodlums and angry women in Dallas, who regard the United Nations as a Communist front, had insulted and spat on U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson a few weeks before, but that the huge audience inside the arena had given him an ovation. The President did not minimize the hatred aroused by the various leaders of extremist organizations and by some of the South's governors and politicians. He was aware that such leaders prod the psychopathic to violence. But he believed also that in time the common sense of the American people would assert itself. He did not believe that 19 million Negro citizens could forever be used by wicked and designing men and women to frighten 160 million other Americans away from doing what morally was right.

His staff, the Secret Service and the FBI knew about the danger in Texas—as they knew of it in other states. But when the President appeared, the reception was so warm and generous, and the crowds so huge and friendly, that some of the vigilance was relaxed. The car's bullet-proof glass cover—which perhaps would have deflected the shots—was removed. And so, a trust born of warmth and generosity and friendliness exposed the young President to the deadly assault of a psychopathic hater.

So hate triumphed. And hate remains. There is no remorse and no pangs of conscience in the real citadels of hatred in the South—and indeed the whole of this aching country. And there is none in the hearts of those who promote the power of Communism.

President Lincoln, himself hated and abused, spoke at Gettysburg of "government of the people, by the people, for the people." He was slain by hate, and t sickness of it lasted into our own tin We must now understand that hate, if unchecked by morality, decency and the determination of civilized men and women, may so weaken us that we will be vulnerable to our enemies. THE END

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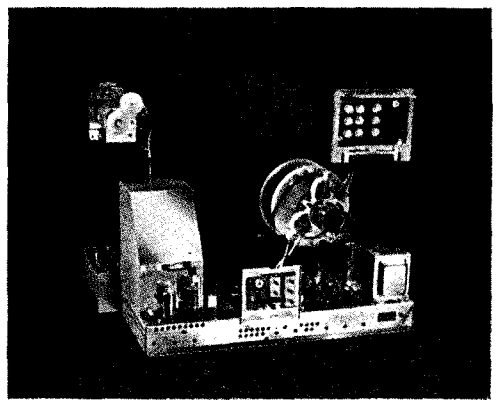

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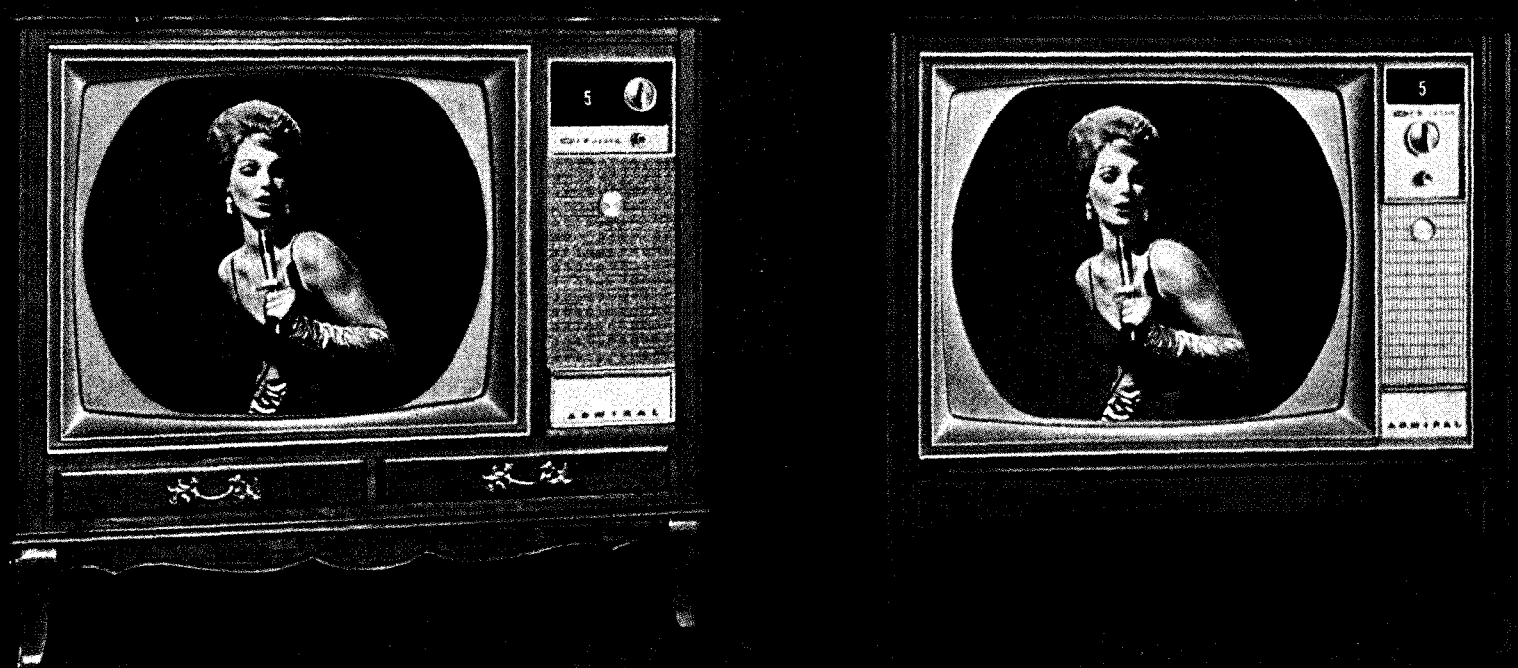

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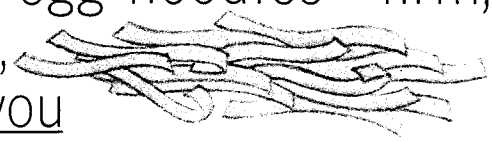

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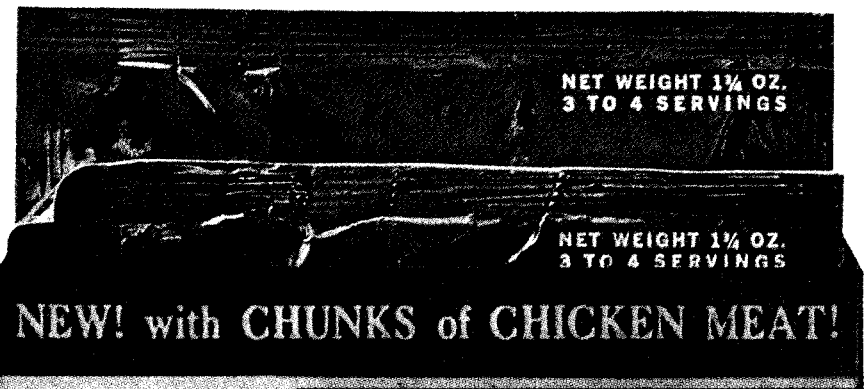

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WHEN THE HIGHEST OFFICE CHANGES HANDS

By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

After the first wave of horror, grief and shame launched by the assassination of a President of the United States—a young, vital man at the prime of life—questions such as these must have sprung into the minds of many thoughtful Americans:

What does this mean to the security of our nation? Will there be a clamor to change the Presidency? Does this tragedy reflect some flaw in our political system or in the character of the American people?

We now know, of course, that our country quickly absorbed the shock and closed ranks behind the new President. Thanks to the foresight of the founding fathers who provided in our Constitution for an orderly succession to the office of President, there was no faltering of our Government or hiatus in our executive leadership. Once again our democratic system demonstrated to the world that although any political leader may pass suddenly from the scene, the institution of the Presidency itself continues firm and secure.

Yet it is also natural that we should seek to draw lessons from this tragic event which, inevitably, will bring some demands that the President be more protected, more isolated from the hazards of travel, or prevented from mingling with the people. There will be those, I am sure, who, in the interests of safety for the President, would make a virtual prison of the White House.

As one who has occupied that office, I believe that the American people have too much good sense to do anything that would impair in the slightest degree the essential, traditional character of the office—one of democracy's most vital institutions and the most important political station in the world.

It is the very combination of powers vested in the Presidency which makes it highly desirable that the President be free to travel widely, to keep personally in touch with the people of the country, and to see with his own eyes what is going on in the world.

Most of our Presidents have believed that to be effective leaders they must know accurately the disposition of the people. In my own experience I know that frequent contact with citizens in many localities and walks of life always has been a source of new knowledge, of inspiration, of refreshment of purpose. When I was a military commander, I strongly felt the need to go out among the troops, to talk with them, to see how they were getting along, to hear their complaints, to sample their thinking. At the time, some people criticized me, saying, "You are wasting your time," or, "You are taking too many unnecessary risks." But I could not agree. Such visiting was enjoyable—but it also was valuable in carrying out my responsibilities as Supreme Commander.

Exactly the same was true in my years as President, when I covered many hundreds of thousands of miles and visited dozens of countries. My journeying may seem impressive—and at times it was tiring—but likely it will seem small when compared to the travel of some future Presidents. As our nation and the world become more complex, more and not less contact between the President and the people, and among leaders of nations, is necessary. The very fact of being President involves certain personal risks, which I believe must be accepted.

However, the hazards the President must face appear to be increasing. We should give greater attention to reducing the risks without limiting the President's necessary freedom of movement. A thorough study of the problem will show us methods that will reduce the opportunity for would-be assassins to make a target of the President. Helicopters could take the place of the automobile for certain trips over fixed routes—always an invitation to trouble. New safety features may be developed to provide improved security in motorcades.

When we are bewildered by the murder of our chief executive, the record of political assassinations in the United States does seem a black mark on our history. That record will be taken by some, I am sure, as evidence that as a people we lack respect for human life, for law and order, for our own elected leadership. However, despicable as these deeds are, they do not follow a pattern of political conspiracy and *coup d'état;* they have not sprung from widespread plots to overthrow the Government, all too common in less stable nations. Nor do they point to any fundamental weakness in our democratic attitudes and institutions.

Seen in longer perspective, the facts are that four of thirty-six Presidents have been assassinated, and a President in office and a President-elect have been targets of assassination attempts. These acts all had one thing in common: They were the work of crackpots, of people with delusions arising from imagined wrongs or festering hatreds. In a population as large as ours there is bound to be a certain number of such warped people, but their existence does not indicate that the people of the United States have become lawless. We know that the vast majority of our population is decent and law-abiding. However, knowing that such psychopaths are with us, we as a people do have a responsibility for avoiding fanaticism and overemotional political extremes that may tend to incite unstable individuals.

I always felt that, should any attempt be made on my own life, the chances were that it would come from some fanatic—the kind that scarcely can be guarded against. During my White House years the weekly mail brought an average of about 250 letters which could be classified as crackpot. In a way they served a purpose as they helped the Secret Service to maintain a list of potential troublemakers and to keep an eye on them. This experience convinced the Secret Service that writers of abusive letters rarely resorted to the gun.

My personal attitude has been that one should take reasonable precautions and then go about his life in as normal a fashion as possible. The Secret Service is a fine body of skilled, dedicated men. I tried to conform to their recommendations, knowing that if I strayed too far their work would become more difficult. I thought it realistic to assume that my safety was largely out of my hands; that if a determined individual was willing to die to accomplish his purpose, there could be no absolute protection against him. Fortunately, few human beings are willing to trade their lives for a life.

The shocking event of November 22 reinforces the necessity of keeping the Vice President completely informed, prepared for the possibility that some misfortune might befall the President. It also is a reminder that the President and Vice President never should be exposed together to the same hazards of travel. Early in my Administration I made a flight with Vice President Nixon, and only afterward did it occur that we should avoid even the remote possibility of severely disrupting the leadership of the Government. From that time on we never flew on the same airplane, never rode in the same car in motorcades, and never went into crowds together.

Also, I believe that we should reexamine the line of succession with a view to providing the least disrupting transition of the presidential power. Prior to 1947 the order of succession, in case of death, was from the President to Vice President and then to members of the Cabinet according to the established ranks, starting with the Secretary of State. In that year the order was changed to run from the President to the Vice President, to the Speaker of the House, to the President Pro Tempore of the Senate and then to the Cabinet. One of the theories behind the change was a desire to seed a greater number of elected officials into the line of succession. I don't believe this revised order fulfills the requirements of our times. It doesn't insure that the party selected by the people to head the executive branch of the Government will continue to do so for that four-year period. In these days it is not unusual for the executive branch to be of a different political faith from the majority in both or either of the houses of Congress. True, the Speaker of the House and the President Pro Tempore are elected officials, but the first has been elected by a district and the second by a state; neither necessarily reflects the will of the whole electorate. It would be possible for a man to succeed to the Presidency who is out of sympathy with the aims and policies of the Administration—and who would find it necessary to change the whole Cabinet and roster of policy officials.

For these reasons I believe that the earlier order of succession is a more logical one which would keep the Presidency heading in the same political direction until the electorate has an opportunity to make its further wishes known.

All people who love their country can play an important part in making sure that our society produces the fewest possible dangers to our institutions and our leaders. There is a definition which goes: Democracy is nothing but the opportunity for self-discipline. We owe it to ourselves to be deeply interested in political issues, to be thoughtful about the policies of our country—but we are simply endangering our democratic system when we go to extremes, deal in vilification, make threats against our own officials, and incite violence and lawlessness. The individual who unthinkingly goes to such extremes is weakening the whole structure of self-government.

We must and we shall rally behind our new President, Lyndon B. Johnson, who now has undertaken the most demanding and important office in our land. We know that there is no such thing as an indispensable man. The founders of our nation rejected the theory of one-man government or of a royal ruling line. Instead they carefully devised the *office of President* so that it might, democratically, exert its legal, moral and personal responsibility continuously, and in so doing, become the keystone of our Government. THE END

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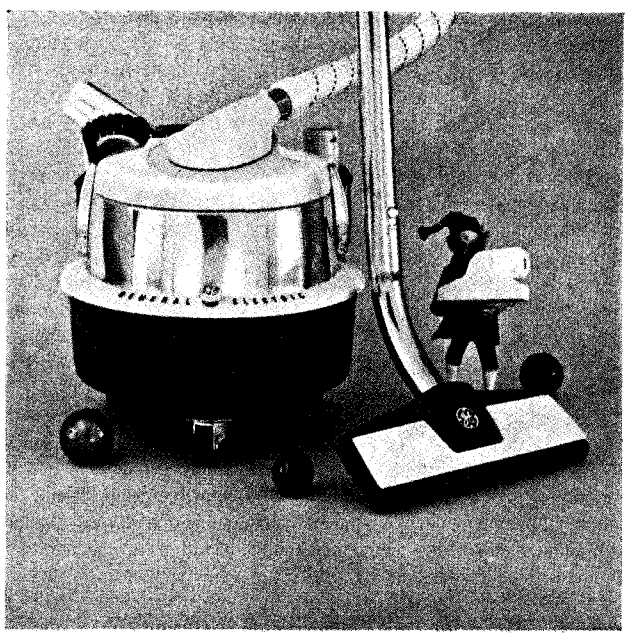
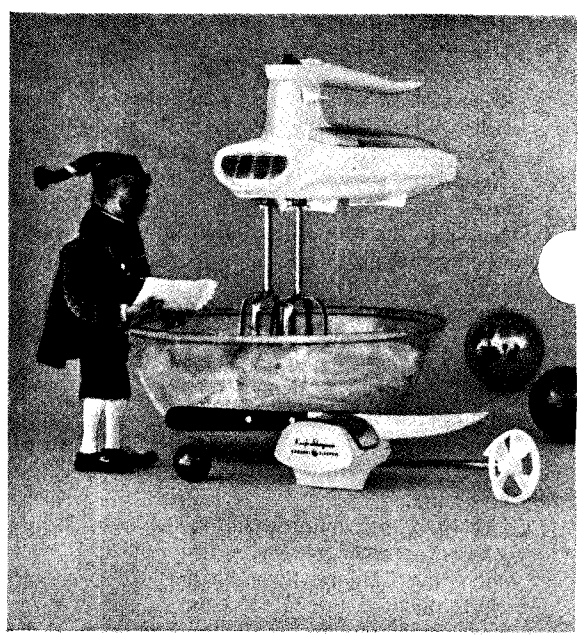
wake up to a wonderful Christma

9:30 am **Cordless Automatic Toothbrush.** Brush your teeth this new, better way, after breakfast and other meals, too. Gives the whole family cleaner teeth plus healthful gum care. Recharging holder, 4 snap-in brushes.



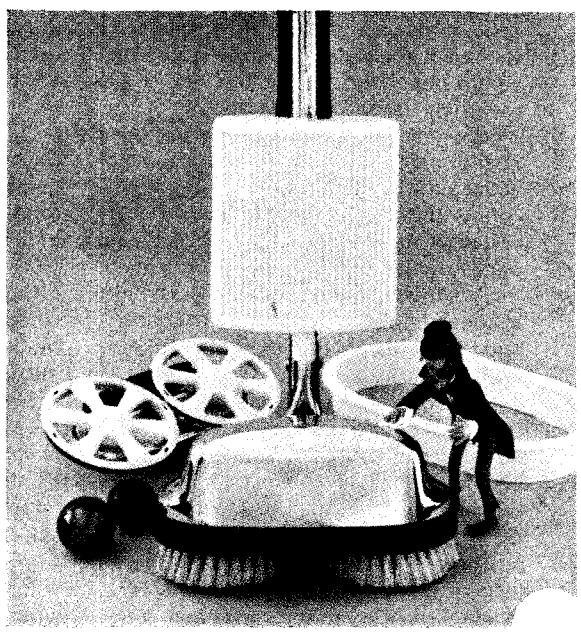
11:00 am **Cord-Reel Cleaner.** Christmas gifts have been opened, the floor is a mess. Tidy up with your new General Electric Cleaner. It's power-packed. The 19-foot cord retracts at a touch of your toe! New "Twin-Clean" rug and floor tool.



12:30 pm **Portable Mixer.** It's time to star beating the batter for a Christmas cake with your General Electric Mixer. Lightweight powerful, comes with a free drink mixer. Hangs on wall. Knife-sharpening attachment available.

4:30 pm **De Luxe Hair Dryer.** There's time to wash and dry your hair. Cloth bonnet fashioned by Sally Victor. Fits over biggest rollers. Dryer straps to waist, lets you walk around. Carry and storage case. Offer of free initials, too.

5:00 pm **Spray, Steam & Dry Iron.** Company's coming and you want to look your best. Touch up that party dress with this General Electric Iron that sprinkles, steams, dry irons. Has a "Water Window," too, that tells you when to add water!



5:30 pm **New Shampoo-Polisher.** Give you floor a quick buffing before compan arrives. Takes just a few moments. Later on, you ca scrub floors without splashing, wax floors, shampo your rugs! Comes with full set of attachments.

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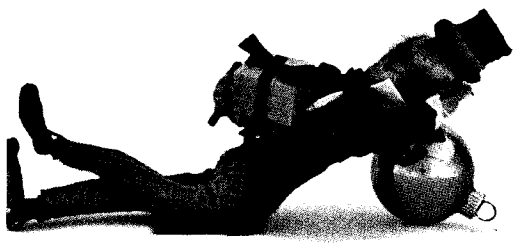
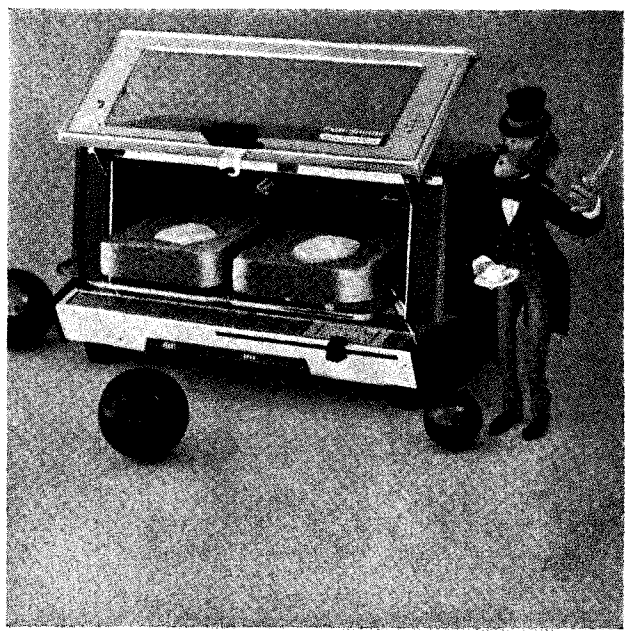


ıy! (and every day after)

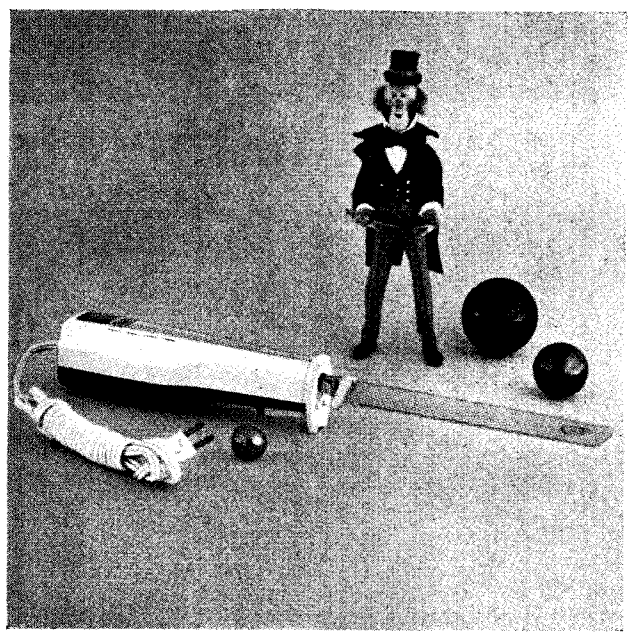
8:20 am **Framewood Alarm Clock.** Delightful new way to be wakened Christmas morning. The face lights up at night, too. You can tell the time, even in the dark. Handsome wood "picture-frame" case in your choice of walnut or fruitwood finish.



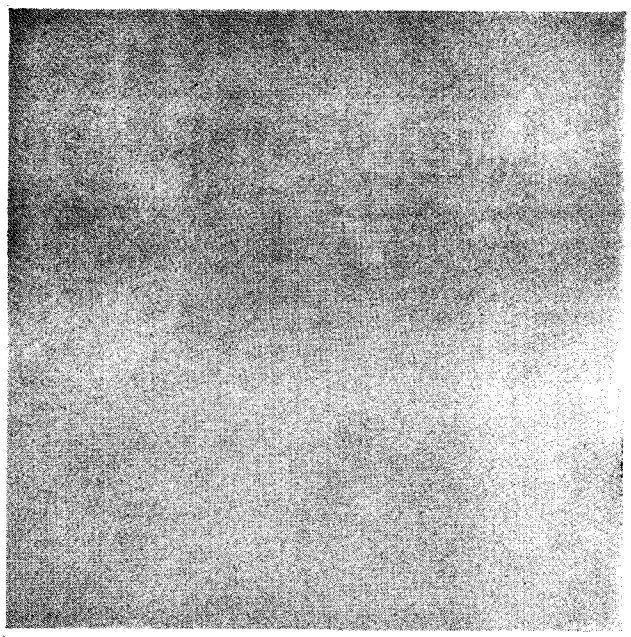
8:45 am **Deluxe Toast-R-Oven*.** Please pass the toast—any kind of toast, any way you like it. This toaster loads from the front, takes thick slices as well as regular slices, top-browns muffins, even bakes—cookies, frozen pastries, meat loaf.

*Trademark of General Electric Co.

)0 pm **Automatic Can Opener.** One touch pierces and opens cans of cranberry e in one automatic operation! Governor-controlled ›r doesn't speed up when cutting's done, helps ent food spillage. Counter or wall model.

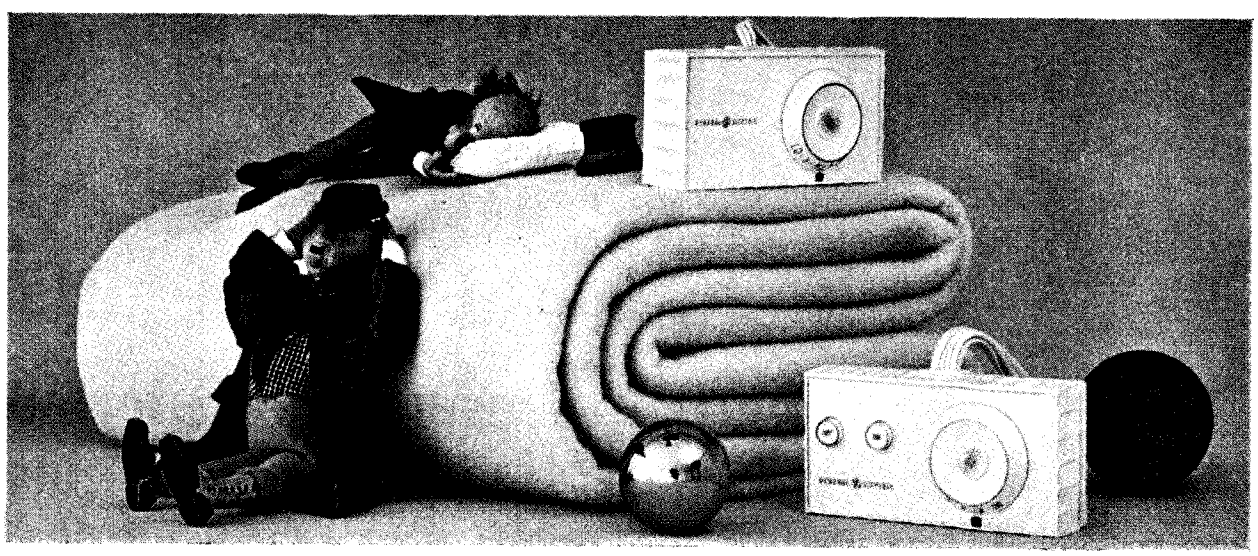


2:55 pm **Electric Slicing Knife.** Carve your Christmas turkey like a professional, quickly, easily! Reciprocating blades do the work; all you do is guide it. Slice breads, cakes, cheeses, tomatoes, most any food! Release switch, cutting stops.



3:00 pm **Dinner time.** You don't need us now. So enjoy a happy Christmas dinner!

ƃƃ pm **Peek-A-Brew® Coffee Maker.** Listen to the "aaahs" when they see your y, new coffee maker. And the "oohs" when they the delicious coffee it brews automatically. All less steel. Peek-A-Brew gauge counts the cups.



11:30 pm **Automatic Sleep-Guard® Blanket.** It's been a wonderful, wonderful day—but the best is yet to come. A delightfully relaxing night's sleep under your new General Electric Blanket. It automatically adjusts to temperature changes, keeps you cozy. Single- or double-bed sizes, single or dual controls. Happy dreams!

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, HOUSEWARES & COMMERCIAL EQUIPMENT DIVISION, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN.

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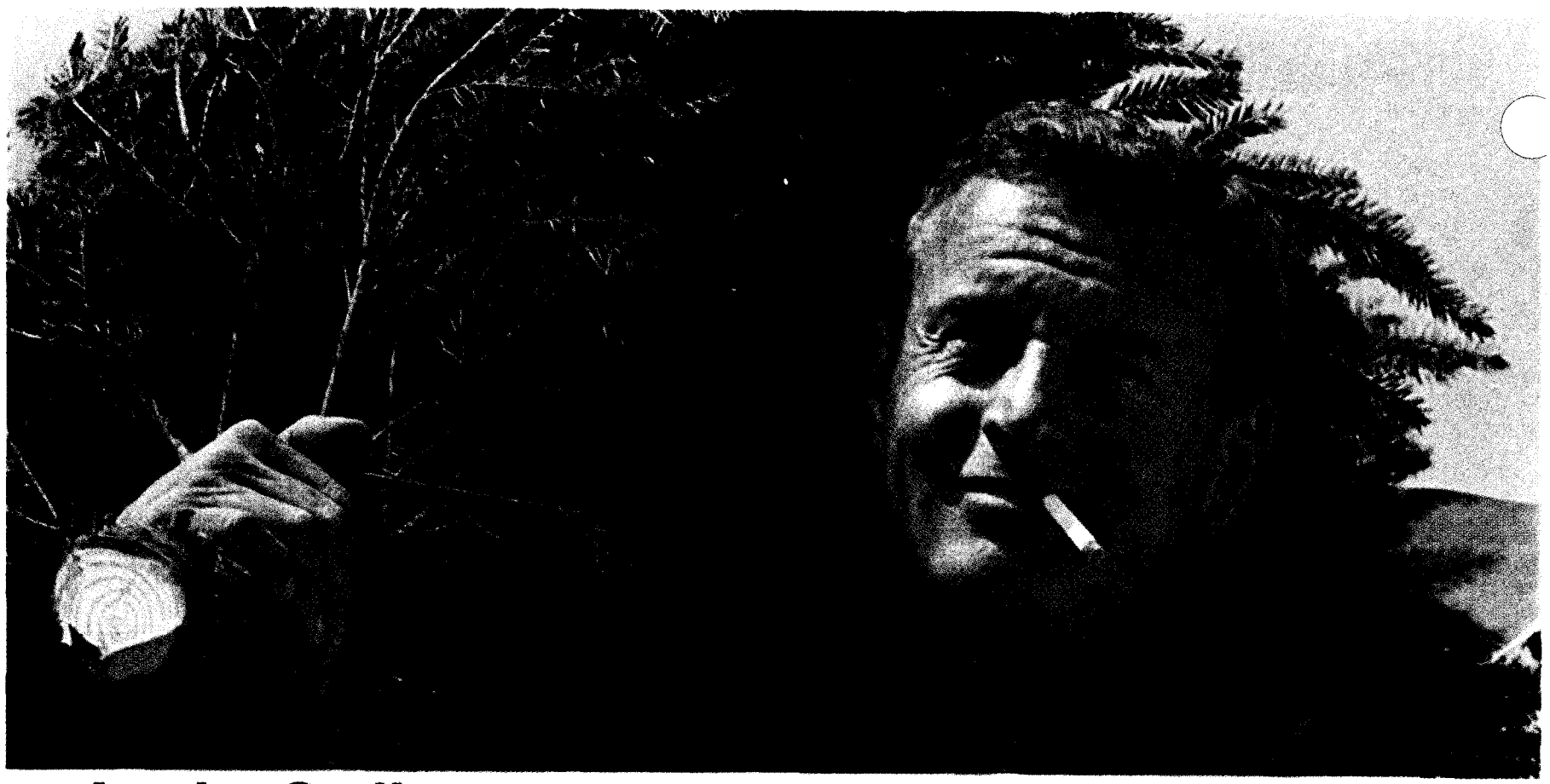
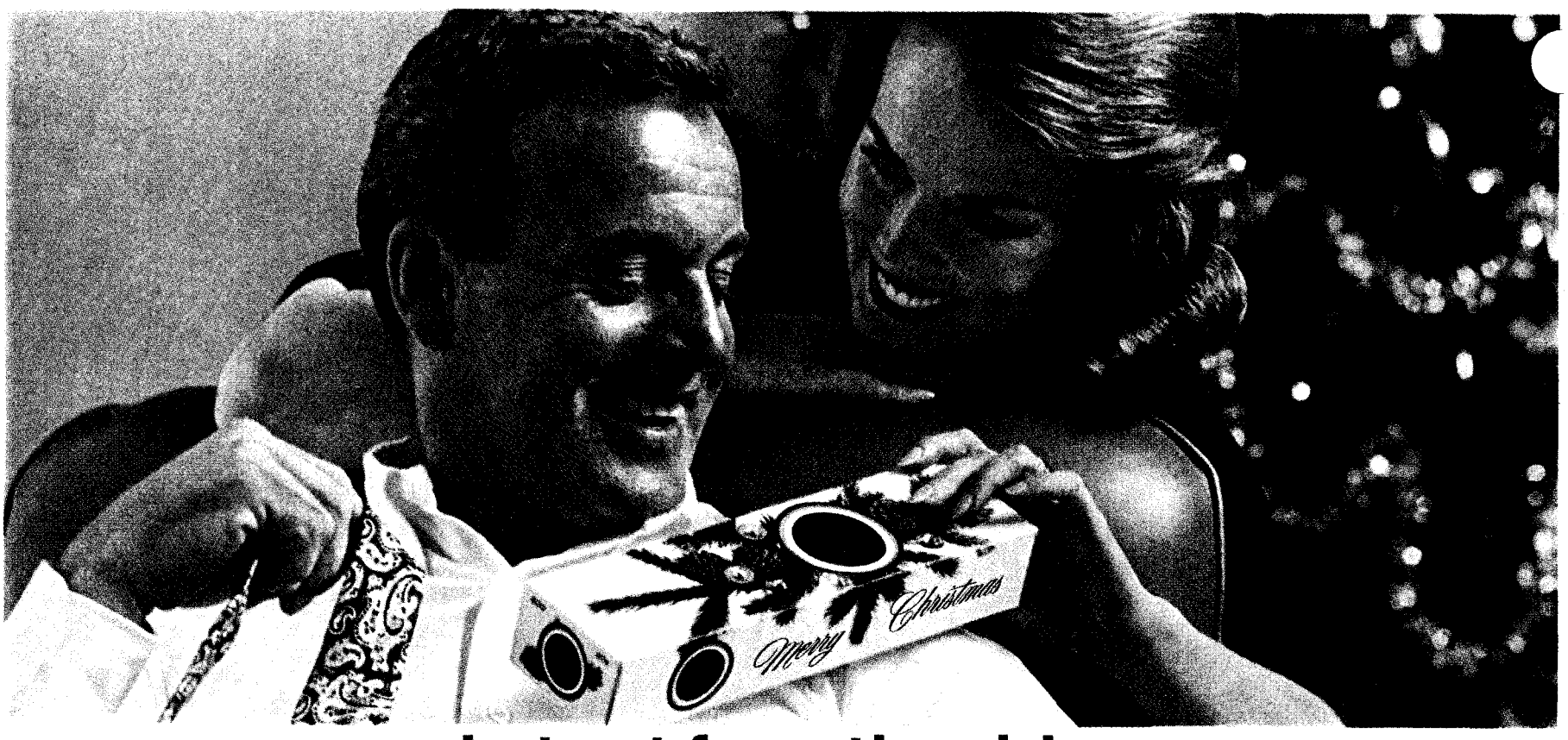


Lucky Strike separates the men from the boys...



but not from the girls.

CIGARETTES

Smoking is a pleasure meant for adults. And Lucky Strike's fine tobaccos are blended for adult tastes. If you're an adult smoker, remember: L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Give Lucky Strike in the handsome holiday carton.

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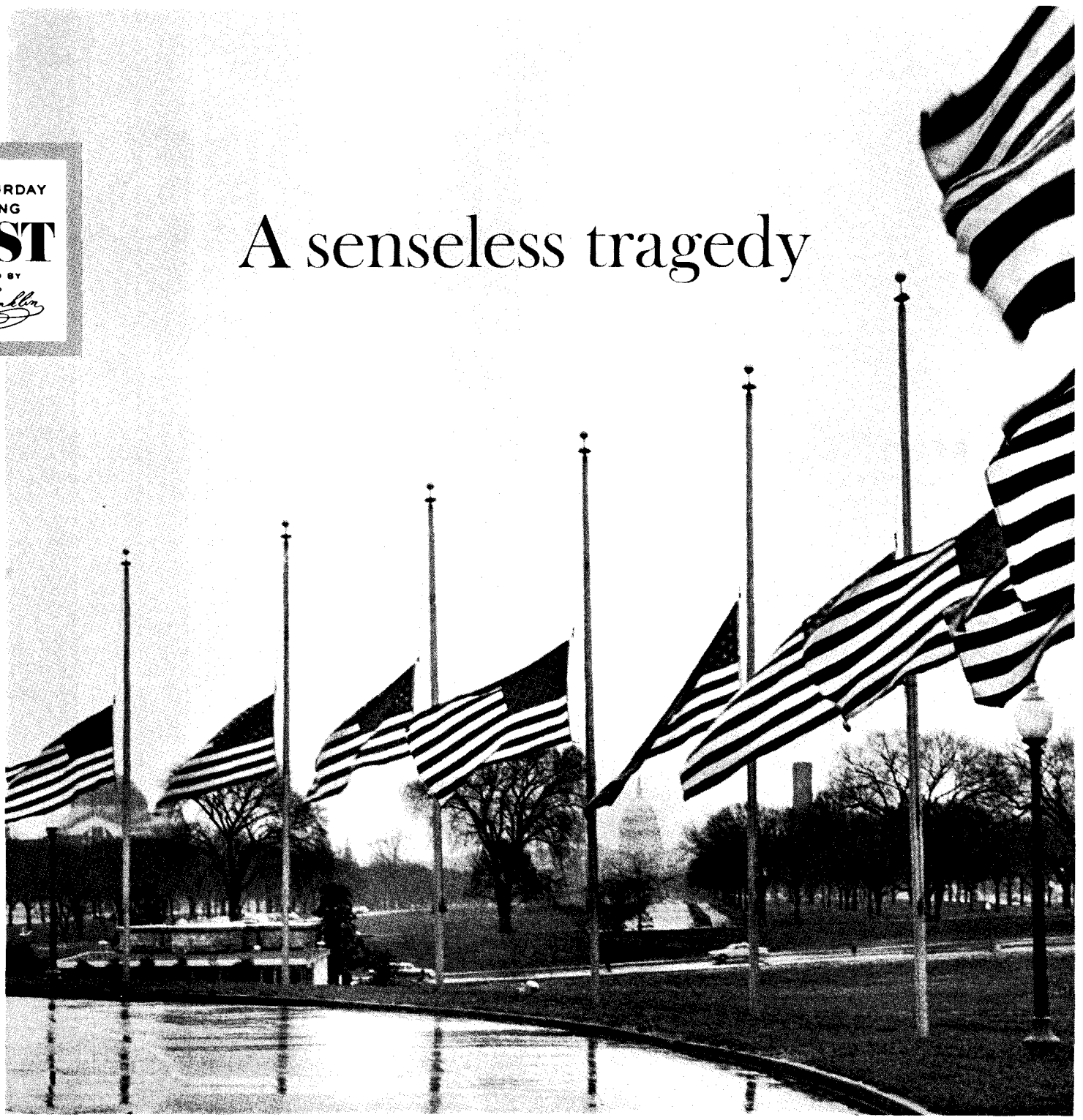
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

A senseless tragedy



In the leaf-flecked gardens that surround the White House, a workman was planting a shrub when he heard the terrible news. He simply stopped work, stunned. And all through the rest of the country, too, time seemed to stand still. The unbelievable had happened. It was a moment that changed every life in the nation. It changed the color of the sky, left a dark cloud over the country, left every American feeling not only stricken but somehow dishonored.

Now we have come to accept the consequences of that moment. The vivid, confident, high-spirited figure of John F. Kennedy is gone. They have moved the rocking chairs out of the White House. The TV screen will no longer show the sudden flash of the Kennedy grin, or the forefinger reaching out toward the unreachable. The New Frontier is behind us.

When Mr. Kennedy was inaugurated, less than three years ago, he predicted that his dream of a new America would not be achieved "in the first 100 days . . . nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin." He did begin. And now our task is to begin again, to continue, under a new President. Because it reflects the nature of the American people, the American political system is tough and resilient, built to survive even the most shattering changes in a world that must keep changing. And so the shrub will be planted in the White House garden, and will grow. And the flags will fly again at full mast. Not because we have forgotten a beloved President, but because, as he knew, the ability to triumph over adversity is the measure of a man, and of a people.

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An extraordinarily complex man—proud, tough, shrewd—he will be master in his house

THE NEW PRESIDENT

By STEWART ALSOP

Long before John F. Kennedy formally announced his presidential candidacy, he sat over a luncheon steak in his Senate office one day and dispassionately discussed his rivals for the office. "I know all the other candidates pretty well," he said, "and I frankly think I'm as able to handle the Presidency as any of them, or abler—all except Lyndon, and he hasn't got a chance."

John F. Kennedy was a shrewd judge of men, and the remark suggests how very highly he rated the abilities of the man who has now succeeded him in the Presidency. Lyndon Baines Johnson is an extraordinarily complicated and remarkably fascinating human being—proud, excessively vain and oddly humble; tough as a whole hogshead of nails and sentimental to the point of corniness; long-headed, shrewd, even foxy, and yet in some respects surprisingly naïve; rude and amazingly sensitive; a tough, time-battered politician who is still in part a boy.

Johnson's admirers—and he has admirers who hardly stop short of idolatry—are sure that he will be a great President. His detractors—and there are those who deeply distrust him—suspect that he may be a disastrous President. No one, of course, can now really predict what kind of President he will be. Yet certain of Johnson's characteristics are so very well marked that one can be absolutely certain that he will bring these qualities to the White House.

To see the real Johnson, it is necessary to leapfrog back over his three unhappy years in the powerless office of the Vice Presidency, to the time when, as Majority Leader of the Senate, Lyndon Johnson was the second most powerful man in the country.

Johnson was an unhappy Vice President just because the office is powerless. Lyndon Johnson loves power—power is his meat and drink. To say that Johnson loves power is no affront to the man. Kennedy loved power too—at that same lunch at which he paid his casual compliment to his successor, Kennedy remarked that he wanted to be President "because that's where the real power is." Indeed, any politician worth his salt loves power. Power is the chief reward of the political profession, as money is of other professions, and the exercise of power is the function of a politician.

As soon as Johnson became the Senate's Majority Leader in 1955, he reached out with a sure instinct for the chief levers of party power—the Policy Committee, the Steering Committee, the Democratic Campaign Committee and the party secretariat. He was chairman of the first two, and thus controlled both broad policy decisions and the vital committee assignments. He had a majority of Johnson men on the Democratic Campaign Committee, and thus controlled campaign largess. And the whole party secretariat, from the now-fallen Bobby Baker on down, was devoutly and personally loyal to Lyndon B. Johnson and to nobody else.

The executive branch is, of course, wholly different from the legislative branch, and it is even more difficult to control than the Senate. But anyone who saw Lyndon Johnson operating as Majority Leader will be dead certain of one thing: Johnson will dominate absolutely his branch of the Government.

Johnson, a shrewd man and a cautious politician, will move slowly in making changes. But in time—certainly by the beginning of his second term, if he is nominated and elected—all the chief officers of the executive branch will be Johnson men first, last, and all the time, or they will not be in the Government. Johnson, in short, will be a strong President, a dominant President, master in his own house, for good or ill.

So much one can predict with absolute confidence about the Johnson Presidency. But the prediction leaves unanswered other vital questions. Where does Johnson really stand in the political spectrum between left and right? Is he, as some members of Americans for Democratic Action darkly suspect, by instinct a reactionary? Or is he, as some of his more vocal fellow Texans suppose, a roaring radical? And finally, what kind of human being is this man who now, because of an assassin's bullet, holds history in the hollow of his hand?

Johnson went to Congress in 1937 as that rare bird in Texas—an all-out New Dealer. As a result, he was a special favorite of President Franklin Roosevelt—"he was like a Daddy to me," Johnson says. Since those New Deal days, most students of the Johnson career believe, Johnson has moved rather steadily to the right. In a long interview I once had with him (see page 80), Johnson explained his position in typical Johnsonese: "One thing you learn by experience is that politics is about people—the greatest good for the greatest number. I believe strongly in our system of checks and balances—otherwise a simple numerical majority might get out of hand. But I've always thought I had a social conscience. I know one thing—you don't want to sit on your hands, you have to keep moving forward. If something has to be done, the Republicans always have reasons why you can't do it now."

This is hardly a detailed blueprint of Johnson's political ideology; indeed, President Johnson is even less ideologically inclined than was President Kennedy. But it does sum up certain Johnsonian attitudes succinctly enough. As his dig at the Republicans suggests, Johnson is both a big-D Democrat, in a sense that many of his fellow Southerners are not, and an activist, a man who believes in a strong Federal Government to keep the country "moving forward." By and large, although he strayed from the reservation to vote for the Taft-Hartley Law, his "social conscience" kept him voting the liberal Democratic line in his years on Capitol Hill.

But as his implied defense of the filibuster suggests ("a simple numerical majority might get ou' of hand"), Johnson is also a Southerner. Indeed the geographical accident of his birth is in some ways the most important political fact about Lyndon Johnson. The chances are high that the accident of his birth would have prevented him from becoming President, had it not been for another accident, the accident of the assassin's bullet. Now that he is President, there is a deeply important question to ask about Johnson: How will he, a Southerner, deal with the great and continuing crisis caused by the Negro revolt?

To guess at the answer to that question, it is necessary first to understand the kind of Southerner Johnson is. To that end, it is revealing to see him on his native heath, at the LBJ Ranch. The LBJ Ranch tells a lot about Lyndon Johnson, in all sorts of ways.

The ranch house is a rambling wooden building, a stone's throw from the Pedernales River, in rocky, rolling, semiarid country. Lady Bird Johnson, the new President's rich and charming wife, has fitted the ranch house out with shutters and elegant balustrades. But basically, this is a simple, no-nonsense, Western ranch house, the kind of house the richer cattlemen built for themselves around the turn of the century.

The fact is that Johnson City, Tex., which was founded by Lyndon Johnson's great-grandfather, is not really a southern town at all. East Texas is in the true southern tradition, the tradition of cotton plantations and Negro field hands. But Johnson's part of Texas is really part of the West, the West of cowboys and cattle. Indeed, the LBJ Ranch would make a fine setting for a TV Western, and Johnson himself, with his endless legs and his dark, long-eared face, could easily play the Tough Sheriff.

This is not to suggest that Johnson is not a Southerner. He is. As long as he was a Te politician, and not the national politician he

(Continued on page 79)

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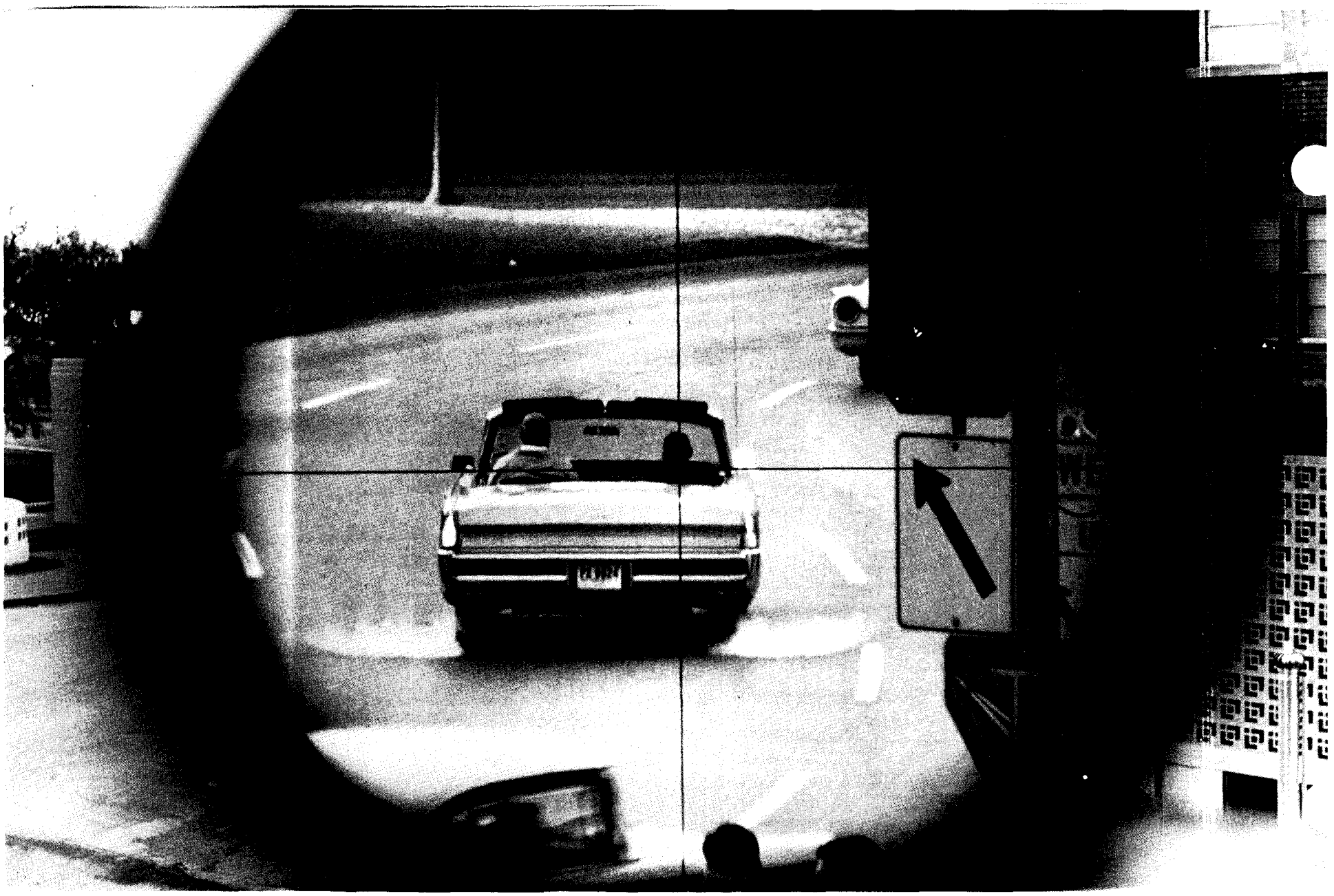

From the same building where Oswald lay in ambush, a telescopic lens reconstructs an approximation of what the killer saw at the moment of tragedy.

THE ASSASSIN

By Ben H. Bagdikian

In what dark, hidden corner of the mind grew Lee Oswald's mysterious compulsion to shoot a man he didn't even know?

Among the millions who sat watching their television screens, none will ever forget the incredible scene—the gaunt, thin-lipped prisoner, his pale face bruised, the burly man in the neat, snap-brim hat pushing forward, the pistol suddenly outthrust, the sharp report, the look of fear and anguish on the prisoner's face as he crumpled to the floor, the voice of the stunned announcer repeating over and over, "He has been shot; yes, he has been shot . . . no question about it; he has definitely been shot."

The mysterious shooting by a night-club operator named Jack Ruby not only destroyed Lee Oswald but left unanswered and perhaps unanswerable the haunting question of what distorted internal force had driven Oswald to assassinate the President of the United States. In the first hours after President Kennedy's death, many assumed the killing was the work of Birchite fanatics; then, when Oswald was captured and professed himself a Marxist, there were outcries against both right- and left-wing extremists. But Oswald's Marxism was less a political belief than a symptom of deeper drives and twisted passions that propelled this obscure and seemingly innocuous man to kill.

No one can know, now, when or how the obsession began, but its roots lie deep in the past. The third of three boys, he was born in New Orleans in 1939, shortly after the death of his father, an insurance salesman. He later spoke bitterly of the suffering his widowed mother had experienced; but people who knew him in childhood are vague about his family life. His IQ was 103. His grades were below average, he was always lonely.

"I remember that child vividly," says Mrs. Clyde Livingston, his fourth-grade teacher in Fort Worth. "He wouldn't have his lunch at school but would go home for it. I asked him if he went home to eat with his mother, and he said she wasn't there, so he ate alone. I asked him if his mother prepared his lunch for him, and he replied, 'No. I can open a can of soup as well as anybody.'"

He seldom displayed emotion, but Mrs. Livingston remembered two events that, in retrospect, seem important. The first came at Christmastime in 1949. The other children in the class brought the teacher small bottles of perfume. Oswald struggled to school carrying a large cardboard box. Inside was a black-and-white puppy from the litter of a large mongrel that seemed to be the boy's only companion. He gave the puppy to his teacher and visited her every weekend to make sure the dog was cared for.

The second event occurred when Lee became smitten with the model girl of the class. She was the best-dressed, the best student, the most popular, and she was pretty. For the first time Lee began combing his bushy, curly hair. He tucked in his shirttail. This was so startling that Mrs. Livingston considered it a major change in the boy and encouraged it quietly. Unobtrusively she rearranged chairs and placed Lee beside the girl. But another boy began pushing his way into class lines beside the girl, and she smiled prettily at him. Lee drew back into solitude.

"He was just a little, lonely boy," Mrs. Livingston said, "He wasn't *for* anything, and he wasn't *against* anything. He just wasn't anything."

After sixth grade the family moved to New Orleans, where Lee again was known as a lonely boy. "He just didn't get along with the others," a classmate, Ed Collier said. For the first time he began fighting. "He fought with a lot of guys," recalled another classmate, John Neumeyer, of Jefferson Parish, La. "I don't remember him palling around with anyone. He just didn't have any buddies." But he did have one, a schoolmate named Edward Voegel. "I sort of liked him," Voegel said, "because he was not a ruffian like most of the rest of them."

During these years, Lee Oswald developed a keen interest in guns—not abnormal, perhaps, except in its intensity. "One day at his house," Edward Voegel recalls, "he showed me a toy pistol, and he asked me, 'Does it look real?' I to' him, no, it didn't look real, it looked like a plastic toy. The next time I visited him he said he wanted a real pistol and knew where he could get one. He said he'd have to steal it from a pawn shop on Rampart

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Street." Voegel remembers he had a difficult time convincing Oswald that if he broke the pawn-shop window it would set off an alarm.

The chaos of his home and school life left him rootless and friendless. In 1952 the Oswalds moved to a shabby tenement district in the Bronx, N.Y., where in 15 months he attended three different schools. From there, the family moved once more to New Orleans, where Lee finished the last half of his ninth grade. The next year he entered 10th grade and dropped out after one month. In 1956 the family moved back to Fort Worth, and he started 10th grade again.

It was no go. After 23 days he quit school and joined the U.S. Marines. But whatever he was searching for he did not find. He worked his way from buck private to private first class (though he would later claim to have been a sergeant). Two years later he was court-martialed for using "provoking" words in front of a noncommissioned officer. He had already been court-martialed once for owning an unregistered gun, and broken to buck private.

In the Marines his performance on the rifle range, typically, was better at the start than at the end. Oswald began by qualifying as a "sharpshooter," with a score of 212 points out of a possible 250. Two years later he scored a less impressive 191.

Disgruntled by life in the Marines, Oswald claimed a hardship in the family and formally applied for his release from the Corps in September of 1959. The Marines granted it. "It was like getting out of prison," he said later.

Oswald's hardship claim stemmed from the fact that his mother was then in the hospital and penniless. When her hospitalization insurance ran out, she said a fortnight ago, she first sold her furniture to pay the bills and then, after six months, finally wrote her youngest son for help. On the basis of her letter, the Red Cross helped Lee Oswald get a release from active duty.

Yet it was perhaps characteristic of Lee that, after he got out of the Marines, he did not remain in Texas to help pay his mother's bills. Instead he left for Russia. "She's rather old," he said later. "I couldn't expect her to understand. It wasn't quite fair of me to go without telling her, but it's better that way." On October 15 of that year, he wrote the Supreme Soviet, the highest parliamentary body in the U.S.S.R., and asked for Russian citizenship. Sixteen days later, he gave a press interview in the Hotel Metropole in Moscow to explain what he was doing in Russia.

"For two years now I have been waiting to do this one thing," he said. "To dissolve my American citizenship and become a citizen of the Soviet Union." The boy who had never been able to express himself adequately now spoke freely of feudalism and exploitation. "My mother," he said, "has been a worker all her life. She is a good example of what happens to workers in the United States. At the age of fifteen, after watching the way workers are treated in New York, and Negroes in the South, I was looking for a key to my environment. Then I discovered socialist literature."

"I am a Marxist," Oswald told Aline Mosby, an American reporter in Moscow. "I became interested about the age of 15. An old lady handed me a pamphlet about saving the Rosenbergs. I still remember that."

He told reporters he then went on to read Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*. "It was," he said, "what I'd been looking for. It was like a very religious man opening the Bible for the first time."

After his interview with the press in Moscow, Oswald seemed to fade from public view. The American embassy in Moscow delayed formal acceptance of his renunciation of U.S. citizenship to give him time to think it over. Then, for some reason, Russia declined to confer Soviet citizenship on him, although he was told he could stay as a resident alien. He moved to Minsk and found a job.

More disillusionment

But Oswald's new religion of Marxism failed to satisfy him. Sixteen months after entering the Soviet Union, he initiated efforts to return home, only to find that the Soviets refused to expedite an exit visa. Two months later, Oswald complicated his problems by marrying a Russian girl named Marina Nicholaevna, a pharmacist in Minsk. Then he discovered that the Marine Corps, because of his attempt to renounce his U.S. citizenship, had issued him an "undesirable" discharge, and his irritations grew. On January 30, 1962, he wrote an angry letter to John Connally in Fort Worth, not realizing at the time that Connally had resigned his post as Secretary of the Navy weeks before to run for the governorship of Texas. In his letter Oswald promised that he would "employ all means to right this gross mistake or injustice to a bona fied [sic] U.S. citizen and ex-serviceman." He had gone to live in Russia, he wrote, "much in the same way as E. Hemingway resided in Paris."

Two weeks after that his wife gave birth to a daughter. The couple named the baby June Lee.

On May 24, 1962, the State Department renewed Oswald's U.S. passport, confirmed his citizenship and lent him $435.71 to purchase passage home. The Oswalds left Rotterdam on June 4.

It was a warm, bright afternoon, June 13, 1962, when the Holland-America Line steamship *Maasdam* lowered its gangplank in Hoboken, N.J., and Lee Oswald set foot on American soil again. But the country had never heard of Oswald then, and Americans had their minds on other things. In Texas a man named Billie Sol Estes was testifying before a grand jury. In New York the movie *Lolita* was opening to mixed reviews. In Washington the President of the United States was lunching with President Roberto F. Chiari of Panama.

It seems hard to believe that Lee Oswald had any idea at the time that his fate and President Kennedy's were to collide 17 months later on a street in Dallas. Most likely Oswald felt only that he was coming home again, after still another failure to find his niche in life, to try once more to make a new start.

Moving his family to Dallas, Oswald worked at various jobs—starting, as usual, better than he ended. But somehow he managed to repay the State Department loan. In January of this year he was hired as a trainee with the Dallas advertising typographic firm of Jaggars, Chiles and Stoval.

In May, 1963, Lee Oswald lost his job. His explanation to associates was "they didn't have enough work." But there was another reason. Said Bob Stoval, president of the firm, "He was supposed to learn how to make photographic prints, but he wasn't competent. He was discharged." Then Stoval added, in a now-familiar refrain, "He was a quiet person. He didn't have much to say to anybody. I guess he was a bit strange in that way."

The quiet man, the orderly person, the strange fellow—these were words some people used to describe Lee Oswald to the end. But beginning in May of this year more people began to see a glint of steel beneath the calm and soft exterior. Lee Oswald took his wife and child to New Orleans, where they rented an apartment at 4911 Magazine Street.

"He had a military manner, walked very erect, looked straight ahead and never paid any attention to anyone," said his landlord, Jesse James Garner. And he had ordered a gun—an Italian 6.5 rifle, later fitted with telescopic sights, for which he paid a Chicago mail-order house $12.78. The rifle was sent to a Dallas post-office box, addressed to "A. Hidell."

Another person who knew him in New Orleans, Mrs. Doris Eames, a next-door neighbor, remembered, "He wouldn't associate with anybody, never had any friends. No one ever came there to visit. He would never return a greeting, so people stopped greeting him. His little wife was just the opposite. She seemed very friendly—except when he was around. He didn't seem to want her to mix with anyone."

For two months in New Orleans Oswald held a job as a maintenance worker in a coffee-processing plant. Then again he was dismissed. "He simply wasn't doing the job," his boss said. "He was bright, quiet, but often tough to find."

One place where Oswald was not difficult to find in New Orleans, according to singer Connie T. Kaye, was the city's French Quarter. "He used to hang out in the Bourbon House," she recalled. "And sometimes he'd go to the bar at Pat O'Briens, where I work. When the crowd was heavy, he'd push in where the twin pianos are and see the show without buying a drink. I had a run-in with him a couple of months ago. I have a gag in my routine, something about 'Castro that Bastro.' That gets a laugh. Well, this particular time, after the show, I went over to the Bourbon House, and Oswald came up to me and said, 'What are you using that line for? What are you knocking Castro for?' I knew from the way he looked that I was dealing with a character so I got up and left."

But Oswald was not just another French Quarter character. On June 24 he applied for a passport—for use, he said, in the late fall—to travel in the Soviet Union, England, France, Germany, Holland, Finland, Italy and Poland as a "photographer." Despite his previous record in foreign travel he was—inexplicably—issued the passport the next day. Six weeks later he provided another glimpse of a new and different Oswald. He made an attempt to pass as a double agent.

Carlos Bringuier, a fiercely anti-Castro Cuban exile, recalls, "I met him around August fifth. He came to our office to ask in what way he could help us fight Castro. He wanted information about the activities of the Student Directorate. He said he was an ex-Marine with experience in guerrilla warfare and gave me a Marine guidebook with his name on it."

Bringuier gave Oswald nothing. At first he thought that Oswald was a secret agent who had been sent from the CIA or the FBI to infiltrate the exile organization and gather intelligence information about their anti-Castro activities.

Four days later a friend ran into Bringuier's office to say that an American citizen was distributing pro-Communist literature on Canal Street. Bringuier hurried to the scene. "I was shocked," he said. "It was Oswald. He had one sign that said VIVA FIDEL and another that read HANDS OFF CUBA. He tried to shake hands with me, but I refused and called him a traitor. We had a small fight, because we got all his propaganda and we threw it up in the air."

During the fight, Oswald displayed a steel nerve. "He saw I was trying to hit him, so he put his arms down and said, 'OK, Carlos. If you want to hit me, hit me.' But I thought if I hit him, he would appear as the victim, so I didn't."

The brief skirmish and the resulting publicity attracted the attention of news-

(text continued on page 26)

Moments after the shooting police swarm into the building from which the firing had come.

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One hundred yards more and they would have reached the

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afety of an overpass. Then three shots rang out.

▲
Everyone commented on the unusual friendliness of the crowds in Dallas. The President looked forward to the speech he was to give in a few minutes. Then, suddenly, the President slumped forward. Here, his face half concealed by the car mirror, he is already near death. Jacqueline (white glove) supports Kennedy's left arm. While the crowd is still unaware of the tragedy, Secret Service men on following car look back toward the brick building (left rear) from which the fatal shots were fired.

◀
With President Kennedy crumpled on the floor, his foot protruding grotesquely over the right side of the limousine, the driver pulled out of the motorcade and began speeding toward Dallas's Parkland Memorial Hospital. Mrs. Kennedy cradles her husband's head in her arms, while the wounded Governor Connally and his wife crouch to duck further gunfire. Secret Service agent at rear leans forward in vain effort to assist the dying President. But President John Kennedy never regained consciousness.

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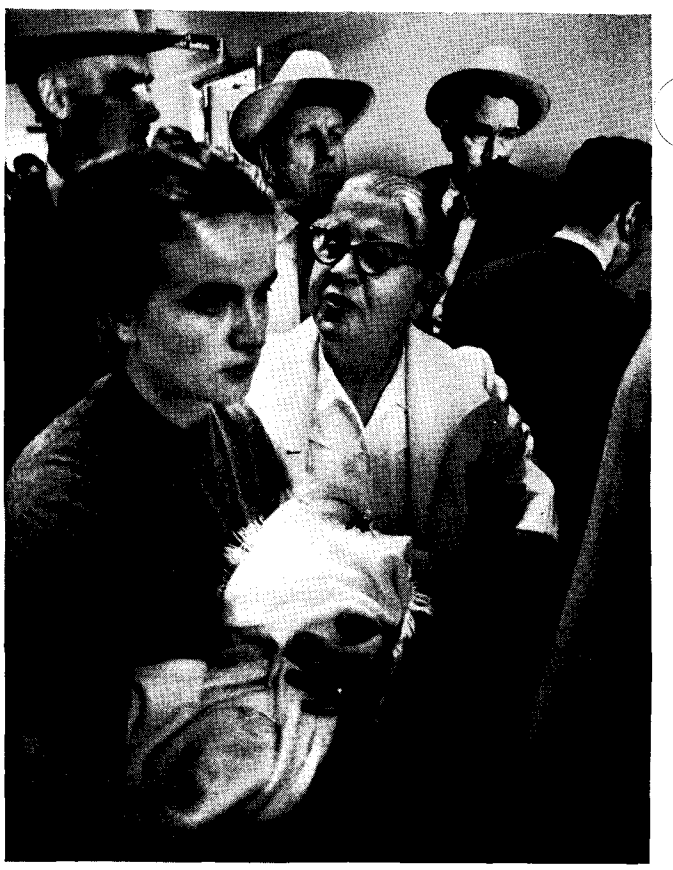
In the police station: a shocking drama

Lee Oswald (right) reaches Dallas Police Station after arrest.



Oswald's wife (left) with her infant child and husband's mother.

(continued from page 23) men at radio station WDSU, who invited Oswald to appear on a panel show called *Conversation Carte Blanche*. On the show, Oswald said he was a Marxist, admitted that he had lived in Russia and extolled the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. Shortly afterward Oswald left New Orleans—without paying his rent—and moved to Texas. His wife was going to have a baby, he said.

Marina Oswald and their daughter went to live with the Paines in a suburb of Dallas. On October 14 a nice, quiet fellow presented himself to Mrs. A. C. Johnson, who keeps a rooming house on Dallas's Beckley Avenue. He was alone. Yes, she had a room. No liquor, no visitors in the bedroom, no cooking. Eight dollars a week. The young man took it. He declined her request for the name of a relative "in case of emergency." "That won't be necessary," he explained. "It doesn't matter." But he did sign his name: "O. H. Lee."

He brought in a few clothes, half a dozen books, a small portable radio, some cans of beans, apricot preserves, peanut butter, sardines, instant coffee.

"He was a good renter," Mrs. Johnson says. "Some renters, they'll come in with beer on their breath. But he never did. He was always quiet. Twice a day he called a number and spoke some foreign language. He was very well behaved. When he took a bath, he'd clean out that tub as clean as any woman you ever saw."

The next day Oswald got a job in a book-distributing firm in a building that dominated Elm Street in Dallas. He signed up as a $50-a-week stock clerk. Usually he spent weekends in Irving, a suburb, with his pregnant wife and child. On November 21 he varied his routine by going out to the suburb on Thursday night, instead of on Friday. Friday morning he got a ride to work, carrying a long object wrapped in brown paper. When asked what was in the package he later said it was a bundle of window shades.

That afternoon, as President Kennedy's special car was moving down the curving incline of Elm St. at 12 miles an hour, a rifle barrel emerged, unnoticed, from a sixth-floor window of the building in which Oswald worked. The car and the eyes of the Secret Service men had passed the building. One hundred yards more and the car would have reached the safety of an overpass, but fifteen and a half seconds before the big open limousine would have been out of the assassin's sight, three shots rang out.

Oswald's marksmanship was astonishing. He had to shoot downward, a difficult feat. He shot from a height at which air currents can cause bullets to drift. His weapon was a cheap, Italian-made bolt-action Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. Yet he fired so rapidly that his victims scarcely had time to turn their heads. And each of the three bullets found a mark. Two struck the President; the third seriously wounded Gov. John Connally.

Moments after the shooting, when a policeman entered the building and rushed toward Oswald, by then on a lower floor, the manager said, "No, not him. He works here." Lee Oswald slipped out of the building, his absence noticed only after police took a roll call of all building employees. The police then broadcast an alarm: "Unknown white male, 30, slender build, 5-6, 160 pounds, thought to be carrying a 30-06 or 30-30 rifle."

Oswald ran to his rooming house. "You sure are in a hurry," the housekeeper, Mrs. Earlene Roberts, said. He didn't speak, grabbed a jacket and ran out again. About a block away from the rooming house, a policeman in a radio car—Patrolman J. D. Tippitt—saw him hurrying on the sidewalk, thought he fit the description broadcast in the alarm and called to him. When the policeman got out of the patrol car, "O. H. Lee" pulled a gun and shot him dead. Then he hurried away and ran into a theater. Witnesses who saw the patrolman murdered called other police. The reinforcements ran into the theater after him, trying desperately to find him by the light of a film called *War Is Hell*. The owner of a nearby shop turned on the house lights, and pointed. "There he is!"

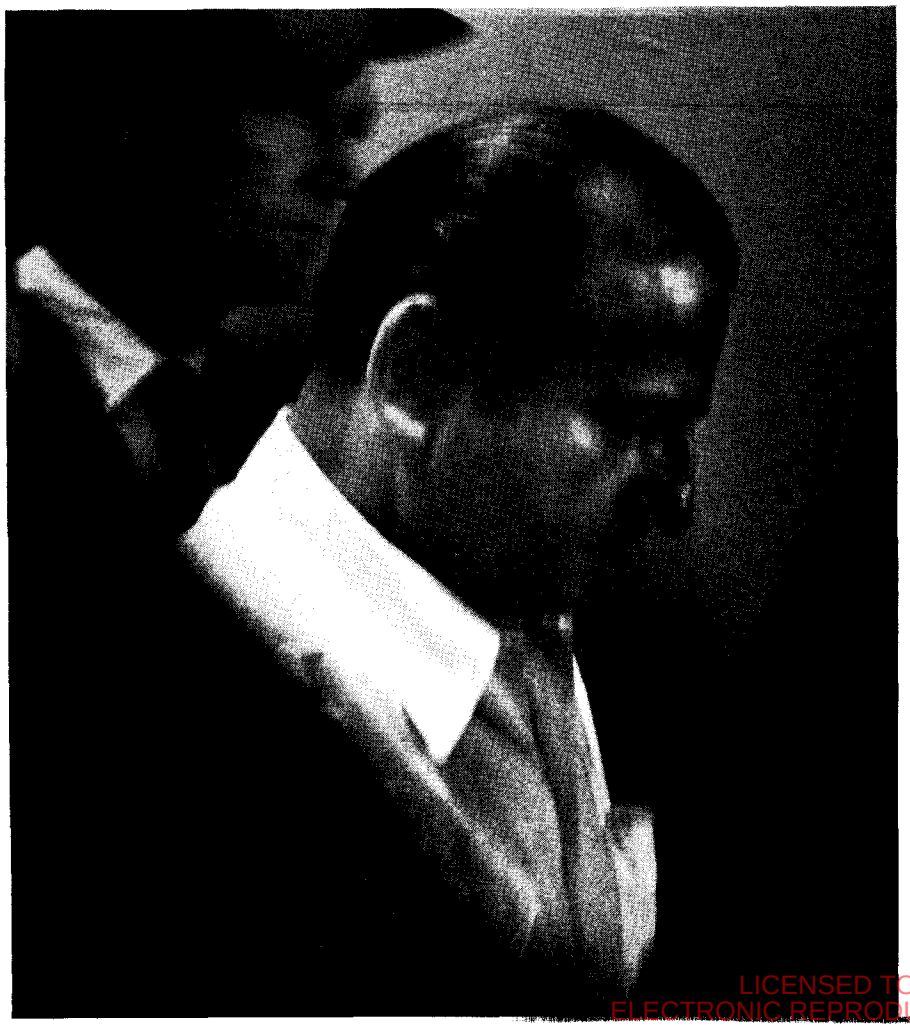
The rest was a sleazy drama in the Dallas police station. Oswald, pale, unemotional, unshakable, denied his guilt. The next day, as he was being escorted by detectives down a police-station corridor, Jack Ruby pushed forward and shot him in the stomach.

Ruby, a 52-year-old bachelor, is short, round and fleshy. Born Jack Leon Rubenstein in Chicago, he grew up as a street fighter and once had a finger bitten off in a brawl—his trigger finger. He has a record of petty charges—disorderly conduct, liquor-law violations, carrying a concealed weapon—dating back at least to 1949. In Dallas he was known mainly for his two striptease clubs, one of which provides an amateur night each week for aspiring local strippers. He has professed deep devotion to Democrats, especially the late Franklin D. Roosevelt and the late John F. Kennedy.

As millions of viewers watched the live performance of the Dallas police in their own corridors, the nightclub operator ran up to the manacled prisoner and thrust a revolver almost to his side. A detective recognized Ruby and shouted "Jack, you son of a bitch." But Ruby had already pulled the trigger—using his middle finger Less than two hours later, at 1:07 P.M., Dallas time, Oswald died in Parkland Memorial Hospital—about 10 feet from the spot where the President had died two days earlier.

When *The Post* went to press there were still many curious rumors and unanswered questions. Was there a personal link between Ruby and Oswald? Had Ruby shot Oswald to shut him up? These questions would not remain unanswered. Over the confident statements of the bumbling Dallas police, the Justice Departmen and the F.B.I. assured the nation th the mystery was not resolved and the facts would be made public. THE END

Nightclub owner Jack Ruby, who killed the assassin, was immediately seized by police.



"Jack, you son of a bitch," a detective yelled, but Jack Ruby pulled the trigger.

(Photograph © 1963, Dallas *Times-Herald* and photographer Bob Jackson.)

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HE WALKED PAST THE GIRL IN PINK AND TOOK ON THE HOPELESS JOB.

A DEATH IN EMERGENCY ROOM No. ONE

By JIMMY BRESLIN

Dr. Malcolm Perry was on duty.

The call bothered Malcolm Perry. "Dr. Tom Shires, STAT," the girl's voice said over the loudspeaker in the doctors' cafeteria at Parkland Memorial Hospital. The "STAT" meant emergency. Nobody ever called Tom Shires, the hospital's chief resident in surgery, for an emergency. And Shires, Perry's superior, was out of town for the day. Malcolm Perry looked at the salmon croquettes on the plate in front of him. Then he put down his fork and went over to a telephone.

"This is Doctor Perry taking Doctor Shires's place," he said.

"President Kennedy has been shot, STAT," the operator said. "They are bringing him into the emergency room right now."

Perry hung up and walked quickly out of the cafeteria and down a flight of stairs and pushed through a brown door, and a nurse pointed to emergency room No. 1 and Doctor Perry walked into it. The room is narrow and has gray-tiled walls and a cream-colored ceiling. In the middle of it, on an aluminum hospital cart, the President of the United States had been placed on his back and he was dying while a huge lamp glared in his face.

John Kennedy already had been stripped of his jacket, shirt and T-shirt, and a staff doctor was starting to place an endotracheal tube down the throat. Oxygen would be forced down the tube. Breathing was the first thing to attack. The President was not breathing.

Malcolm Perry unbuttoned his dark blue glen-plaid jacket and threw it onto the floor. He held out his hands while the nurse helped him put on gloves.

The President, Perry thought. *He's bigger than I thought he was.*

He noticed the tall, dark-haired girl in the pink suit that had her husband's blood all over the front of the skirt. She was standing out of the way, over against the gray tile wall. Her face was tearless and it was set, and it was to stay that way because Jacqueline Kennedy, with a terrible discipline, was not going to take her eyes from her husband's face.

Then Malcolm Perry stepped up to the aluminum hospital cart and he took charge of the hopeless job of trying to keep the 35th President of the United States from death. And now, the enormousness of what had happened to John Kennedy came over him.

Here is the most important man in the world, Perry thought.

The chest was not moving. And there was no apparent heartbeat inside it. The wound in the throat was small and neat. Blood was running out of it. It was running out too fast. The occipitoparietal, which is a part of the back of the head, had a huge flap. The damage a rifle bullet does as it comes out of a person's body is unbelievable. Bleeding from the head wound covered the floor.

There was a mediastinal wound in connection with the bullet hole in the throat. This means air and blood were being packed together in the chest. Perry called for a scalpel. He was going to start a tracheotomy, which is opening the throat and inserting a tube into the windpipe. The incision had to be made below the small bullet wound.

"Get me Doctors Clark, McClelland and Baxter right away," he said.

Then he started the tracheotomy. There was no anesthesia. John Kennedy could feel nothing now. The wound in the back of the head told Doctor Perry that the President never knew a thing about it when he was shot, either. (The second bullet tore through his cerebellum, the lower part of the brain.)

While Perry worked on the throat, he said, quietly, "Will somebody put a right chest tube in, please."

The tube was to be inserted so it could suction out the blood and air packed in the chest and prevent the lung from collapsing. A transfusion was begun, with O-negative type blood.

These things he was doing took only small minutes, and other doctors and nurses were in the room and talking and moving, but Perry does not remember them. He saw only the throat and chest, shining under the huge lamp, and when he would look up or move his eyes between motions, he would see this pink suit and the terribly disciplined face standing over against the gray tile wall.

Just as he finished the tracheotomy, Malcolm Perry looked up and Dr. Kemp Clark, chief neurosurgeon in residency at Parkland, came in through the door. Clark was looking at the President of the United States. Then he looked at Malcolm Perry and the look told Malcolm Perry something he already knew. There was no way to save the patient.

"Would you like to leave, ma'am?" Kemp Clark said to Jacqueline Kennedy. "We can make you more comfortable outside."

Just the lips moved. "No," Jacqueline Kennedy said.

Now Malcolm Perry's long fingers ran over the chest under him and he tried to get a heartbeat, and even the suggestion of breathing, and there was nothing. There was only the still body, pale white in the light, and it kept bleeding, and now Malcolm Perry started to call for things and move his hands quickly because it all was running out.

There was no time

He began to massage the chest. He had to do something to stimulate the heart. There was not time to open the chest and take the heart in his hands, so he had to massage on the surface. The aluminum cart was high. It was too high. Perry was up on his toes so he could have leverage.

"Will somebody please get me a stool," he said.

One was placed under him. He sat on it, and for ten minutes he massaged the chest. Over in one corner of the room Dr. Kemp Clark kept watching an electrocardiogram for some sign that the massaging was creating action in the President's heart. There was none. Doctor Clark sadly turned his head away from the electrocardiogram.

"It's too late, Mac," he said to Malcolm Perry.

The long fingers stopped massaging and they were lifted from the white chest. Perry got off the stool and stepped back.

Dr. M. T. Jenkins, who had been working the oxygen flow, reached down from the head of the aluminum cart. He took the edges of a white sheet in his hands. He pulled the sheet up over the face of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The IBM clock on the wall of the room said it was one P.M. The date was November 22, 1963.

Three policemen were moving down the hall outside emergency room No. 1 now, and they were calling to everybody to get out of the way. But this was not needed, because everybody stepped out of the way automatically when they saw the priest who was behind the police. He was the Rev. Oscar Huber, a small, 70-year-old man. He was walking quickly.

Malcolm Perry turned to leave the room as Father Huber came in. Perry remembers seeing the priest go by him. And he remembers his eyes seeing that pink suit and that terribly disciplined face for the last time as he walked out of emergency room No. 1 and slumped into a chair out in the hall.

Everything that was inside that room now belonged to Jacqueline Kennedy and Father Oscar Huber and the things in which they believe.

"I'm sorry. You have my deepest sympathies," Father Huber said.

"Thank you," Jacqueline Kennedy said.

Father Huber pulled the white sheet down so he could anoint the forehead of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Jacqueline Kennedy was standing beside the priest, her head bowed, her hands clasped across the front of the pink suit that was stained with blood which came from her husband's head. Now this old priest held up his right hand and he began the chant that Roman Catholic priests have said over their dead for centuries.

"Si vivis, ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

The prayer said, "If you are living, I absolve you from your sins. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The priest reached into his pocket and took out a small vial of holy oil. He put the oil on his right thumb and made a cross on President Kennedy's forehead. Then he blessed the body again and started to pray quietly.

"Eternal rest, grant unto him, O Lord," Father Huber said.

"And let perpetual light shine upon him," Jacqueline Kennedy answered. She did not cry.

Father Huber prayed like this for 15 minutes. And for 15 minutes Jacqueline

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Kennedy kept praying aloud with him. Her voice did not waver. She did not cry. From the moment the bullets hit her husband and he went down onto his face in the back of the car on the street in Dallas, there was something about this woman that everybody who saw her keeps talking about. She was in shock. But somewhere, down under that shock some place, she seemed to know that there is a way to act when the President of the United States has been assassinated. She was going to act that way, and the fact that the President was her husband only seemed to make it more important that she stand and look at him and not cry.

When he was finished praying, Father Huber turned and took her hand. "I am shocked," he said.

"Thank you for taking care of the President," Jacqueline Kennedy said.

"I am convinced that his soul had not left his body," Father Huber said. "This was a valid last sacrament."

"Thank you," she said.

Then he left. He had been eating lunch at his rectory at Holy Trinity Church when he heard the news. He had an assistant drive him to the hospital immediately. After that, everything happened quickly and he did not feel anything until later. He sat behind his desk in the rectory, and the magnitude of what had happened came over him.

"I've been a priest for thirty-two years," Father Huber said.

"The first time I was present at a death? A long time ago. Back in my home in Perryville, Mo., I attended a lady who was dying of pneumonia. She was in her own bed. But I remember that. But this. This is different. Oh, it isn't the blood. You see, I've anointed so many. Accident victims. I anointed once a boy who was only in pieces. No, it wasn't the blood. It was the enormity of it. I'm just starting to realize it now."

Then Father Huber showed you to the door. He was going to say prayers.

It came the same way to Malcolm Perry. When the day was through, he drove to his home in the Walnut Hill section. When he walked into the house, his daughter, Jolene, six and a half, ran up to him. She had some of her papers from school in her hand.

"Look what I did today in school, daddy," she said.

She made her father sit down in a chair and look at her schoolwork. The papers were covered with block letters and numbers. Perry looked at them. He thought they were good. He said so, and his daughter chattered happily. Malcolm, his three-year-old son, ran into the room after him, and Perry started to reach out to the little boy.

Then it hit him. He dropped the papers with the block letters and numbers and he did not notice his son.

"I'm tired," he said to his wife, Jennine. "I've never been tired like this in my life."

Tired is the only way one felt in Dallas the next day too. Tired and confused and wondering why it was that everything looked so different. This was a bright Texas day with a snap to the air, and there were many cars on the streets, and people on the sidewalks. But everything in this town seemed unreal.

At 10 A.M. we dodged cars and went out and stood in the middle lane of Elm Street, just before the second street light; right where the road goes down and, 20 yards farther, starts to turn to go under the overpass. It was right at this spot, right where this long crack ran through the gray Texas asphalt, that the bullets reached President Kennedy's car.

Right up the little hill, and towering over you, was the building. Once it was dull red brick. But that was a long time ago when it housed the Deere Plow Co. It has been sandblasted since, and now the bricks are a light rust color. The windows on the first three floors are covered by closed Venetian blinds, but the windows on the other floors are bare. Bare and dust-streaked and high. Factory-window high. The ugly kind of factory window. Particularly at the corner window on the sixth floor, the one where this Oswald and his scrambled egg of a mind stood with the rifle so he could kill the President.

You stood and memorized the spot. It is just another roadway in a big, Texas city, but now it joins Ford's Theater in the history of this nation.

R. L. THORNTON FREEWAY. KEEP RIGHT, the sign said. STEMMONS FREEWAY. KEEP RIGHT, another sign said. You went back between the cars and stood on a small grassy hill which overlooks the road. A red convertible turned onto Elm Street and went down the hill. It went past the spot with the crack in the asphalt and then, with every foot, you could see that it was getting out of range of the sixth-floor window of the building behind you. A couple of yards. That's all John Kennedy needed on this road.

But he did not get them. So when a little bit after one o'clock that bitter Friday afternoon the phone rang in the Oneal Funeral Home, 3206 Oak Lawn, Vernon B. Oneal answered.

The voice on the other end spoke quickly. "This is the Secret Service calling from Parkland Hospital," it said. "Please select the best casket in your house and put it in a general coach and arrange for a police escort and bring it here to the hospital as quickly as you humanly can. It is for the President of the United States."

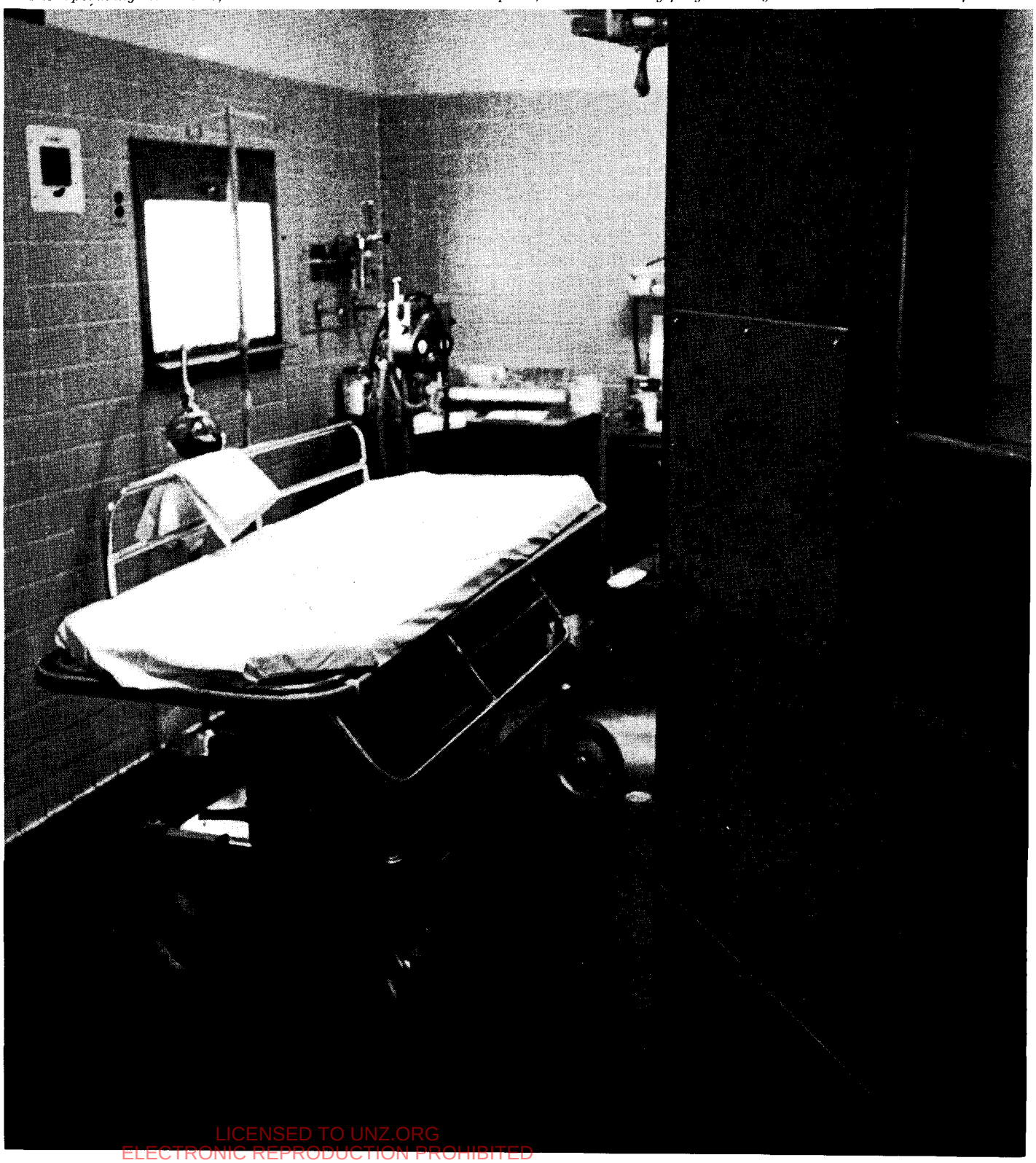
The voice went off the phone. Oneal called for Ray Gleason, his bookkeeper, and a workman to help him take a solid bronze casket out of the place and load it onto a hearse. It was for President John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

Saturday, Oneal left his shop early. He said he was too tired to work.

Malcolm Perry was at the hospital. He had on a blue suit and a dark blue-striped tie and he sat in a big conference room and looked out the window. He is a tall, reddish-haired, 34-year-old, who understands that everything he saw or heard is a part of history and he is trying to get down, for the record, everything he knows about the death of the 35th President of the United States.

"I never saw a President before," Dr. Malcolm Perry said. THE END

This is Operating Room One, in Dallas's Parkland Memorial Hospital, where Dr. Perry fought vainly to save the President's life.



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A eulogy: JOHN FITZGERALD

The thing about him was the extraordinary sense he gave of being alive: This makes his death so grotesque and unbelievable. No one had such vitality of personality—a vitality so superbly disciplined that it sometimes left the impression of cool detachment, but imbuing everything he thought or did with intense concentration and power. He was life-affirming, life-enhancing. When he entered the room, the temperature changed; and he quickened the sensibilities of everyone around him. His curiosity was unlimited. The restless thrust of his mind never abated. He noticed everything, responded to everything, forgot nothing. He lived his life so intensely that in retrospect it almost seems he must have known it would be short, and that he had no time to waste. Or perhaps it was that, having lived closely to death ever since he swam those lonely, terrible hours along Ferguson Passage in 1943, ever since he nearly died after the operation on his back in 1955, he was determined to savor everything of life.

He was a man profoundly in earnest. Yet there was never a moment when his manner was not informal, irreverent, rueful and witty. He took life seriously, but never himself. He cared deeply, but his passion was understatement. No heart ever appeared on his sleeve, though only the unaware could have concluded that this meant there was no heart at all. He mistrusted rhetoric, and he detested histrionics. But the casualness, the dry humor, the sardonic throwaway lines, the cool precision in press conference, the sense of slight distance from emotion, the invariable courtesy and the inextinguishable gaiety—none of this could conceal the profound concern and commitment underneath.

His whole life gave him that concern. He came from a religion and race which had known discrimination and persecution. He came from a family which in its energy, its warmth, its subtle and disparate solidarity had nourished his capacity for competition, for tenacity and for affection. Education developed his intelligence and awakened his historical imagination. This was most important; for he saw the movement of events as an historian sees them, not as a morality play, but as a complex and obscure interaction of men and values and institutions, in which each man's light is often dim but each must do the best he can. As a senior at Harvard he wrote an honors essay to explain why Great Britain was so poorly prepared for the Second World War. The book was published the next year, and he wrote in the introduction: "In studying the reasons why England slept, let us try to profit by them and save ourselves her anguish." He had the insight and the sense of language which could have made him a distinguished historian, but his was the nerve of action.

The hard experience of war deepened and toughened him. He was, of course, an authentic hero, a man of valor and hope. As a young skipper on a PT boat, he displayed his capacity for command, which always meant for him, not the compulsion to bark orders, but the capacity to enlist confidence and assume responsibility. After the war, he was broken in health but lively in spirit. Though his father had been one of the most successful businessmen of his time, something had saved the older Kennedy from the ethos of the business community; he inspired his children with the belief that serving the nation was more important than making money; and it was the natural thing for young Lieutenant Kennedy, pale and shaky from the war, to run for Congress from 11th District of Massachusetts. I had been a classmate of his older brother's at Harvard and had been aware of John Kennedy, who was a sophomore when I was a senior; but I first knew him when he became the congressman from the district in which I lived. One remembers the quick intelligence, the easy charm, the laconic wit. One did not then see the passion and power which lay underneath.

I have always felt that in these years John Kennedy perhaps thought he was going to die because of the unresolved trouble with his back, and that he was therefore determined to have the best possible time in the days left to him. This was his season of careless gaiety, of Palm Beach and Newport, of dances and parties, and he married the most beautiful girl of them all. But the trouble with his back remained; and in 1955 he underwent a long and complicated operation—a double fusion of spinal disks with ensuing complications. He received last rites and nearly died. But he fought through, as he had fought through the waters of Ferguson Passage. When he recovered, he knew that he would live. My guess is that at this point he decided to become President of the United States.

"HE WANTED TO USE POWER"

There used to be a fashion of criticizing John Kennedy for being ambitious, as if anyone ever became President of the United States who had not schemed and labored to that end. Of course he wanted to be President. But he wanted to be President not because he wanted power for its own sake: He wanted to be President because he wanted to use power to advance the purposes of the nation. He was a supreme politician. He loved the flicker of tension and persuasion, the cut and thrust of political infighting, the puzzles of political strategy. He also came to love campaigning. He always seemed a little surprised by the ardor of the crowds which flocked to see him; but he gathered strength from them as they gathered strength from him.

But, overriding everything else, he had a vision of America, of what this country might do and might be, and he had a vision of the world. He saw this nation as a noble nation, rising above mean and ugly motives, subordinating private selfishness to public purpose, raising the standards of existence and opportunity for all its citizens. He was always receptive to new experience, and new experience steadily deepened his sense of what America must do to fulfill the vision. Thus the primary campaign in West Virginia in the spring of 1960 gave his understanding of poverty and his determination to eliminate it new concreteness and urgency. He never could understand the complacent rich who, so long as they had everything they needed for themselves, were content to starve schools, medical services and social services for their less fortunate fellow citizens. In one of the last talks I had with him, he was musing about the legislative program for next January and said, "The time has come to organize a national assault on the causes of poverty, a comprehensive program, across the board."

So too the agony of the Negroes transformed another abstraction into cruel reality, and so he committed himself to the battle for civil rights. He did this not for political reasons, because he always believed it would lose him many more votes than it would gain him. He did this because it was necessary to keep the faith of American democracy and preserve the fabric of American life. He did this because he felt with cold passion that it was the right thing to do.

These things deeply preoccupied him, but what preoccupied him most, I believe, was the peace of the world and the future of mankind. His historian's perspective made him see the conflict with Communism not as a holy war but as a difficult and perilous struggle for adjustment and accommodation. The world, he deeply believed, was in its nature and its historical movement a diverse world—a world which had room for a great diversity of economic systems, of political creeds, of philosophic faiths. He respected the distinctive values and traditions, the distinctive identities, of other nations and other societies. He felt that, as the possessing classes in the American community had an obligation to the weak and defenseless, so the possessing nations had an obligation to the nations struggling to emerge from the oblivion of stagnation and want. And he saw this not just as a moral obligation but as a social necessity. "Those who make peaceful revolution impossible," he once said, "make violent revolution inevitable."

Above all, life must survive on this planet. He knew what nuclear war would mean, and he believed that the avoidance of such a war was the common interest of mankind—a common interest which must transcend all conflicts of ideology and national ambition. This common interest was the bridge across the dark abyss. His deepest purpose was to strengthen that bridge against the storms of suspicion and fear, and to persuade his adversaries that, if each nation and people respected the integrity of the rest and accepted the reality of the world of diversity, if nations abandoned a messianic effort to remake the world in their own image, peace would be possible, and humanity would endure.

These hopes, I believe, guided him in [illegible] terrible task. In the midst of his crushing bu[illegible]dens, he moved always with grace, composure and cheer. His office reflected his own serenity in

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KENNEDY

BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR.

a world of chaos. He was a man born to the exercise of power, but also a man born to the responsibility of power. He immersed himself in the issues, understood what mattered and what did not, mastered the necessary information and dominated the process of government. I have so often seen experts come before him, men who had worked on problems for months or years, and I have seen him penetrate at once to the heart of the issue, and then place it in a wider context, raising questions of significance which the experts had not thought about. His presence pervaded Washington, and he infused the laborious and opaque machinery of government with a sense of his own standards, his own imagination and his own high purpose. With all this, his kindness, his consideration, his gaiety and his strength were absolute.

He had grown all his life, and he grew even more in the presidency. The ordeal of the first Cuba made possible the triumph of the second Cuba. He broke new paths in a dozen sectors of national policy—in civil rights, in economic policy, in the reorientation of military strategy, in the reconstruction of foreign aid, in the exploration of space, in the encouragement of the arts. But the bright promise of his Administration, as of his life, was cut short in Dallas. When Abraham Lincoln died, when Franklin Roosevelt died, these were profound national tragedies; but death came for Lincoln and Roosevelt in the last act, at the end of their careers, when the victory for which they had fought so hard was at last within the nation's grasp. John Kennedy's death has greater pathos, because he had barely begun—because he had so much to do, so much to give to his family, his nation, his world. His was a life of incalculable and now of unfulfilled possibility.

Still, if he had not done all that he would have hoped to do, finished all that he had so well begun, he had given the nation a new sense of itself—a new spirit, a new style, a new conception of its role and destiny. He saw America, not as an old nation, self-righteous, conservative, satisfied in its grossness and materialism, but as a young nation, questing, self-critical, dissatisfied, caring for greatness as well as for bigness, caring for the qualities of mind, sensibility and spirit which sustain culture, produce art and elevate society. He was the most civilized President we have had since Jefferson, and his wife made the White House the most civilized house in America. Statecraft was for him not an end in itself; it was a means of moving forward toward a spacious and splendid America.

And so a crazed political fanatic shot him down. With this act of violence, and with the violence that followed, the idea of America as a civilized nation—the idea which John F. Kennedy so supremely embodied—suffered a grievous blow. The best way to serve his memory is to redeem and revindicate the values of decency, of rationality, of civility, of honor—those values for which he stood through his life and to which in the end he gave his life. THE END

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A PROFILE IN FAMILY COURAGE

By BILL DAVIDSON

Caroline Kennedy, not quite six and not quite comprehending the personal tragedy that

It was September, 1948. The lanky, mop-haired young congressman who was to become the 35th President of the United States idly tossed a football back and forth to a neighborhood kid outside his home in Washington, and he said, "You know, the real strong one in our family is my kid brother, Bob, who just graduated from Harvard. My father keeps telling us that if anything ever happens, Bobby is the one who will hold the family together."

It started out as a normal hard-working day for Robert F. Kennedy, Attorney General of the United States. On the agenda was the second of two meetings with his Organized Crime experts. They had been called in from all over the country to report on progress in their areas since the Cosa Nostra revelations.

The men sat in the Attorney General's huge office, and Kennedy faced them from behind his desk. He had arrived in a medium-gray suit of the two-buttoned, long-lapel style popularized by his brother, President John Kennedy, but, as usual, he had yanked down his tie, draped his suit coat over a nearby chair, and rolled up his shirt sleeves as far as they would go. The Attorney General was feeling bouncy that morning. His men had encouraging things to say. Assistant Attorney General Herbert J. Miller Jr. recalls, "It was a good meeting. You could really feel we were getting somewhere." At exactly 12:14, Kennedy looked at his watch and said, "What do you say? Shall we make it back here at 2:15?" The meeting adjourned.

Kennedy got into his car with U.S. Attorney (for the Southern District of New York) Robert Morgenthau and Morgenthau's chief deputy, Silvio Mollo. They drove to Bob's home, Hickory Hill, in nearby McLean, Va., for lunch. Bob's wife, Ethel, greeted them, and since it was an unusually warm day for a November 22nd, they all went outdoors to the patio for a lunch of clam chowder and tuna-fish sandwiches. At 1:44 P.M. a maid came over to the table and said to the Attorney General, "Mr. J. Edgar Hoover is on the White House phone." Kennedy excused himself and walked over to the special telephone which was on a little stand about 40 feet away.

"I kept talking with Mrs. Kennedy," Morgenthau says, "but I could see the Attorney General at the phone. He had a conversation of about fifteen seconds. There was a look of shock and horror on his face. Mrs. Kennedy saw that, too, and rushed to where the Attorney General had just put down the phone. He couldn't speak for another fifteen seconds. Then he almost forced out the words, 'Jack's been shot. It may be fatal.' He and Mrs. Kennedy went into the house and I didn't see him again. Ten minutes later John McCone of the CIA was there. By now we knew the President was dead. We waited until about 2:30, trying to stay out of the way. Finally, we said good-bye to Mrs. Kennedy and left, just as Dean Markham of the White House staff was coming in. The Attorney General was talking on the phone as we went out."

Bob Kennedy proved as strong as his brother knew he would be. Throughout the afternoon he kept on the move—pacing up and down on the back lawn of the house with Broumis, his big Newfoundland dog, who sniffed perplexedly at his heels. He kept using the two outside pho organizing matters and pulling people tog as he had done in the 1960 presidential campaign. He asked his brother, Sen. Edward Kennedy, and his sister, Mrs. Eunice Shriver, to fly to Hyannis

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...efallen ... as a symbol of Kennedy courage against a background of a family dressed in black, as the late President's flag-draped casket is brought to the rotunda of the Capitol to lie in state.

Port, Mass., to be with his elderly parents. He charged one brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, with funeral arrangements and then appointed another brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, as assistant to Shriver at the White House. Ethel and Dean Markham, a Harvard classmate, were sent to pick up his children, scattered in three different schools, so that they would not hear the news in class. When they arrived, he assembled them on the lawn and told them. David, 7, was the only one who broke. He buried himself in his father's arms, but then he regained his composure.

Throughout the long afternoon, friends arrived. Bob kept pacing up and down on the lawn. Supreme Court Justice Byron White walked in and, without saying a word, walked up to the Attorney General and embraced him. Another friend approached Bob on the lawn. He couldn't speak, but Kennedy said to him, "How you doing?" The friend replied, "Well, I've had better ...s." The Attorney General said, "Don't be so ...my. That's one thing I don't need right now."

He kept pacing up and down, stopping only to talk on the phone to people in Dallas and at the White House. Twice he called his mother in Hyannis Port. At moments there on the lawn, however, he was by himself and seemed lost. Once or twice he stopped to wipe his eyes, and as the afternoon wore on, his eyes became noticeably red-rimmed. It was then that Ethel, in gray slacks and a green sweater, came out of the house, joined him in his pacing to and fro, and handed him a pair of dark glasses, which he put on almost absent-mindedly.

By late afternoon all the preliminary arrangements had been completed. "Now," he said, "I have to help Jackie." He drove out to Andrews Air Force Base and was waiting there when the presidential plane arrived. Mrs. Kennedy and Bob embraced quietly. There were no tears.

He rarely left her side after that. Early the next morning—November 23—after all the organizing was done and after Jacqueline had finally fallen into a fitful sleep at the Bethesda Naval Hospital, he slipped out of the White House into the cold drizzle of a charcoal-gray dawn, and he and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara drove to Arlington Cemetery. He selected the place near the Tomb of the Unknowns, where his slain brother was to lie. He faltered for just a brief moment as he stepped back from the site. His shoulders slumped for an instant, but then he straightened up again, got into the car with McNamara, and headed back for what lay ahead of him in Washington.

It was October, 1958. John F. Kennedy sat on the edge of a table in the bustling downtown Boston headquarters from which he was campaigning for reelection to the United States Senate. He spoke of many things, including his wife's participation in the campaign. "My wife," he said, "is a shy, quiet girl, but when things get rough, she can handle herself pretty well."

When the first shot rang out and the sniper's bullet struck her husband, Jacqueline Kennedy was marveling aloud about the warmth of their reception in Dallas. An instant later, her husband toppled over. All she could say was, "Oh, no!" and she appeared to be in a state of semi-shock as the car sped to Parkland Memorial Hospital.

Except for those few brief moments after she learned the President was dead, she was entirely

PRESIDENT KENNEDY BORE UP MAGNIFICENTLY UNDER THE GREAT WEIGHT OF THEIR GRIEF.

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composed. With Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson she got aboard the plane that carried her husband's casket to Washington. When Johnson was sworn in on the plane as the new President, she asked to be present. Federal Judge Sarah T. Hughes, who administered the oath in the plane's forward cabin just before take-off, says, "Mrs. Kennedy stood there right next to him—between Mr. Johnson and me. She didn't say a word. She just stood there straight and tall and listened. When it was over, the new President kissed his wife and then Mrs. Kennedy. He said a few words to her and then she went to the compartment in the rear of the plane where her husband lay in his coffin."

According to friends, Mrs. Kennedy never once broke down during the dreadful night at Bethesda Naval Hospital or when she returned to the White House. At the hospital, says a Kennedy intimate, "she responded to conversation, but there was a dazed quality to her speech." A friend who spent a few moments with her on the morning of November 23 says, "She was composed, though you had the feeling she was barely holding on. But she revealed this only among people she held close. In public, she seemed completely composed. She is the kind of woman whose grief is private."

On that morning, Mrs. Kennedy had to explain to her two small children what had been told to them briefly the night before by her mother, Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss. She then took them firmly by the hand, and she and Caroline, nearly 6, attended a Roman Catholic Mass at the casket of the late President in the East Room of the White House. Only the immediate family and a small group of close friends were there. John Jr., who was not yet 3 and didn't quite understand, was left in the corridor with nurse Maude Shaw. It was there he complained that he had no one to play with.

Her ordeal—much of it made public through television—was almost more than any other woman has been forced to bear. Her courage set an example for the people of the entire world. It will be a long time before anyone will forget what she did after her husband's casket was mounted on its catafalque for public mourning in the rotunda of the Capitol. Proud and dry-eyed, she and little Caroline approached the casket. Both knelt. Mrs. Kennedy kissed the flag that covered the casket; Caroline, following her mother's example, touched it. Then both walked back to their places. Late in the evening she returned to the bier with Robert Kennedy. Then she walked the streets of Washington among the people who had come to do honor to her husband.

But Mrs. Kennedy also did other remarkable, less-publicized things in the first day of her grief. She offered Mrs. Johnson all her help for their move into the White House. Then she called in her brother-in-law, Attorney General Kennedy, and asked him to phone the wife of Dallas detective J. D. Tippitt, who had been killed by Lee Harvey Oswald, the principal suspect in the assassination of her husband. "What that poor woman must be going through," said Mrs. Kennedy.

It was June, 1961. The President said, "I'm so close to Pierre and Ted and Kenny O'Donnell and Larry O'Brien and some of the others here, that I consider them members of my family. Do you know what I think of Pierre? In 1968 I'm going to buy a newspaper and I'm going to be its publisher and Pierre is going to be its fat editor. Now let's make sure that piece of news doesn't leak out."

Salinger got the news of the assassination on a plane bound from Honolulu to the Far East. It was two A.M. before he got back to Washington, and he was up the rest of the night. The following day he had to face the press for the first time since the President was killed. His briefings generally are held in his office, but there were so many correspondents from all over the world that the press conference was moved to a much larger room next door. Even so, many could not get in.

Salinger climbed up on a leather chair so he could be heard, and his bulk pushed down hard against the chair's springs. He recognized an old friend, and as he exchanged glances with him, a shadow of agony flickered across his eyes.

Salinger reported President Johnson's schedule and then went into details of President Kennedy's lying-in-state and funeral. He announced the schedule for dignitaries who would pay their respects at the bier of the assassinated President, but he couldn't bring himself to use any such expression. He kept referring to "visiting the President"—as if John F. Kennedy were still alive.

It was March, 1962. The President said, "I guess we're a pretty unusual and close-knit family. Even our in-laws turn out to be just like us."

Ethel Kennedy went over to the White House as soon as she was sure her husband and children were all right. A friend says, "She was like an efficient mother hen, taking care of all the little onerous details. She was the only one to show anger about what had happened. She could have led a battalion of troops into battle."

Joan Kennedy, wife of Sen. Edward (Teddy) Kennedy, was in the Elizabeth Arden beauty salon in Washington when the news of the President's assassination was flashed. No one in the shop wanted to tell her. One of the girls in the salon explained later, "We knew Mrs. Kennedy had driven here alone and we were afraid she wouldn't be in shape to get home." So Joan left the shop and heard the news from a crowd on the street in front of a storefront television set. She phoned her husband, drove home and in less than an hour she was accompanying him resolutely to Hyannis Port to be with his parents.

In Hyannis Port, Mrs. Rose Kennedy took the news well. She is reported to have said, "This is the third child I've lost. I've learned to be brave and to put my faith in the will of God." Her husband, former Ambassador Joseph Kennedy, was not told until the next day. The elder Kennedy, now 75 and still suffering the effects of a crippling stroke, had been attended by day and night nurses for the preceding two weeks, and the family had fears that the news would have serious effects on his condition. But the fears were groundless. He was stoic. There were fears, too, for Pat Lawford. She is the most emotional of the Kennedy clan, so much so that she is known to her brothers and sisters as "Rubber Face." But Pat conformed to the example set by the others.

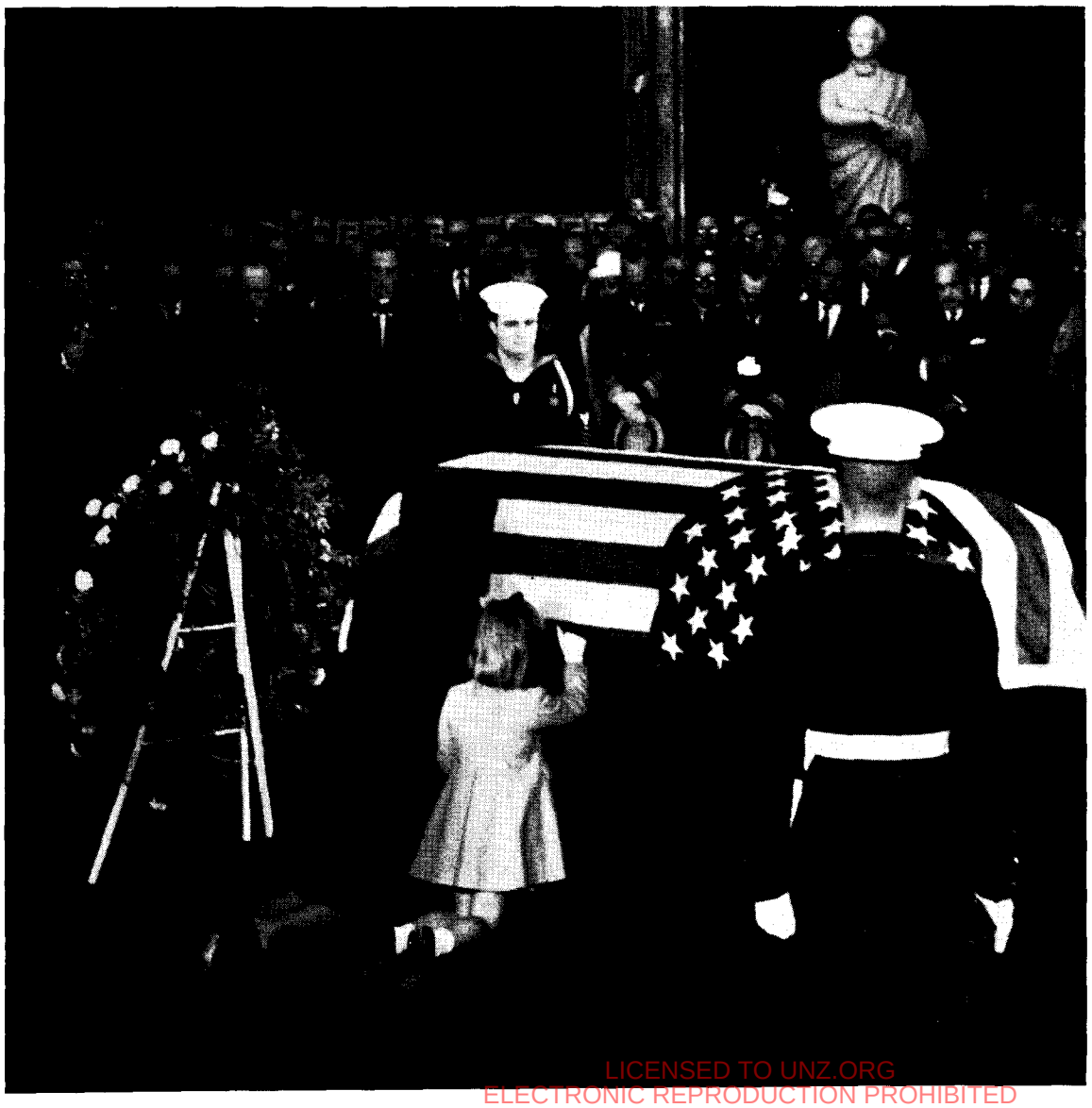
Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver, husband of the late President's sister Eunice, had one of the most trying times of all. He made all the funeral arrangements, spoke continually with Government dignitaries and took his turn with Bob Kennedy, Pat Lawford and Steve and Jean Smith in the East Room receiving distinguished mourners who came to pay their respects.

Then Shriver supervised the removal of the President's personal effects from the Oval Room office. He watched the books go, then the paintings, then the ship models, then the files. Last to go were John F. Kennedy's two rocking chairs.

It was only then—as the chairs disappeared on furniture dollies—that a member of the family finally broke down. Shriver wept openly for about five minutes. Then he dried his eyes and rejoined the courageous group upstairs.

No one knew he had cried. THE END

Mrs. Kennedy kisses the flag covering her late husband's casket as her daughter Caroline kneels beside her in the Capitol rotunda.



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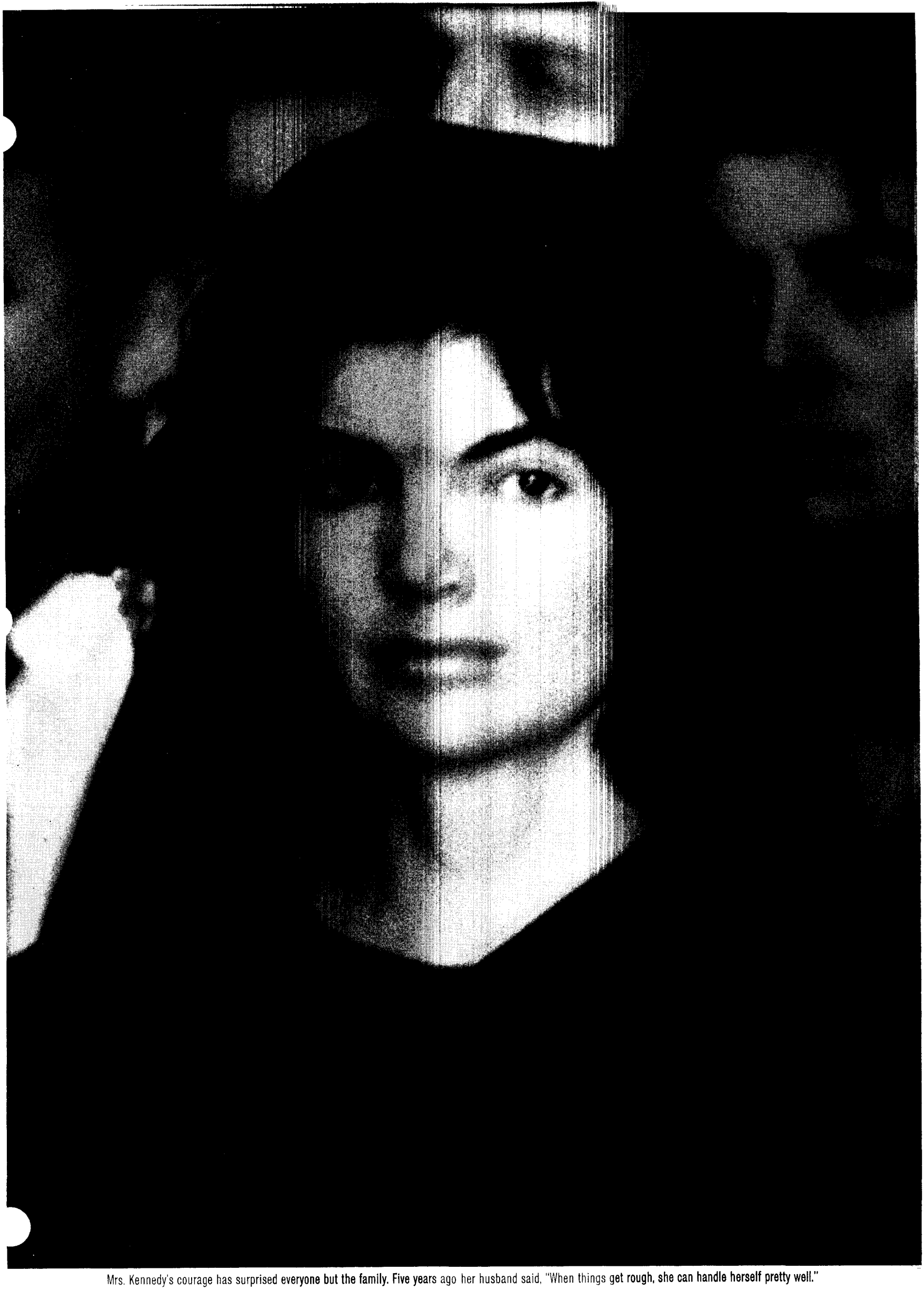

Mrs. Kennedy's courage has surprised everyone but the family. Five years ago her husband said, "When things get rough, she can handle herself pretty well."

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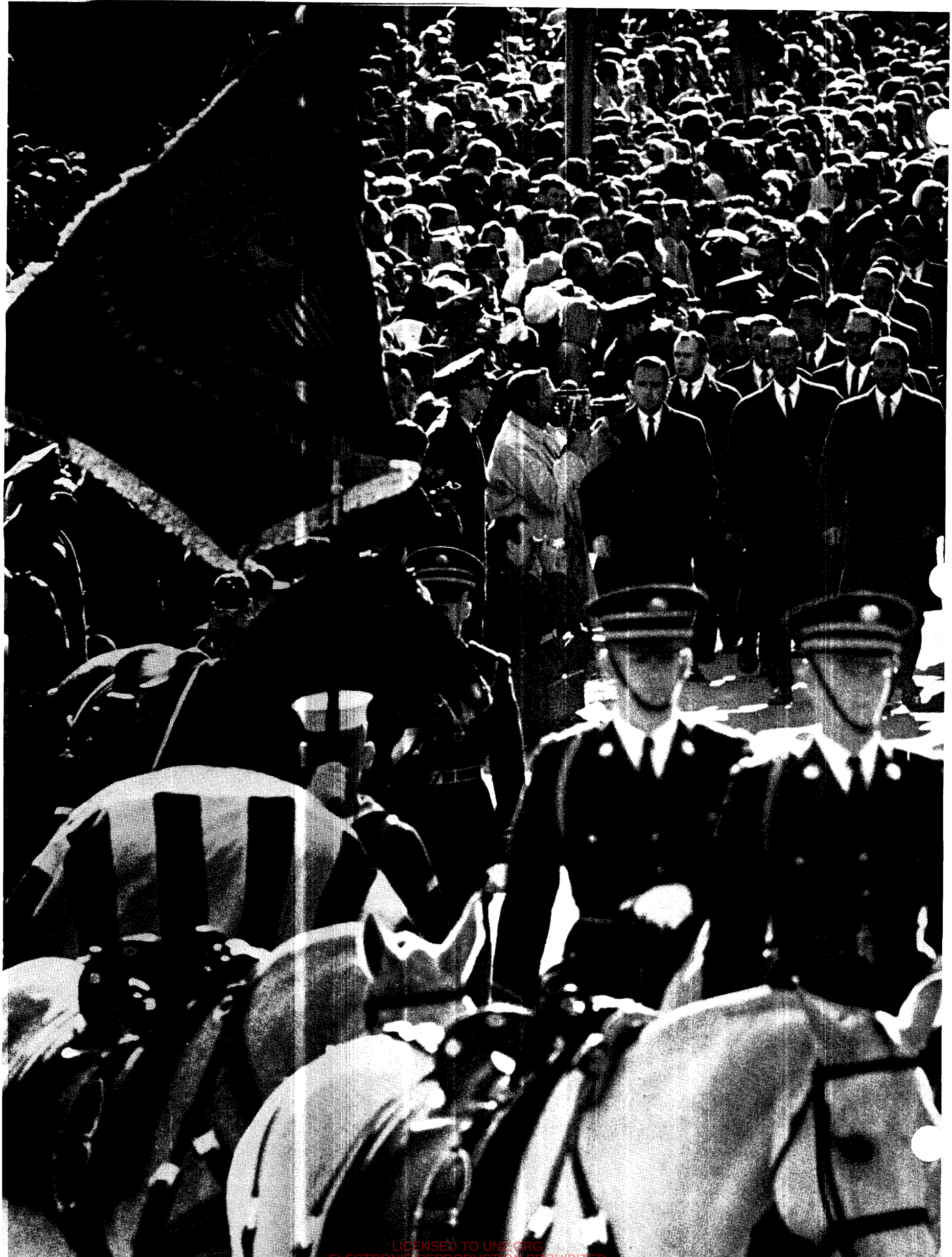

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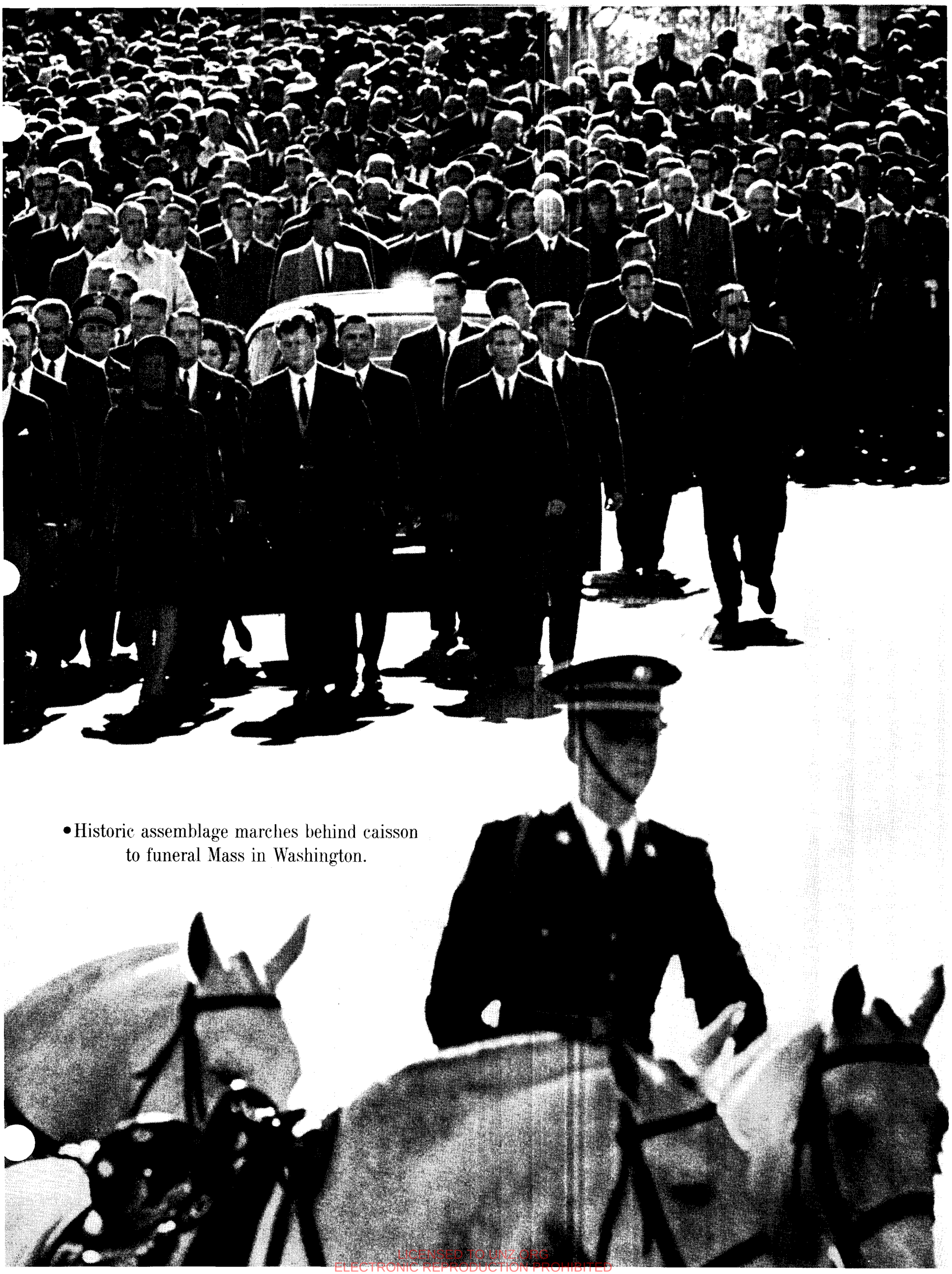

• Historic assemblage marches behind caisson to funeral Mass in Washington.

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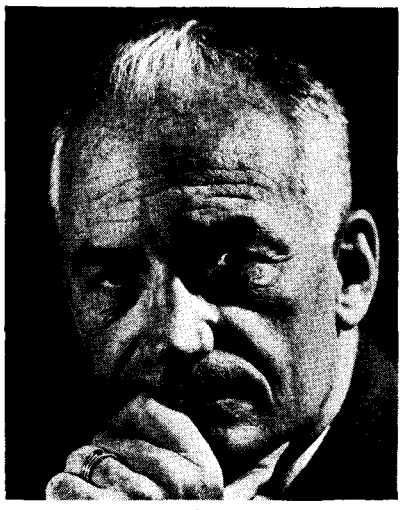
What's ahead for the G.O.P.?

by EARL MAZO

Nelson Rockefeller



Barry Goldwater

Richard Nixon

John F. Kennedy was a giant among politicians. His highest praise of a fellow pro was, "He has a cool eye, and he calls them as he sees them." One can imagine the "cool eye" with which Kennedy would have viewed the political upheaval resulting from the tragedy in Dallas.

Suddenly, all bets on the 1964 election—an election in which he towered over all—are off. The Republican nomination scramble which was forecast for 1968 has been pushed four years ahead. Republican leaders, hypnotized by visions of a Kennedy reelection sweep, have snapped out of their trances.

Following President Kennedy's death a survey was taken among almost fifty major political leaders of both parties across the country. From these conversations significant facts emerge.

First, most high-ranking Republicans—figures such as General Eisenhower, former Vice President Nixon, former national chairmen Leonard W. Hall and Meade Alcorn—now consider the party's chances of winning the election in 1964 to be at least even.

Second, it is universally believed that Senator Goldwater has been toppled from his position as front-runner. In fact, it now seems possible that he may not even seek the nomination.

Goldwater's decline has improved the Rockefeller outlook somewhat—but not nearly enough.

The most important finding is this: Nixon's eight years as President Eisenhower's right arm have catapulted him to the front of the pack. As of now, Richard Nixon must be considered the favorite to win the nomination.

In effect, then, almost every Republican hopeful has been forced to change his plans. Those men who had planned to run in 1968 now realize that they cannot afford to wait. The reason is simple: The winner next year will be favored to win a second term. Thus, the next "open" election will not come until 1972.

As of today the Republican big three are Nixon, Rockefeller and Goldwater. In relation to the "liberal" Rockefeller and the "conservative" Goldwater, Nixon clearly stands out. He is the best known of all the Republican candidates, and has the solidest claim to the valued "middle-of-the-road" position.

Oddly enough, Rockefeller and Goldwater have the same basic liability; that is, each man is stamped with what America's foremost political statistician and election analyst, Richard M. Scammon, calls the image of a "winger"—one of the left wing, the other the right.

On the basis of a meticulous analysis of every election in this century, Scammon has reached this conclusion: "The better the 'out' party thinks its chance of victory may be, the more certain it is to nominate a candidate of the center. If, on the other hand, the situation appears to be rigid—as was the case when President Kennedy was sure to be the Democratic candidate in 1964—then the 'out' party will tend to be more flexible, and a 'winger' who contrasts with the incumbent might well be nominated."

By this litmus test Scammon discounts both Rockefeller and Goldwater. A midwestern governor—an avowed conservative who will have a significant voice at the Republican convention—put it another way: "Barry and Nelson are counterbalancing and eliminating each other."

Goldwater supporters who insist he is in the race to stay may be unaware of a plan he revealed not long ago to a few individuals. Before announcing his candidacy, which he said he might do in late January, he wants to assure himself of a better-than-reasonable prospect of victory. He wants to know that he already commands at least 44 percent of the vote. He plans to gauge his strength by means of two confidential polls: one in New Hampshire and the other nationwide.

The national poll, which Goldwater estimates will cost approximately $100,000, will be the most exhaustive voter survey of its kind ever conducted. Goldwater has strong reasons for wanting it made.

"If I just sat here and listened to the people who say I should run for the Presidency, I'd think I was the most popular guy in America," he told this reporter. "I want to find out for certain."

The survey will be well worth the cost, he added, since it will tell him whether or not his supporters should be asked—or permitted—to "risk five or six million dollars" on his campaign.

Whatever Goldwater's private soundings show, the current consensus of the experts boils down to this: Probably the most compelling argument against him is that he is the one prospective nominee who could unite the Democratic party.

A member of the Democratic party hierarchy, who says frankly that President Johnson will not hold together the loose-knit Democratic coalition, put it this way: "Republicans have good reason to hope that the disparate elements in our party will not unite behind Lyndon Johnson. But the one Republican who would guarantee such unity is Goldwater. I can see them all—even the sailors' union in the Pacific and Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters—endorsing 'that s.o.b. Johnson of Texas,' if Barry Goldwater is the alternative."

Even though Barry Goldwater's chances are dying fast, this does not seem to be helping Nelson Rockefeller appreciably. Among leading party figures, he attracts the least interest of any major contender.

Rockefeller has served capably in positions of high responsibility in the Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower Administrations. He has, by and large, been a good governor of New York.

Despite all this, politicians simply are not taking Rockefeller seriously. His divorce and remarriage have cut into his appeal. And he has always been out of tune with the party bigwigs.

Scranton and Romney are bright new faces on the national scene, and they could, in time, add some badly needed glamour to the G.O.P. image. Both have already smashed entrenched Democratic-machine opposition in huge, previously Democratic states.

At the moment, though, both men have pressing problems at home which must be solved. Also, both are little known outside of their own states, and the convention meets just seven months from now.

Nixon himself faces the most peculiar political predicament of any likely presidential prospect in memory. He is a lifelong Californian who, only a half year ago, emigrated to New York, ostensibly to become a Wall Street lawyer. The incredible fact is that Richard Nixon has *no* real political base.

Some political experts contend that a figure of Nixon's prominence can pick and choose among many possible "bases" as the foundation on which convention-delegate strength can be built. Some have also pointed out that General Eisenhower was also a newcomer to New York, and had no established political base in 1952.

Actually, Nixon was already coming back into the picture before President Kennedy's death. He said quite sincerely that he was not a candidate, but "Nixon talk" kept mounting. He still disavows any intention of running again. But he is less adamant than before, and he is not likely to interfere with any serious draft-Nixon movements.

As things look now, he will be even farther ahead of the pack by convention time. But politics is the least predictable of professions. In 1963 we have seen the sharp decline of Nelson Rockefeller and the unbelievable upsurge of Barry Goldwater. We have seen Nixon emerge from humiliating defeat to lead his party's contenders. And we have just witnessed the tragic and shocking assassination of President Kennedy.

At this stage, no one in his right mind would freely predict anything. It would not be wise to pronounce any statesman out of the running—and this definitely includes both Mr. Goldwater and Mr. Rockefeller. THE END

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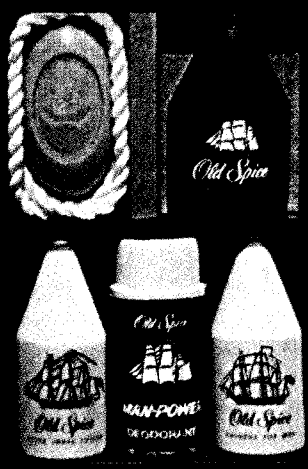

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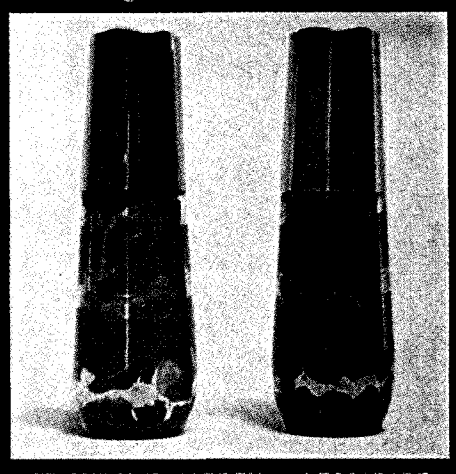

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A young scientist discovers a promising weapon in the fight against

MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

By THEODORE BERLAND

Ervin and Bernice Louvar's modestly furnished home in Beverly Hills, a southern Chicago suburb, is seldom quiet. They have 10 children, ranging in age from six to 21. Seven run in and out, shout, bang doors and practice the twist to a shrill pocket transistor radio. Three others sit motionless in a corner of the dark dining room, doomed to wheelchairs by a little understood and eventually fatal disease—muscular dystrophy.

Johnny, who is 15, had been president of his grammar-school class, a Boy Scout, senior patrol leader, athlete and winner of five scholastic honors when he graduated. Slowly, as he grew older, he began to lose his coordination and strength. Three years ago he reluctantly let himself be lowered into the wheelchair which, he knew, he would never be able to leave under his own power.

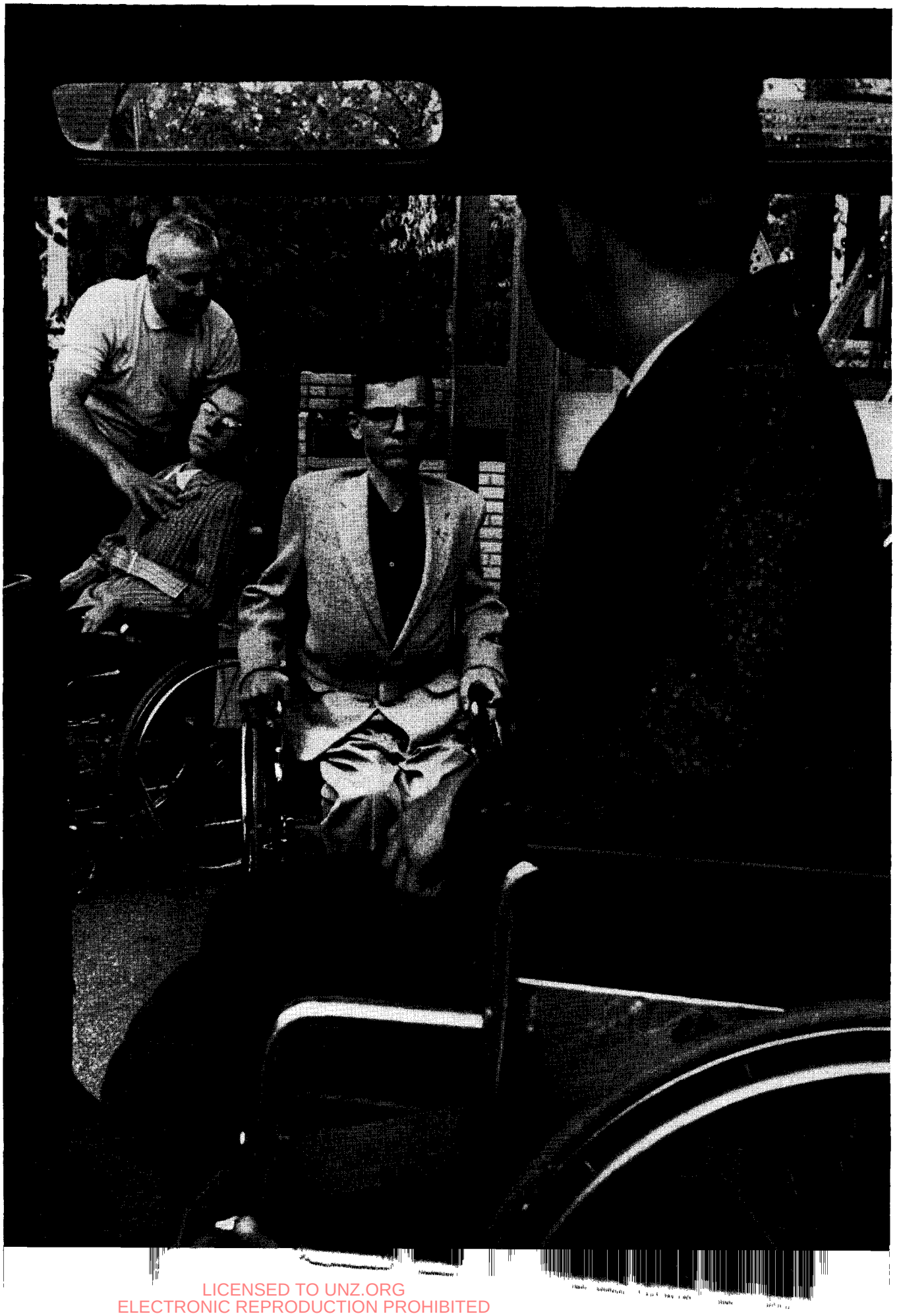
His younger brothers, Steven, 14, and Michael, who is 10, were struck down in the same way.

"We put them to bed, get them out, take them to the bathroom, cut their meat and carry them to the school bus," says Ervin Louvar, a prematurely gray Chicago fireman. "As long as I can, I'll keep lifting them."

There are 250,000 Americans who, like Johnny, are cruelly disabled by muscular dystrophy. Most of them are children, who will not live to adulthood.

There is yet no known cure, but several new, hopeful and controversial treatments for at least temporarily arresting the disease are beginning to emerge from the nation's laboratories. The most discussed is that of a young Massachusetts Institute of Technology researcher named Robert M. Dowben. Doctor Dowben has developed a routine of drugs plus exercise which he believes has halted the disease's progress in 34 of 37 experimental patients. His initial report triggered a volley of crossfire from scientific critics and supporters. Despite the fact that another year of experimentation has reinforced his early findings, most doctors who specialize in the disease are still wary of the Dowben treatment. It is too new, they say, and they fear offering false hope to the quarter of a million victims.

There are at least five forms of muscular dystrophy. The most prevalent form, and perhaps most tragic, is one that hits children of preschool age or slightly older. As the child's body grows, his muscles shrink and deteriorate, so that at 15 the child has less muscle than he had at five. At first the hip, leg, back and arm muscles are affected. He develops an arched back and waddling, toe-walking gait. He falls frequently and has difficulty climbing stairs. Soon he can not walk or feed himself. He becomes confined to a wheelchair—and then a bed.



Fireman Ervin Louvar and his three sons: "As long as I can, I'll keep lifting them."

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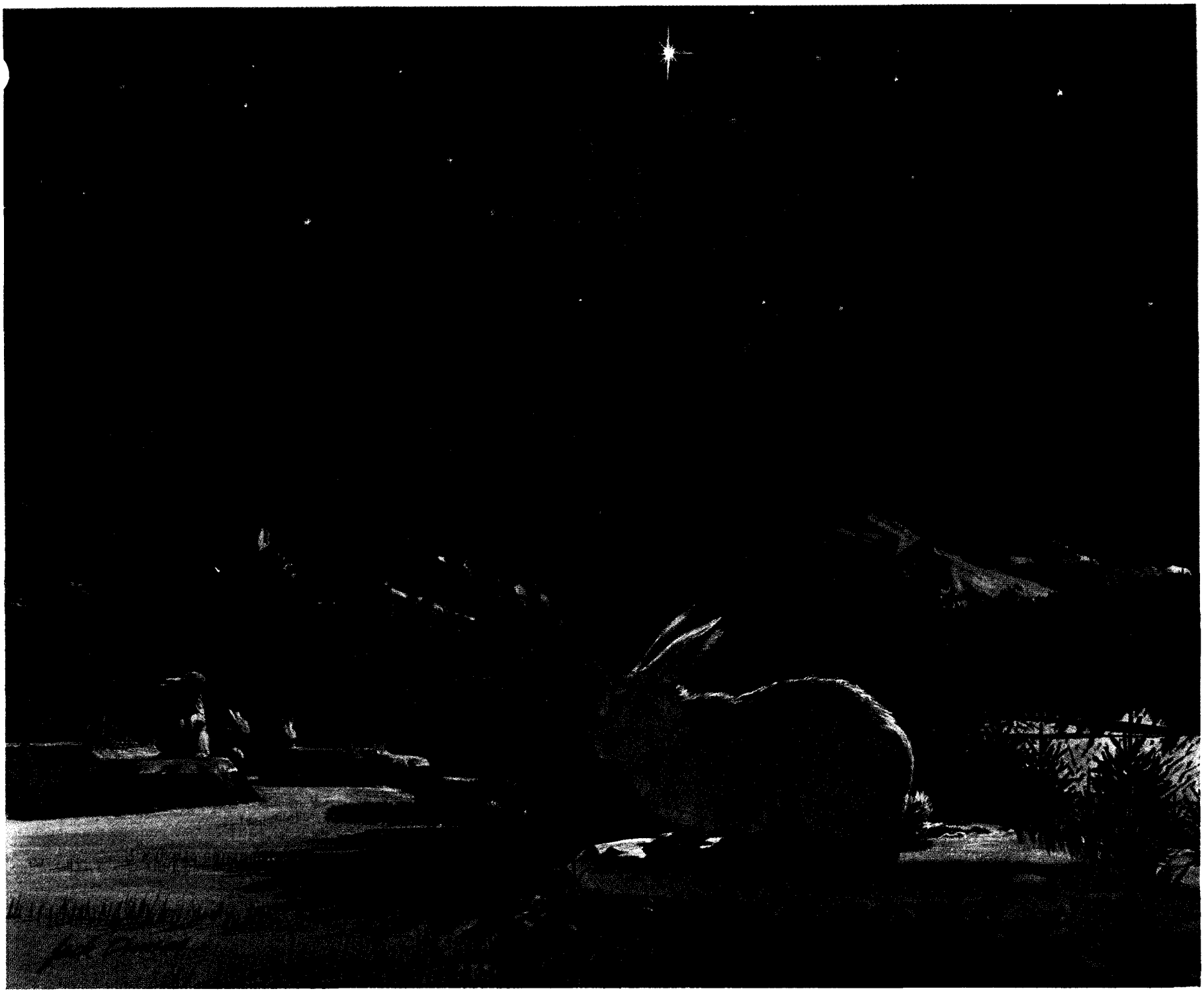

The First Christmas Tree

Hundreds of stories, freely mixing fact and fantasy, have been told through the years to explain the origin of a tree at Christmas. Each has its own unique charm. One imaginative tale is written in manuscripts found in an old Italian monastery.

The story tells us that on that first Christmas Eve, all the living creatures of the earth came to Bethlehem to pay tribute to the Christ Child. Among them were all the trees of the forest. The date palm offered its delicious fruit, the sandalwood its nuts and fragrant flowers, the olive tree its richest oils.

Only the little fir, standing alone and unadorned behind the rest, had nothing to give. So an angel brought down the stars to rest upon its boughs and branches. And as they twinkled with sparkling radiance, the beauty of that first Christmas tree brought a smile of delight to the infant Jesus.

So today does a tree at Christmas remind us of Him and delight the hearts of children everywhere.

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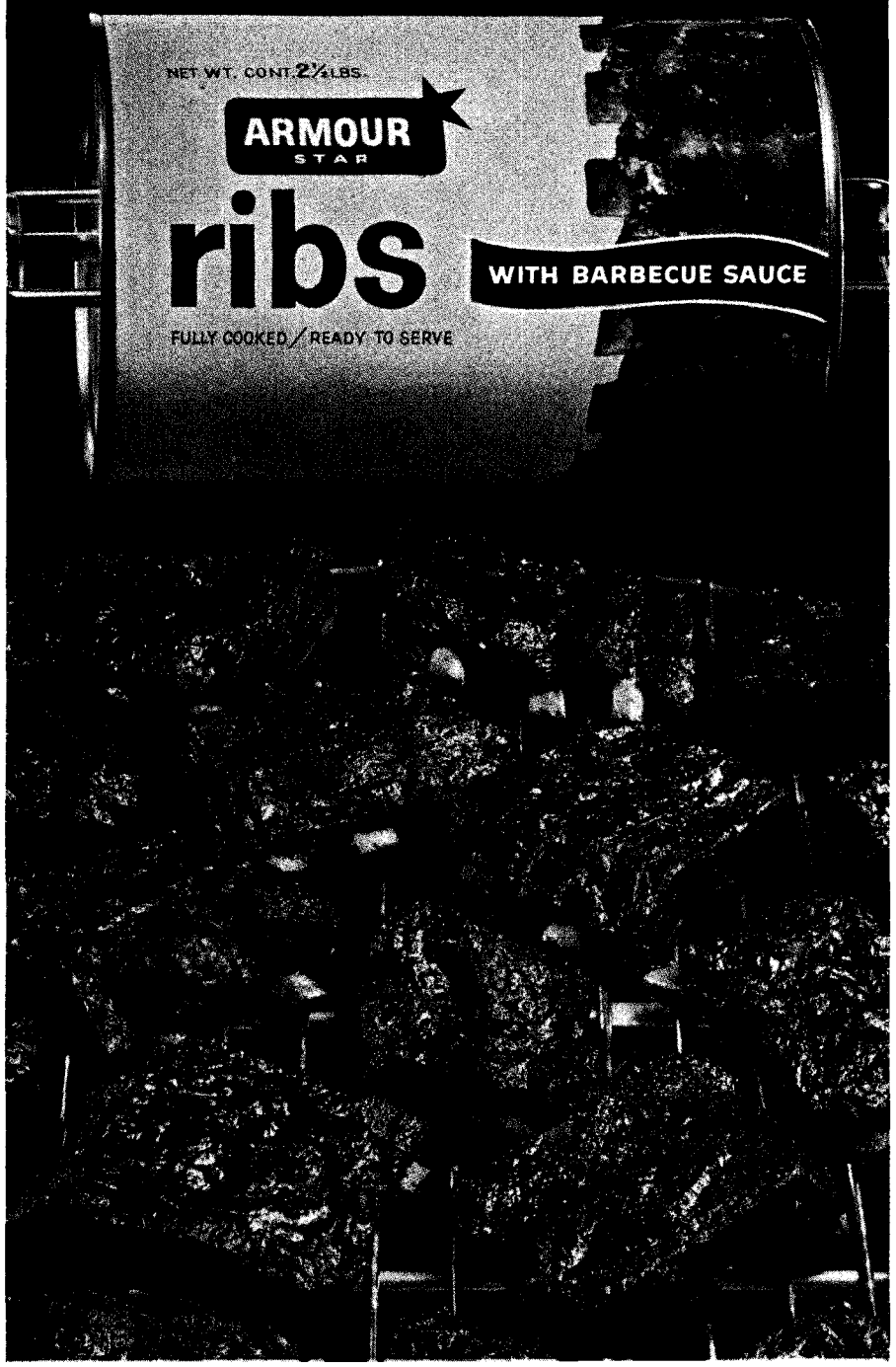

A parent's agony–"You try not to not

MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

Death comes usually before the age of 20, from respiratory ailments or heart failure.

Another form attacks in adolescence or early adulthood. It first affects the face muscles, giving the victim a placid, expressionless appearance. One early sign is the victim's inability to whistle. Soon it affects the speech, then the upper shoulders and back, and finally it produces symptoms similar to those of the childhood form. One adult form restricts itself to the eye muscles and eventually leads to their complete paralysis.

Like many progressive diseases, muscular dystrophy cripples its victim slowly. As its victim grows and learns, his mind becomes more and more a prisoner of an increasingly immobile body.

The disease is, in most cases, hereditary. Although scientists do not fully understand how muscular dystrophy interferes with muscle cells' protein metabolism, they know that it is associated with the genes and chromosomes—tiny chemical units in the cells, passed from parent to offspring, which control the child's physical characteristics. In dystrophic people something has gone wrong with these important carriers of heredity.

It is also known that the childhood form of the disease is associated with a gene of the "X" chromosome—one of the sex chromosomes that determine whether a baby will be a boy or a girl. Women almost never get the disease, but they are carriers—and pass it on to their sons. According to a number of studies, if the childhood form appears in a family, 50 percent of the males will have the defective gene and most of them will develop the disease.

Although a family with a past history of the disease is forewarned of its presence, sometimes muscular dystrophy appears for no apparent reason. In this situation a gene has undergone what the geneticists call a spontaneous mutation, changing from a normal healthy gene into one causing the disease.

And since the disease symptoms may not appear until a child is seven or eight, the parents may have several children before learning the disease is present. Then they must watch helplessly as one child after another comes down with it.

Such occurrences, of course, are nobody's fault—certainly not the parents'. But perhaps because there is nothing else to blame, they blame themselves and often are overcome with guilt. "There are a lot of times when we get to feeling sorry for ourselves," says Frank Seaton, a Chicago Teletypewriter mechanic, who has a nine-year-old dystrophic son. "Then we think of people like the Louvars who have more than one child with it."

"You try not to notice anything," adds Mrs. Seaton. "But after a while you can't help it. It's like a sore that never heals. You can cover it up, but it's still there."

While the genetic cause of the disease cannot be altered, there are aspects of muscular dystrophy that can be attacked. Soft-spoken Doctor Dowben, who is 36, thinks he has developed the most promising approach so far. He has reported on it to a national meeting of the American Medical Association and has written it up in the respected organ *New England Journal of Medicine*.

"After five to nineteen months under treatment, all but three of 37 patients were at least as strong as they were at the commencement of the treatment," he reported. It is doubtful, he says, that any treatment will ever reverse the muscle-destroying process. If this process can simply be arrested, as was done in the 34 patients, that is about all one can expect from treatment. While the results so far are encouraging, he adds, "A great many years of experience will be required before the beneficial effect of treatment can be regarded as proven."

Most researchers agree, Doctor Dowben explains, that muscular dystrophy is a disturbance of muscle metabolism. It apparently affects the normal production and destruction of protein within the muscle cells. Protein is the basic stuff of which muscles are made. Research groups headed by Dr. Eric Simon at New York University and Prof. Georges Schapira of the *Collège de France* in Paris have shown that dystrophic muscle makes and destroys protein at a very rapid rate—about three to five times the normal rate. Another research group, headed by Dr. Kenneth Zierler at Johns Hopkins University, demonstrated that proteins actually leak out through the walls of dystrophic muscle cells into the bloodstream by a still-unknown process.

"There is not yet any experimental proof," Doctor Dowben says, "but it seems likely that as long as the muscle cell can make protein at a very rapid rate, it functions fairly normally. But the cell in the dystrophy patient doesn't seem able to continue the rapid rate of protein synthesis indefinitely."

Drugs plus exercise

At one point, he believes, the cell begins to make the proteins at a slower rate than it loses them. Thus the muscle suffers a net loss of protein, slowly weakens, and finally turns to fat. The time at which the muscle first starts to lose strength is the point at which the first disease symptoms appear. This explains why the disease does not become apparent until well after birth, although the muscle has actually been diseased from the beginning.

To retard this process, Doctor Dowben has taken a three-sided approach. He administers a drug aimed at increasing the cell's production of protein and, at the same time, a second drug which slows down the cell's protein loss. He also requires the patient to exercise. This approach, Doctor Dowben explains, is not the product of any sudden overnight inspiration. Rather, he says, it is the result of a long series of developments by many contributing scientists.

One of the first and most important of these developments was the breeding of a controlled strain of laboratory mice that carried the dystrophy gene. Developed in 1956 at the Roscoe B. Jackson

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ything, but it's like a sore that never heals. You can cover it up, but it's still there."

Memorial Laboratory, at Bar Harbor, Maine, these mice dragged their hind feet. Their name: "Funnyfoot."

The mice provided Doctor Dowben with subjects on which he could experiment in the Northwestern University laboratories where he then worked, in Chicago. Making use of an old observation that certain chemical substances such as the male hormone, testosterone, promote protein building, Doctor Dowben began a long search for the ideal drug. The natural hormone would not serve because it is male-stimulating—it tends to push young boys into premature adolescence and it also harms the liver. But during the 1950's chemists learned to make synthetic analogues, or "chemical cousins," of the natural sex hormones. These chemicals had a much greater protein-building and less male-stimulating effect than the natural hormone.

After five years of work, in which he tried 93 different compounds on 1,000 mice, he came upon a chemical called norethandrolone. It increased the life of dystrophic mice from 13 weeks to as long as 33 weeks. But when he and Dr. Meyer A. Perlstein tried it on 52 human patients, they found it caused liver ailments, affected appetite and induced insomnia.

Again Doctor Dowben returned to his mice. He discovered that mice survived longer when forced to exercise on a vertical screen. They also lived longer if given a drug commonly used for heart disease, digitoxin. He believes that the digitoxin reduces the cell's protein loss. At the same time he continued to scan chemical research reports for other drugs likely to increase protein production.

One day Doctor Dowben read about a chemical whose structure was extremely close to the theoretical ideal he had constructed in his own mind—a hormone-like compound called 1-methyl-delta 1-androstenolone. He wrote to the drug manufacturer and obtained a sample.

Tests on mice and men

When he tried it on mice, the new androstenolone chemical worked wonders. Combined with digitoxin and exercise, it dramatically prolonged the life of dystrophic mice from 18 to 42 weeks. Also, they kept their strength longer, as measured by the time they clung to the vertical screen. And there appeared to be no side effects.

Next Doctor Dowben selected 37 human patients who had been coming to his Chicago clinic for at least a year. Each patient had a chart showing in detail which muscles were weak and how weak they were. Also recorded were the periodic blood tests which helped assess the condition of dystrophied muscles. Thus each patient's past condition could be used as a base against which to measure any changes during the coming months of treatment.

The volunteers took the new drug either as white pills every day or as one injection every two weeks. They also diligently exercised for 20 minutes twice a day, with the help of relatives if necessary. Finally, each patient was put on digitoxin.

The effect of the three-part treatment was often dramatic. Irene R., a stout 37-year-old Negro woman, has had hip-and-leg dystrophy since she was 14. In 1956, she said, her disability forced her to leave her job as a radio dispatcher with a taxi firm. She felt generally weak; cleaning her tiny apartment was a great effort; she couldn't stoop to pick things up; and she couldn't climb stairs.

She started on Doctor Dowben's experimental therapy three years ago. She soon felt less fatigued; housework was less of a chore; she could pick things up.

She returned to work and recently was looking for an even better job. "I'm very much better," she said, smiling, "and I'm sure I'll improve even more. Of the mild and quiet Doctor Dowben, she added, "I love him. He's a wonderful person."

These results would seem to contradict Doctor Dowben's belief that his treatment merely arrests the disease but does not reverse the muscle-destroying process. It should be remembered, however, that psychological factors may be playing a part in this patient's apparent improvement. "I don't believe in miracles," said Doctor Dowben, sitting on a stool in a laboratory where he now works at M.I.T. "Every achievement in this world has come about by hard and concentrated work. So much needs to be done yet with this treatment. How one goes about getting it all done overwhelms me."

One of the things that must be done is for other medical centers to evaluate the Dowben treatment. A conference to plan such programs was held in Boston last winter. Present, and very interested in evaluating the technique, were National Institutes of Health representatives. Dr. Charles A. Janeway, head of pediatrics at Harvard Medical School and physician-in-chief at Children's Hospital in Boston, was equally interested.

"Dowben," he explained, "has studied the only animal model for muscular dystrophy we know. Without a question, he has shown he can prolong their lives by certain drugs. This makes sense in light of what we know is going on in humans.

"Now, will it work in humans? We don't know. But the evidence certainly suggests it may be helpful in some kinds of muscular dystrophy.

"Doctor Dowben's treatment is not the final cure-all, and it is not a dramatic

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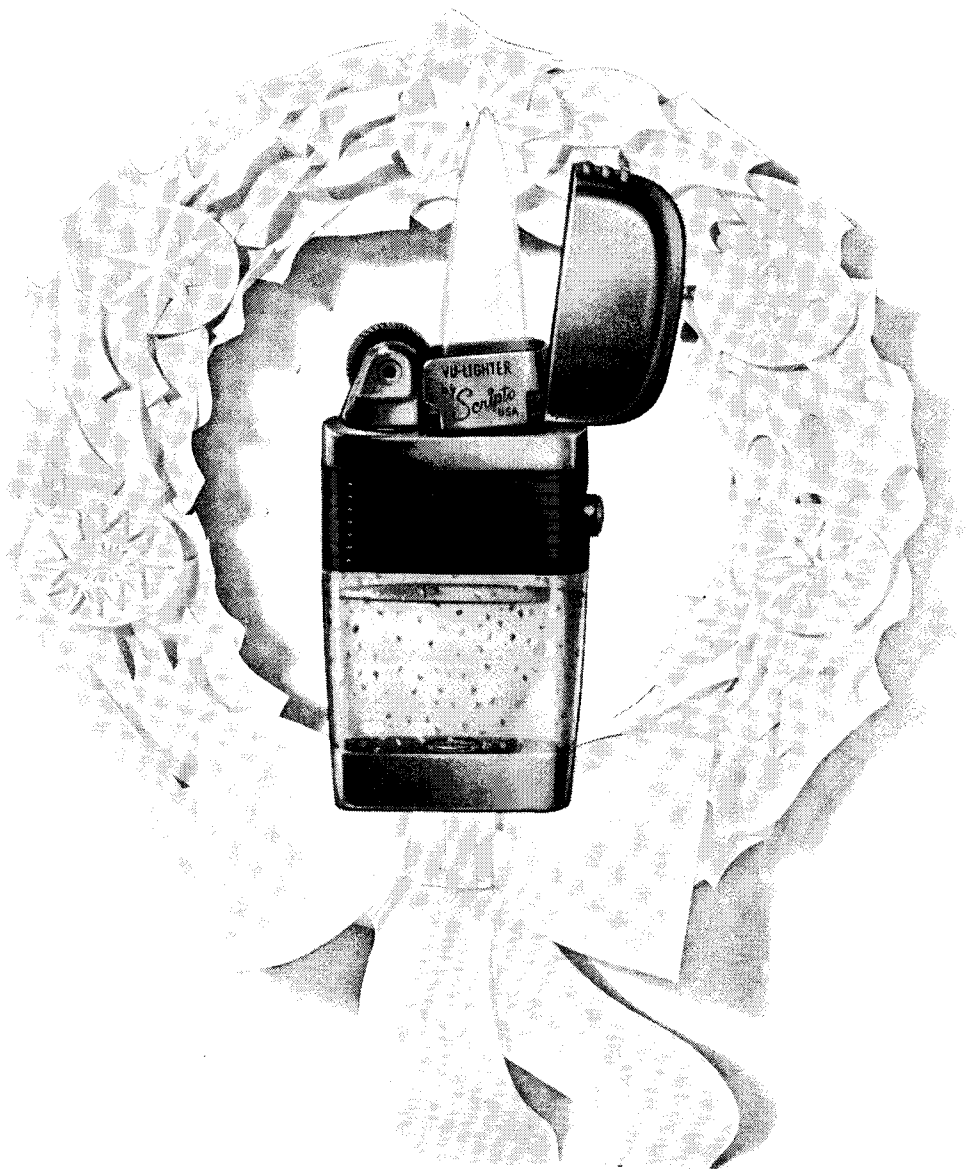

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Not a cure or even a breakthrough, but "there is an effect here that should be explored."

breakthrough. Rather, it is a logical step and the result of a lot of hard work. He has certainly done a much more careful job than anyone I know. Trials in patients are sufficiently encouraging to make a carefully controlled therapeutic evaluation worthwhile."

The head of the muscular dystrophy clinic at Boston Children's Hospital, Dr. Jonathan Cohen, added, "There is a large body of evidence that Dowben's drug may work. He is an honest researcher and doesn't claim benefits other than slowing the rate of decline. There is an effect here that should be explored."

That exploration may soon begin. Eleven medical centers have recently made application to the National Institutes of Health to participate in an intensive nationwide study of treatment of muscle diseases. Although all the arrangements have not been worked out, the study is expected to begin next April, under a grant from N.I.H. and an additional sum from the National Foundation for Neuromuscular Diseases.

When news of the Dowben treatment was first carried across the country by the press, many doctors and clinics were swamped with inquiries. To some it seemed a reasonable report. To others, however, it seemed full of scientific holes. One esteemed researcher, in particular, fired off a three-page salvo of carefully worded criticisms.

He is the dean of muscular-dystrophy researchers in America, Dr. Ade T. Milhorat, chairman of the Muscular Dystrophy Association of America's medical advisory board, director of its Institute for Muscle Disease, and professor of clinical medicine at Cornell University.

Doctor Milhorat is far from convinced that Doctor Dowben has proved anything at all. "Most of the clinical effects reported are within the limits observed in other series of patients in whom subsequent and continued studies failed to reveal significant alteration in the long-range clinical course," he said.

Doctor Milhorat goes on to warn of undesirable side effects. Doctor Dowben's own report, he says, shows "there is clear evidence of androgenic (male-stimulating) effect in the young patients." In six boys between eight and 13 years, Doctor Milhorat says, genitals grew larger, beards appeared and voices deepened.

Doctor Dowben denies that there were any serious side effects in either mice or humans. Androstenolone was definitely not toxic to the liver, he says, and it did not push young boys into puberty. Quoting a standard text on endocrine disorders in childhood and adolescence, Doctor Dowben notes that the median age in boys for genital growth, voice change and beard growth is 11 years, which is consistent with the clinical observations he has made.

Even with the good results from androstenolone, however, Doctor Dowben does not believe it will be the final drug. He says he has a number of other drugs that have been tested on mice, and some of these appear to be even more effective. The nationwide trial, Doctor Dowben explains, will not be so much a test of a specific drug as it will be a study of his whole concept in the approach to the disease, and a study of the disease itself.

In the meantime, other researchers are working on new approaches to treatment entirely apart from Doctor Dowben's work. Dr. Geoffrey Bourne of Atlanta's Emory University, for example, is using a drug, Procanyl, which, he says, serves as a "metabolic bridge" over inactive chemicals in the cell. Doctor Bourne believes the drug "holds on to" the chemicals and prevents them from leaking out. While this drug is no cure, he stresses, it apparently can help delay the disease's progress. Hand-grip tests show that patients' strength either stays the same or improves slightly.

Researchers are also attacking the problem of correctly diagnosing muscular dystrophy as early as possible. This is more difficult than one might think because a number of other muscle diseases such as polymyositis tend to show similar symptoms. To show just how difficult diagnosis is, a recent study in one large U.S. city disclosed that only 48 percent of patients diagnosed as having muscular dystrophy actually had it.

Identifying the carriers

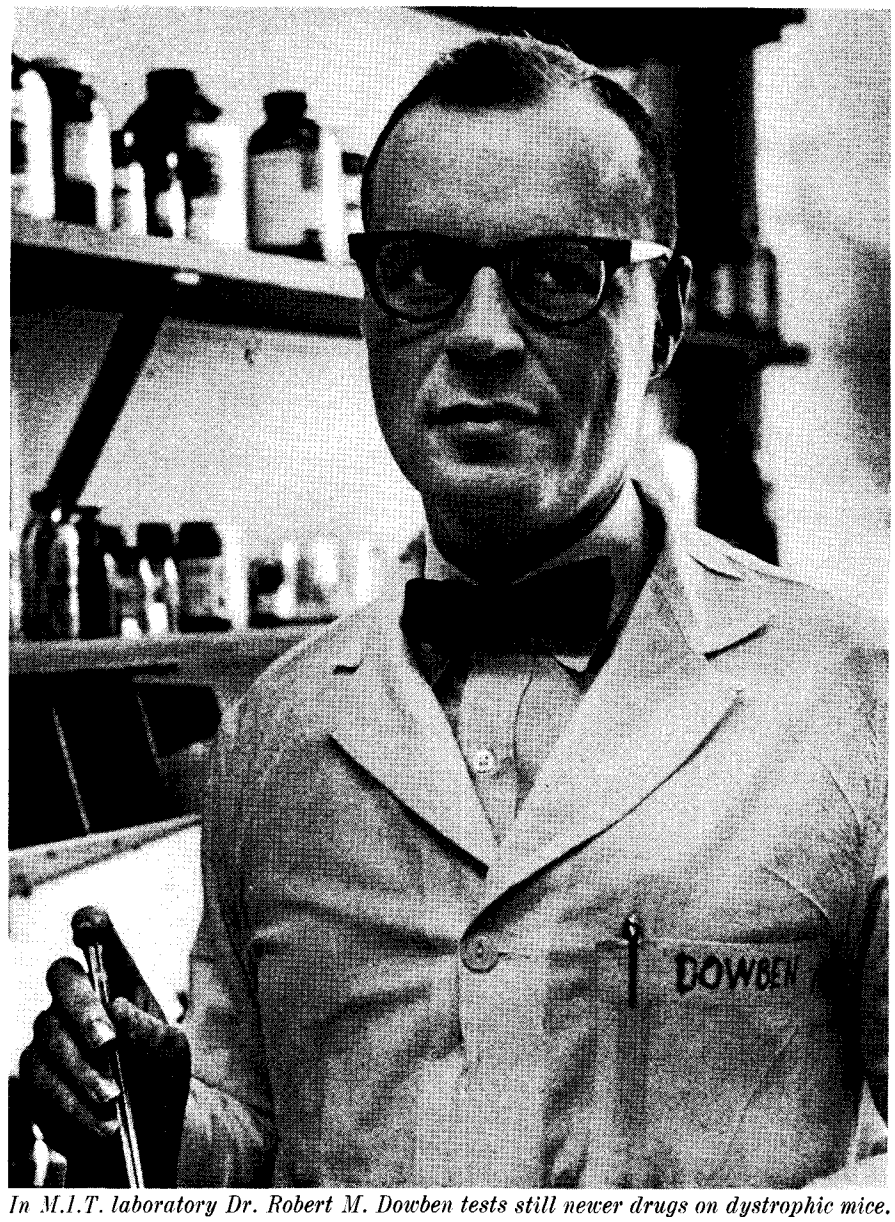
Two new diagnostic tests have been developed. One is based on the level of a certain enzyme in the blood, and the other, on the amount of natural radiation coming from potassium in the body. These tests not only provide a more reliable diagnosis of the disease; they can identify healthy carriers of the dystrophy gene. This is tremendously important, because it could enable young married couples to avoid the anguish of bearing a dystrophic child.

Related to the problem of diagnosis is the equally difficult one of assessing the condition of a muscular-dystrophy patient. It is almost impossible to determine whether a particular treatment is doing any good unless one can measure the patient's relative strength from day to day. At a recent conference, several doctors and physical therapists set up a standard method of patient evaluation, using a numerical grading scale and some 50 standard tests. These standard tests are expected to be used in the projected national study of the Dowben treatment.

While all these developments represent progress toward the eventual conquest of the disease, the fact remains there is not yet a satisfactory treatment.

Dr. Meyer A. Perlstein, a leading authority on muscle diseases in children, explains that "current treatment can best be summed up this way: We try to prevent contractures and deformities; we give physical and occupational therapy so that patients can keep active as long as possible; and we give them social and emotional therapy so they can live with this depressing disease."

The tightening-up of extremities, called contractures, comes from inactivity. The most frequent contracture extends the foot like a ballet dancer's. Hips also physiologically "freeze." If measles puts a muscular-dystrophy child to bed for three weeks, he will probably never get up.



In M.I.T. laboratory Dr. Robert M. Dowben tests still newer drugs on dystrophic mice.

For this reason, "We do as little surgery as possible," says Boston's Dr. Jonathan Cohen. This orthopedist often corrects ankle contractures by partly cutting and lengthening the Achilles' tendon at the back of the heel. He uses a knife as thin as a hypodermic needle, which leaves only a tiny skin wound. It takes but a few minutes in the office. At home the heel drops down to a normal position and the tendon heals.

One of the best dystrophy rehabilitation projects in the country is directed by an orthopedist-internist team at Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Drs. George E. Spencer and Paul J. Vignos Jr. reported that out of 17 patients with childhood muscular dystrophy who could no longer walk unaided, they had kept 15 on their feet. They not only cut heel cords but also corrected hip contractures by surgically splitting and dividing tight top layers of muscle. Then they put the patients into braces.

After three months at home the patients walked better and faster than before surgery. They could stay on their feet for as long as eight hours a day. And walking prevented contractures.

Doctors Spencer and Vignos claim that braces give dystrophied children an extra two to five years on their feet. Under the old philosophy of care, these children would have been put in wheelchairs.

As encouraging as these physical-therapy treatments sound, they are only stopgap measures. They do not arrest the disease. Thus, much rests on the results of the projected national study and on the work of other research workers in the nation's medical laboratories who are desperately searching for better weapons against muscular dystrophy.

Doctor Dowben has high hopes for his approach, but grants that it could fail. He feels, however, that some good already has come from the work.

"Even if this approach eventually does not work out," he says, "it has stimulated much new ferment, interest and new research."

There is now more investigation into the nature of the muscle and its diseases than ever before. So, for the dystrophi patient in braces and wheelchair, there is at last, a glimmer of hope—if he can manage to live long enough. THE END

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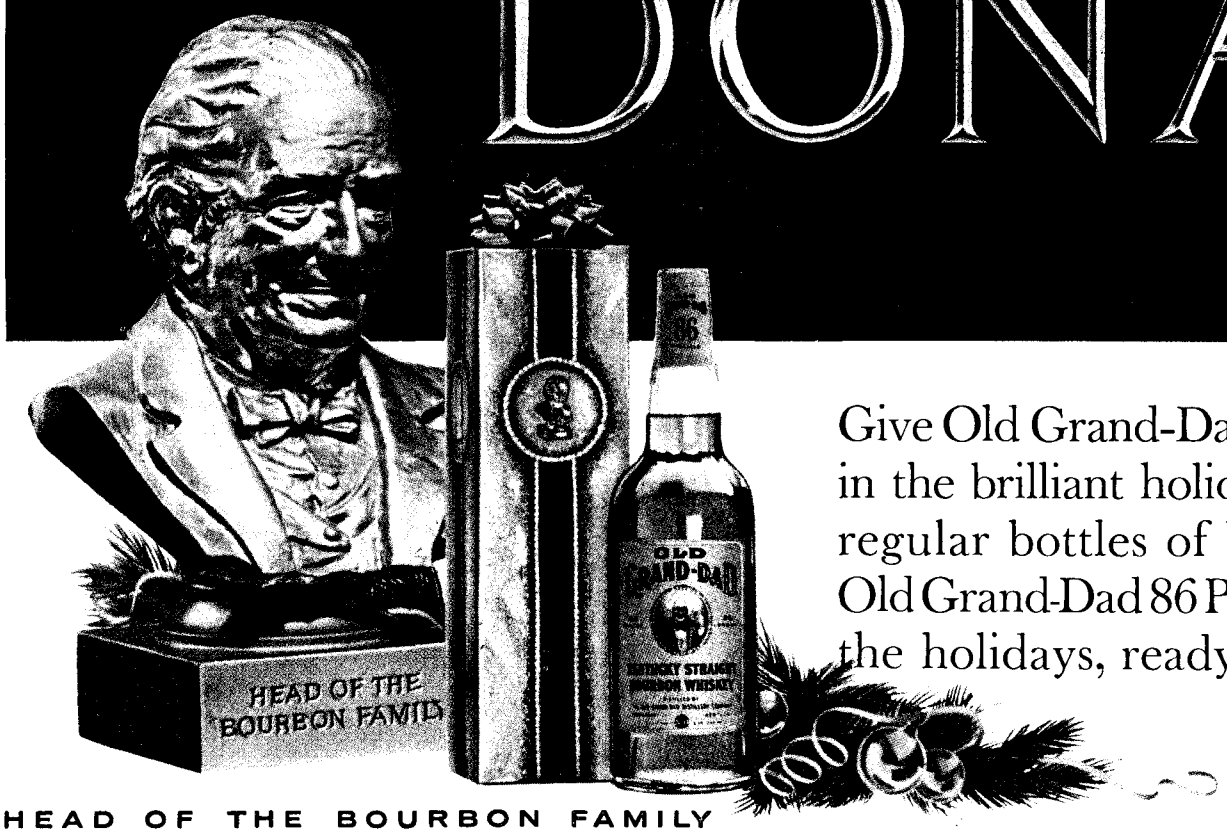

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The girls of slender means

by Muriel Spark

With her new novel, "The Girls of Slender Means," Muriel Spark again has won extraordinary critical praise: "The most profound writer of comedy now functioning" (Newsweek); "A small miracle" (Granville Hicks, Saturday Review); "Miss Spark's darkling imagination has never glimmered better" (John Updike, The New Yorker). Published this fall by Alfred Knopf and now offered to Post readers in condensation, it is the story—at once wildly satiric and wholly real—of a group of not-so-innocent young ladies living in wartime London in 1945. Miss Spark was born and educated in Edinburgh. During the war, she served in Political Intelligence for the British Foreign Office in London. She is the author of seven novels, including "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," "The Comforters," "Memento Mori," and "The Ballad of Peckham Rye"; a short-story collection, "The Go-Away Bird"; and a compilation of stories and plays, "Voices at Play." Her play, "Doctors of Philosophy," was produced in London last year. She has won a number of awards for her work, including the Italia Prize in 1962.

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Few people were more delightful, more ingenious, more movingly lovely—and more savage—

than

The Girls of Slender Means

By Muriel Spark

Long ago, in 1945, all the nice people in England were poor, allowing for exceptions. The streets of the cities were lined with buildings in bad repair or in no repair at all, bomb sites piled with stony rubble, houses like giant teeth in which decay had been drilled out, leaving only the cavity.

There was absolutely no point in feeling depressed about the scene; it would have been like feeling depressed about the Grand Canyon or some event of the earth outside everybody's scope. People continued to exchange assurances of depressed feelings about the weather or the news, or about the survival of the Albert Memorial, which had not been hit, not even shaken, by any bomb from first to last.

The May of Teck Club stood obliquely opposite the site of the Memorial, in one of a row of tall houses which had endured, but barely; some bombs had dropped nearby and in a few back gardens, leaving the buildings cracked on the outside and shakily hinged within, but habitable for the time being. The shattered windows had been replaced with new glass rattling in loose frames.

The May of Teck Club had been three times window-shattered since 1940, but never directly hit. The windows of the upper bedrooms overlooked the dip and rise of treetops in Kensington Gardens across the street, with the Albert Memorial to be seen by means of a slight craning and twist of the neck. These upper bedrooms looked down on the opposite pavement on the Hyde Park side of the street, and on the tiny people who moved along in neat-looking singles and couples, pushing little prams loaded with pinhead babies and provisions, or carrying little shopping bags. Everyone carried a shopping bag in case he should be lucky enough to pass a shop that had a sudden stock of something off the rationed list.

From the lower-floor dormitories the people in the street looked larger, and the paths of the park were visible. All the nice people were poor, and few were nicer, as nice people come, than these girls at Kensington who glanced out of the windows in the early mornings to see what the day looked like, or gazed out on the green summer evenings, as if reflecting on the months ahead, on love and the relations of love. Their eyes gave out an eager-spirited light that resembled near-genius but was youth merely. The first of the Rules of Constitution, drawn up at some remote and innocent Edwardian date (the May of Teck Club had been founded by Queen Mary before her marriage to King George the Fifth, when she was Princess May of Teck), still applied more or less to them:

> The May of Teck Club exists for the Pecuniary Convenience and Social Protection of Ladies of Slender Means below the age of Thirty Years, who are obliged to reside apart from their Families in order to follow an Occupation in London.

As they realized themselves in varying degrees, few people alive at the time were more delightful, more ingenious, more movingly lovely and, as it might happen, more savage than the girls of slender means.

Love and money were the vital themes in all the bedrooms and dormitories. Love came first, and subsidiary to love was money for the upkeep of looks and the purchase of clothing coupons at the official black-market price of eight coupons for a pound.

The house was a spacious Victorian one, and very little had been done to change its interior since the days when it was a private residence. No one at the May of Teck Club referred to it as a hostel, except in moments of low personal morale such as were experienced by the youngest members only on being given the brush-off by a boyfriend.

The ground floor contained staff offices, the dining room, the recreation room and, newly papered in a mudlike shade of brown, the drawing room.

Boyfriends were allowed to dine as guests at a cost of two-and-sixpence. It was also permitted to entertain in

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the recreation room, on the terrace which led out from it, and in the drawingroom whose mud-brown walls appeared so penitential in tone at that time—for the members were not to know that within a few years many of them would be lining the walls of their own homes with paper of a similar color, it then having become smart.

Above this, on the second floor, where in the former days of private wealth an enormous ballroom had existed, an enormous dormitory now existed. This was curtained off into numerous cubicles. Here lived the very youngest members, girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty. The girls on this floor were not yet experienced in discussing men. Everything turned on whether the man in question was a good dancer and had a sense of humor. The Air Force was mostly favored, and a D.F.C. was an asset. A Battle of Britain record aged a man in the eyes of the second-floor dormitory, in the year 1945. Dunkirk, too, was largely something that their fathers had done. It was the air heroes of the Normandy landing who were popular, lounging among the cushions in the drawing room.

On the floor above the dormitory were the rooms of the staff and the shared bedrooms of those who could afford shared bedrooms rather than a cubicle.

On the floor above that there seemed to have congregated, by instinctive consent, most of the celibates, the old maids of settled character and various ages, those who had decided on a spinster's life and those who would one day do so but had not yet discerned the fact for themselves.

This fourth-floor landing had contained five large bedrooms, now partitioned by builders into ten small ones. The occupants ranged from prim and pretty young virgins who would never become fully wakened women to bossy ones in their late twenties who were too wide-awake ever to surrender to any man.

On this floor was the room of a mad girl, Pauline Fox, who was wont to dress carefully on certain evenings in the long dresses which were swiftly and temporarily reverted to in the years immediately following the war. She also wore long white gloves, and her hair was long, curling over her shoulders. On these evenings she said she was going to dine with the famous actor Jack Buchanan. No one disbelieved her outright, and her madness was undetected.

Here, too, was Joanna Childe's room, from which she could be heard practicing her elocution at times when the recreation room was occupied.

All the Flowers of the Spring
Meet to perfume our burying . . .

At the top of the house, on the fifth floor, the most attractive, sophisticated and lively girls had their rooms. They were filled with deeper and deeper social longings of various kinds as peacetime crept over everyone. Three of them had lovers in addition to men friends with whom they did not sleep but whom they cultivated with a view to marriage. Of the remaining two, one was almost engaged to be married, and the other was Jane Wright, fat but intellectually glamorous by virtue of the fact that she worked for a publisher. She was on the lookout for a husband, meanwhile being mixed up with young intellectuals.

Nothing but the rooftops lay above this floor, now inaccessible by the trapdoor in the bathroom ceiling—a mere useless square since it had been bricked up long ago, before the war, after a girl had been attacked by a burglar or a lover who had entered by it—attacked or merely confronted unexpectedly, or found in bed with him, as some said; as the case might be, he left behind him a legend of many screams in the night, and the skylight had been henceforth closed to the public.

"If there was a fire, we'd be stuck," said Selina Redwood, who was exceedingly beautiful.

From her window Selina could see, level with the top floor of the house and set back behind the chimney pots, the portion of flat roof, shared by the club with the hotel

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next door, which would have been ideal for sunbathing. There was no access to any part of the roof from the bedroom windows, but one day Selina noticed that it was accessible from the lavatory window, a narrow slit made narrower by the fact that the wall in which it was set had been subdivided at some point in the house's history when the washrooms had been put in. One had to climb up on the lavatory seat to see the roof. Selina measured the window. The aperture was seven inches wide by fourteen inches long. It opened casement-wise.

"I believe I could get through the lavatory window," she said to Anne Baberton, who occupied the room opposite hers.

"Why do you want to get through the lavatory window?" said Anne.

"It leads out to the roof. There's only a short jump from the window."

Selina was extremely slim. The question of weight and measurement was very important on the top floor. The ability or otherwise to wriggle sideways through the lavatory window would be one of those tests that only went to prove the club's food policy to be unnecessarily fattening.

Among the five top-floor members only Selina Redwood and Anne Baberton could manage to wriggle through the lavatory window, and Anne only managed it naked, her body made slippery with margarine. After the first attempt, when she had twisted her ankle on the downward leap and grazed her skin on the return clamber, Anne said she would in future use her soap ration to facilitate the exit. Soap was as tightly rationed as margarine, but more precious, for margarine was fattening anyway. Face cream was too expensive to waste on the window venture.

Jane Wright could not see why Anne was so concerned about her one inch and a half on the hips more than Selina's, since Anne was already slender and already fixed up for marriage. She stood on the lavatory seat and threw out Anne's faded green dressing gown for her to drape round her slippery body and asked what it was like out there.

Anne and Selina were peeping over the edge of the flat roof at a point where Jane could not see them. They returned to report that they had looked down on the back garden, where Greggie, one of the elder spinsters, was holding her conducted tour of the premises for the benefit of two new members. She had been showing them the spot where the bomb had fallen and failed to go off and had been removed by a bomb squad, during which operation everyone had been obliged to leave the house. Greggie had also been showing them the spot where, in her opinion, an unexploded bomb still lay.

Anne was walking about the landing, sponging off all the margarine. She said, "I've had to use up soap and margarine as well."

"I can't lend you any soap this month," Selina said. Selina had a regular supply of soap from an American Army officer who got it from a source of many desirable things, called the PX. But she was accumulating a hoard of it, and had stopped lending.

Anne said, "I don't want your bloody soap. Just don't ask for the taffeta, that's all."

By this she meant a Schiaparelli taffeta evening dress which had been given to her by a fabulously rich aunt, after one wearing. This marvelous dress, which caused a stir wherever it went, was shared on special occasions by all the top floor, excluding Jane, whom it did not fit. For lending it out Anne got various returns, such as three clothing coupons or a half-used piece of soap.

"You can't wear it to the Milroy. It's been twice to the Milroy . . . it's been to Quaglino's, Selina wore it to Quags, it's getting known all over London."

"But it looks altogether different on me, Anne. You can have a whole sheet of sweets coupons."

"I don't want your bloody sweets coupons. I give all mine to my grandmother."

Then Jane would put her head out into the corridor. "Stop being so petty-minded and stop screeching. I'm doing brainwork."

The exact nature of her brainwork was a mystery to the club.

Jane received from the club, on account of her brainwork and job in publishing, a certain amount of respect which was socially offset by the arrival in the front hall, every week or so, of a pale, thin foreigner, decidedly in his thirties, with dandruff on his dark overcoat, who would ask at the club office for Miss Jane Wright, always adding, "I wish to see her privately, please." Word also spread round that many of Jane's incoming telephone calls were from this man.

Jane had to apologize to the office for him. "He's a foreigner, a Romanian. It's in connection with the world of books. It isn't my fault."

But another and more presentable man from the world of books had lately put in an appearance for Jane. She had brought him into the drawing room and introduced him to Selina, Anne and the mad girl Pauline Fox, who dressed up for Jack Buchanan on her lunatic evenings.

This man, Nicholas Farringdon, had been rather charming, though shy. "He's thoughtful," Jane said. "We think him brilliant, but he's still feeling his way in the world of books."

"Is he something in publishing?"

"Not at the moment. He's still feeling his way. He's writing something."

Jane's brainwork was of three kinds. First, and secretly, she wrote poetry. Secondly, also secretly, she wrote letters of a friendly tone but with a business intention, under the auspices of the pale Romanian. Thirdly, and more openly, she sometimes did a little work in her room which overlapped from her day's duties at the small publisher's office.

She was the only assistant at Huy Throvis-Mew, Ltd. Huy Throvis-Mew was the owner of the firm, and Mrs. Huy Throvis-Mew was down as a director on the letterhead. Huy Throvis-Mew's private name was George Johnson, or at least it had been so for some years, although a few very old friends called him Con and older friends called him Arthur or Jimmie. However, he was George in Jane's time, and she would do anything for George, her white-bearded employer. She parceled up the books, took them to the post or delivered them, answered the telephone, made tea, minded the baby when George's wife, Tilly, wanted to go and queue up for fish, entered the receipts into ledgers, entered two different versions of the petty-cash and office expenses into two sets of books, and generally did a small publisher's business. After a year George allowed her to do some of the detective work on new authors, which he was convinced was essential to the publishing trade, and to find out their financial circumstances and psychological weak points so that he could deal with them to a publisher's best advantage.

Jane had now been given Nicholas Farringdon to work on. George had said he was a terrible risk. Jane judged his age to be just over thirty. He was known only as a poet of small talent and an anarchist of dubious loyalty to that cause; but even these details were not at first known to Jane.

Nicholas Farringdon differed in some noticeable respects from the other writers she had come across. He differed, unnoticeably so far, in that he knew he was being worked on. But meantime Jane observed he was more arrogant and more impatient than other authors of the intellectual class. She noticed he was more attractive.

Jane invited him to dine at the May of Teck Club. He accepted with a special modesty, plainly from concern for his book. It had been rejected by ten publishers already, as had most of the books that came to George.

His visit put Jane up in the estimation of the club. She had not expected him to react so eagerly to everything. Sipping black coffee in the drawing room with Jane, Selina Redwood and Anne Baberton, he had looked round with a faint contented smile. Jane had chosen her companions for the evening with the instinct of an experimental procuress which, when she perceived the extent of its success, she partly regretted and partly congratulated herself on. Selina's long, unsurpassable legs arranged themselves diagonally from the deep chair where she lolled in the distinct attitude of being the only woman present who could afford to loll. There was something about Selina's lolling which gave her a queenly eminence. She visibly appraised Nicholas, while he continued to glance here and there at the several groups of chattering girls in other parts of the room. The terrace doors stood wide open to the cool night, and presently from the recreation room there came, by way of the terrace, the sound of Joanna in the process of an elocution lesson.

* * *

"*I've got something to tell you,*" *said Jane.*

"*Just a minute till I shut the door. The kids are making a row,*" *Anne said. And presently, when she returned to the telephone, she said,* "*Yes, carry on.*"

"*Do you remember Nicholas Farringdon?*"

"*I seem to remember the name.*"

"*Remember I brought him to the May of Teck in 1945? He used to come often for supper. He got mixed up with Selina.*"

"*Oh, Nicholas. The one who got up on the roof? What a long time ago that was. Have you seen him?*"

"*I've just seen a news item. He's been killed in a local rising in Haiti.*"

"*Really? How awful! What was he doing there?*"

"*Well, he became a missionary or something.*"

"*No!*"

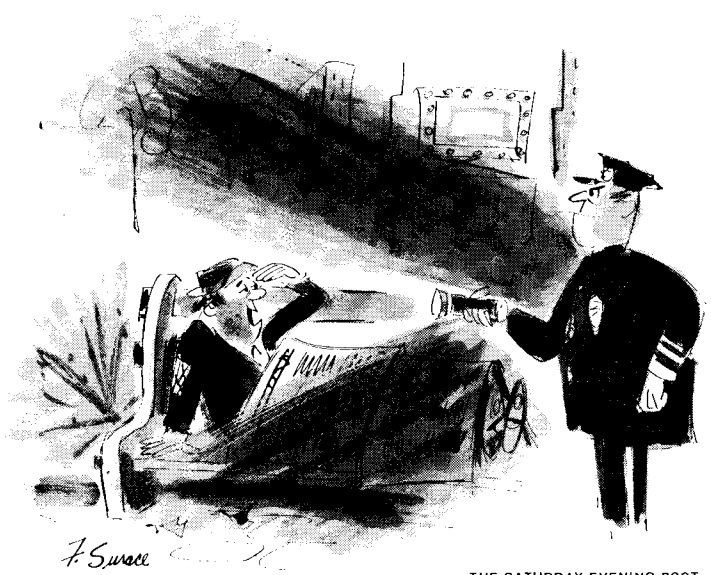
"*Yes. It's terribly tragic. I knew him well.*"

"*Ghastly. It brings everything back.*"

* * *

The excitement over the slit window went on. Jane's brainwork proceeded against the background echoes of voices from the large washroom where the lavatories were. The two other occupants of the top floor had returned, having been to their homes in the country for the weekend: Dorothy Markham, the impoverished niece of Lady Julia Markham, who was chairwoman of the club's management committee, and Nancy Riddle one of the club's many clergymen's daughters. Nancy was trying to overcome her Midlands accent, and took lessons in elocution from Joanna with this end in view.

Jane, at her brainwork, heard from the direction of the washroom the success of Dorothy Markham's climb through the window. Dorothy's hips were thirty-six and a half inches; her bust measurement was only thirty-one, a fact which did not dismay her, as she intended to marry one of three young men out of her extensive acquaintance who happened to find themselves drawn to boyish figures, and, although she did not know about such things as precisely as did her aunt, Dorothy knew well enough that her breastless shape would always attract the sort of young man who felt at home with it. Dorothy could emit, at any hour of the day or night, a waterfall of debutante chatter, which rightly gave the impressi that on any occasion between talkir eating and sleeping she did not think, except in terms of these phrase-ripples of hers: "Filthy lunch." "*Thee* most gorgeous wedding." "He actually raped her:



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"But soft, what light thru yon window breaks? It is the east and Juliet is the sun!"

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she was amazed." "Ghastly film." "I'm desperately well, thanks, how are you?"

Her voice from the washroom dis-ted Jane: "Oh, hell, I'm black with .. I'm absolutely filthington." She opened Jane's door without knocking and put in her head. "Got any soapyjo?" It was some months before she was to put her head round Jane's door and announce, "Filthy luck. I'm preggers. Come to the wedding."

Evidently, from the sound of things, Nancy Riddle was stuck in the window. Nancy was getting hysterical. Finally she was released and calmed, as was betokened by the gradual replacement of Midlands vowels with standard English ones issuing from the washroom.

Jane continued with her work, describing her effort to herself as "pressing on regardless." All the club, infected by the Air Force idiom current among the dormitory virgins, used this phrase continually.

Jane was at work now on some serious spare-time work for which she was paid. This came into the department of her life that had to do with Rudi Bittesch, the Romanian whom she hated, at this stage in her life, for his unattractive appearance. He was too old for her, besides everything else. When in a depressed state of mind, she found it useful to remember that she was only twenty-two, for the fact cheered her up. She looked down Rudi's list of famous authors and their respective addresses to see who still remained to be done. She then wrote:

> Dear Mr. Hemingway, Since my release from prison, where I have been for the past two years and four months, I have felt more and more that I want you to know how much your novels meant to me during that time . . .

If this succeeded in reaching him it might bring a handwritten reply. The prison letter and the asylum letter were more likely to bring replies in the author's own hand than any other type of letter, but one had to choose an author "with heart," as Rudi said. Authors without heart seldom replied at all, and if they did, it was a typewritten letter. For a typewritten letter signed by the author, Rudi paid two shillings if the autograph was scarce, but if the author's signature was available everywhere, and the letter a mere formal acknowledgment, Rudi paid nothing. For a letter in the author's own handwriting Rudi paid five shillings for the first page and a shilling thereafter. Jane's ingenuity was therefore awakened to the feat of composing the sort of letter which would best move the recipient to reply in total holograph.

Rudi paid for the writing paper and the postage. He told her he only wanted the letters "for sentimental purpose of my collections." She had seen his collection. But she assumed that he was collecting the letters with an eye to their increasing value year by year.

* * *

It was July, 1945, three weeks before the General Election. Nicholas Farringdon was in his thirty-third year. He was said to be an anarchist. No one at the of Teck Club took this seriously, as looked quite normal; that is to say, he looked slightly dissipated, like the disappointing son of a good English family that he was.

Jane Wright applied for information about him to Rudi Bittesch, who had known Nicholas throughout the 1930's.

"You don't bother with him. He is a mess, by the way," Rudi said. "I know him well. He is a good friend of mine." From Rudi she gathered that before the war Nicholas had been always undecided whether to live in England or France, and whether he preferred men or women, since he alternated between passionate intervals with both. Also, he could never make up his mind between suicide and an equally drastic course of action known as Father D'Arcy. Rudi explained that the latter was a Jesuit philosopher who had the monopoly for converting the English intellectuals. Nicholas was a pacifist up to the outbreak of the war, Rudi said, then he joined the army. Rudi said, "I met him one day in Piccadilly wearing his uniform, and he said to me the war had brought him peace. Next thing he is psychoanalyzed out of the army—a wangle—and he is working for the Intelligence."

So much for the portrait of the martyr as a young man as it was suggested to Jane on a Sunday morning between armistice and armistice, in the days of everyone's poverty, in 1945.

Jane, who lived to distort it in many elaborate forms, at the time merely felt she was in touch with something reckless, intellectual and bohemian by being in touch with Nicholas. Rudi's contemptuous attitude bounded back upon himself in her estimation. She felt she knew too much about Rudi to respect him; and was presently astonished to find that there was indeed a sort of friendship between

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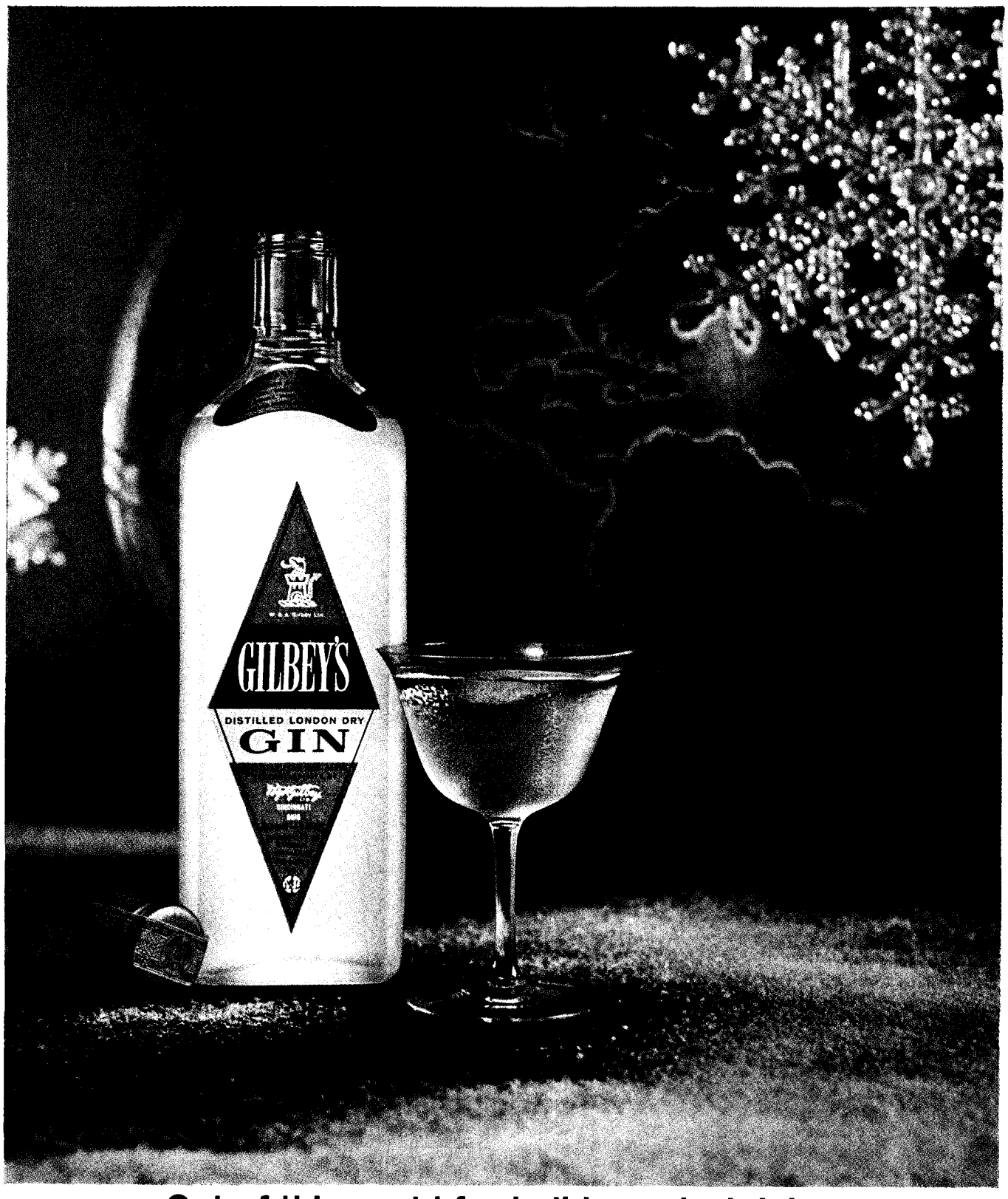

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himself and Nicholas, lingering on from the past.

Meantime, Nicholas touched lightly on the imagination of the girls of slender means, and they on his. He had not yet slept on the roof with Selina on the hot summer nights—he gaining access from the American-occupied attic of the hotel next door, and she through the slit window—and he had not yet witnessed that action of savagery so extreme that it forced him involuntarily to make an entirely unaccustomed gesture, the signing of the cross upon himself. At this time Nicholas still worked for one of those left-hand departments of the Foreign Office, the doings of which the right-hand did not know. It came under Intelligence. After the Normandy landing he had been sent on several missions to France. Now there was very little left for his department to do except to wind up. Winding up was arduous. It involved the shuffling of papers and people from office to office; particularly it involved considerable shuffling between the British and American Intelligence pockets in London. He had a bleak furnished room at Fulham. He was bored.

* * *

Nicholas came, then, to dine at the club.

I thought of Chatterton,
the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that
perished in his pride . . .

"Who is that?"

"It's Joanna Childe; she teaches elocution. You must meet her."

The twittering movements at other points in the room—Joanna's singular voice; the beautiful aspects of poverty and charm among these girls in the brown-papered drawing room; Selina, furled like a long, soft sash in her chair—came to Nicholas in a gratuitous flow. Months of boredom had subdued him to intoxication by an experience which, at another time, might itself have bored him.

Some days later he took Jane to a party to meet the people she longed to meet, young male poets in corduroy trousers and young female poets with waist-length hair; or, at least, females who typed the poetry and slept with the poets—it was nearly the same thing. Nicholas took her to supper at Bertorelli's; then he took her to a poetry reading at a hired meeting-house in the Fulham Road; then he took her on to a party in Hampstead with some of the people he had collected from the reading.

Nicholas stood noticeably aloof at the poets' gathering, but, although he greeted his friends with a decided reserve, it was evident that he wanted Jane to savor her full joy of it. In fact, he wanted her to invite him again to the May of Teck Club, as dawned on her later in the evening.

Beer at the Hampstead party was served in jam jars, which was an affectation of the highest order, since jam jars were at that time in shorter supply than glasses and mugs. There was a stifling crowd. The hosts, Nicholas said, were Communist intellectuals. He led her up to a bedroom, where they sat on the edge of an unmade bed. The people of the house, said Nicholas, were undeniably Communist intellectuals, as one could see from the variety of dyspepsia remedies on the bathroom shelf. He said he would point them out to her on the way downstairs when they rejoined the party. By no means, said Nicholas, did the hosts expect to meet their guests at this party. "Tell me about Selina," said Nicholas.

Jane's dark hair was piled on top of her head. She had a large face. The only attractive things about her were her youth and those mental areas of inexperience she was not yet conscious of. She had forgotten for the time being that her job was to reduce Nicholas's literary morale as far as possible, and was treacherously behaving as if he were the genius that, before the week was out, he claimed to be in the letter he got her to forge for him in Somerset Maugham's name. Nicholas had decided to do everything nice for Jane, except sleep with her, in the interests of two projects: the publication of his book and his infiltration of the May of Teck Club in general and Selina in particular. "Tell me more about Selina." Jane did not then, or at any time, realize that he had received from his first visit to the May of Teck Club a poetic image that teased his mind and pestered him for details as he now pestered Jane. She knew nothing of his boredom and social discontent. She did not see the May of Teck Club as a microcosmic ideal society; far from it. The beautiful, heedless poverty of a Golden Age did not come into the shilling-meter life which any sane girl would regard only as a temporary one until better opportunities occurred.

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid . . .

The voice had wafted with the night breeze into the drawing room. Nicholas said now, "Tell me about the elocution teacher."

"Oh, Joanna—you must meet her."

"Tell me about the borrowing and lending of clothes."

Jane pondered what she could barter for this information which he seemed to want. The party downstairs was going on without them. The bare boards under her feet and the patchy walls seemed to hold out no promise of becoming memorable by tomorrow.

Nicholas lolled on the unmade bed. His jam jar was empty. He said, "Tell me more about Selina. What does she do apart from being a secretary?"

Jane was not sure how drunk she was, and could not bring herself to stand up, this being the test. She said, "Come to lunch on Sunday." Sunday lunch for a guest was two-and-sixpence extra; she felt she might be taken to more of these parties by Nicholas, among the inner circle of the poets of today; but she supposed he wanted to take Selina out, and that was that. She thought he would probably want to sleep with Selina, and as Selina had slept with two men already, Jane did not envisage any obstacle. It made her sad to think, as she did, that the whole rigmarole of his interest in the May of Teck Club, and the point of their sitting in this bleak room, was his desire to sleep with Selina.

"Oh, God," she said, "I'm tired of picking crumbs of meat out of the shepherd's pie, picking with a fork to get the little bits of meat separated from the little bits of potato. You don't know what it's like trying to eat enough to live on and at the same time avoid fats and carbohydrates."

Nicholas kissed her tenderly. He felt there might be a sweetness in Jane, after all, for nothing reveals a secret sweetness so much as a personal point of misery bursting out of a phlegmatic creature.

Jane said, "I've got to feed my brain."

He said he would try to get her a pair of nylon stockings from the American with whom he worked. Her legs were bare and dark-haired. There and then he gave her six clothing coupons out of his coupon book. He said she could have his next week's egg. She said, "You need your egg for your brain."

"I have breakfast at the American canteen," he said. "We have eggs there, and orange juice."

She said she would take his egg. The egg ration was one a week at this time, it was the beginning of the hardest period of food rationing, since the liberated countries had now to be supplied. Nicholas had a gas ring in his bed-sitting-room on which he cooked his supper when he was at home and remembered about supper. He said, "You can have all my tea. I drink coffee. I get it from the Americans."

She said she would be glad of his tea. The tea ration was two ounces a week. Tea was useful for bartering purposes. Nicholas was a true artist and had some feelings.

* * *

Nancy Riddle, who had finished her elocution lesson, was attempting to discuss with Joanna Childe the common eventualities arising from being a clergyman's daughter.

"My father's always in a filthy temper on Sundays. Is yours?"

"No, he's rather too occupied."

"Father goes on about the Prayer Book. I must say, I agree with him there. It's out of date."

"Oh, I think the Prayer Book's wonderful," said Joanna. She had the *Book of Common Prayer* practically by heart, including the Psalms—especially the Psalms—which her father repeated daily at Matins and Evensong in the frequently empty church. In former years at the rectory, Joanna had attended these services every day and had made the responses from her pew, as it might be on Day 13, when her father would stand in his lofty meekness, robed in white over black, to read:

Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered;

whereupon, without waiting for pause, Joanna would respond:

let them also that hate him flee before him.

Joanna lit the gas ring in her room in the May of Teck Club and put on the kettle. She said to Nancy Riddle, "The Prayer Book is wonderful. There was a new version got up in 1928, but Parliament threw it out. Just as well, as it happened."

"What's the Prayer Book got to do with them?"

"It's within their jurisdiction, funnily enough."

"I believe in divorce," Nancy said.

"What's that got to do with the Prayer Book?"

"Well, it's all connected with the Church of England and all the arguing."

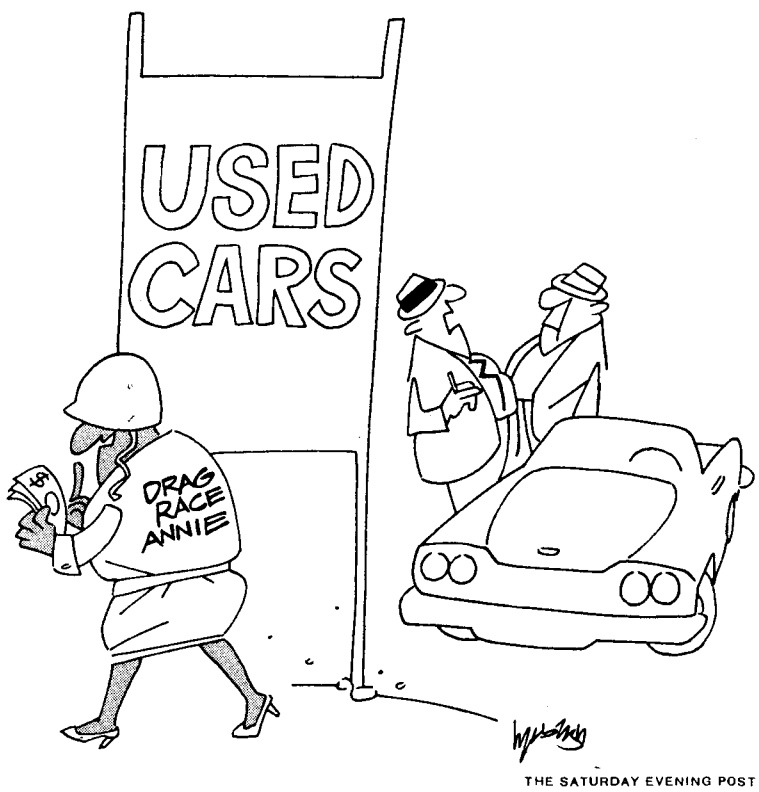
Joanna mixed some powdered milk carefully with water from the tap and poured the mixture upon two cups of tea. She passed a cup to Nancy and offered saccharin tablets from a small tin box. Nancy took one tablet, dropped it in her tea, and stirred it. She had recently got involved with a married man who talked of leaving his wife.

Joanna said, "My father had to buy a new cloak to wear over his cassock at funerals. That means no spare coupons for me this year."

Nancy said, "Does he wear a cloak? He must be High. My father wears an overcoat; he's Low to Middle, of course."

All through the first three weeks of July Nicholas wooed Selina and at the same time cultivated Jane and others of the May of Teck Club.

Jane told him everything that went or in the club. "Tell me more," he said. She told him things, in her clever way of intuition, which fitted his idea of the place. In fact, it was not an unjust notion that it was a miniature expression of a free society, that it was a community held to-



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . I just bought it from a middle-aged schoolteacher who only drove it on Sundays."

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gether by the graceful attributes of a common poverty. He observed that at no point did poverty arrest the vitality of its embers but rather nourished it. Poverty differs vastly from want, he thought.

* * *

"*Hallo, Pauline?*"

"*Yes?*"

"*It's Jane. I've something to tell you. What's the matter?*"

"*I was resting. I've just got back from the psychiatrist. He makes me rest after every session. I've got to lie down.*"

"*I thought you were finishea with the psychiatrist. Are you not very well again?*"

"*This is a new one. Mummy found him. He's marvelous.*"

"*Well, I just wanted to tell you something. Can you listen? Do you remember Nicholas Farringdon?*"

"*No, I don't think so. Who's he?*"

"*Nicholas . . . remember that last time on the roof of the May of Teck . . . killed . . . Haiti, in a hut . . . among some palms, it was market day, everyone had gone to the market center. Are you listening?*"

* * *

We are in the summer of 1945, when Nicholas was not only enamored of the May of Teck Club as an aesthetic and ethical conception—lovely, frozen image that it was—but he presently slept with Selina on the roof.

And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still
be free.

Joanna needs to know more life, thought Nicholas, as he loitered in the hall on one specific evening, but if she knew life she would not be proclaiming these words so sexually and matriarchally as if in the ecstatic act of suckling a divine child.

She continued to recite as he loitered in the hall. No one was about. Everyone was gathered somewhere else, in the drawing room or in the bedrooms, sitting round wireless sets, tuning in to some special program. Then one wireless, and another, roared forth louder by far than usual from the upper floors; others tuned in to the chorus, justified in the din by the voice of Winston Churchill. Joanna ceased. The wirelesses spoke forth their simultaneous Sinaitic predictions of what fate would befall the freedom-loving electorate should it vote for Labour in the forthcoming elections. The wirelesses suddenly started to reason humbly:

"We shall have Civil Servants . . ."

The wirelesses changed their tones. They roared:

"No longer civil . . ."

Then they were sad and slow:

"No longer . . .
. . . *servants.*"

Nicholas imagined Joanna standing by her bed, put out of business, as it were, but listening, drawing the words into her bloodstream. As in a dream of his own that depicted a dream of hers, he thought of Joanna in this immovable attitude, given up to the cadences of the wireless as it did not matter what was producing them, the politician or herself. She was a proclaiming statue in his mind.

A girl in a long evening dress slid into the doorway furtively. Her hair fell round her shoulders in a brown curl. Through the bemused mind of the loitering, listening man went the fact of a girl slipping furtively into the hall; she had a meaning, even if she had no meaningful intention.

She was the mad girl, Pauline Fox. She was returning from a taxi ride round Hyde Park at the price of eight shillings. She had got into the taxi and told the driver to drive round, round anywhere, just drive. On such occasions the taxi drivers suspected at first that she was out to pick up a man; then, as the taxi circled the park and threepences ticked up on the meter, the drivers suspected she was mad, or even, perhaps, one of those foreign royalties still exiled in London, and they concluded one or the other when she ordered them back to the door to which she had summoned them by carefully prearranged booking. It was dinner with Jack Buchanan which Pauline held as an immovable idea to be established as fact at the May of Teck Club. In the daytime she worked in an office and was normal. It was dinner with Jack Buchanan that prevented her from dining with any other man, and caused her to wait in the hall for half an hour after the other members had gone to the dining room, and to return surreptitiously half an hour later when few were about.

At times, when Pauline had been seen returning within so short a time, she behaved quite convincingly.

"Goodness, back already, Pauline! I thought you'd gone out to dinner with ——"

"Oh! Don't talk to me. We've had a row." Pauline, with one hand holding a handkerchief to her eye, and the other lifting the hem of her dress, would run sobbing up the stairs to her room.

Nicholas cheerfully said to her, "Where have *you* been?"

She came and gazed into his face and said, "I've been to dinner with Jack Buchanan."

"You've missed Churchill's speech."

"I know."

"Did Jack Buchanan get rid of you the moment you had finished your dinner?"

"Yes. He did. We had a row."

She shook back her shining hair. For this evening she had managed to borrow the Schiaparelli dress. It was made of taffeta, with small side panniers stuck out with cleverly curved pads over the hips. It was dark blue, green, orange and white, in a floral pattern.

He said, "I don't think I've ever seen such a gorgeous dress."

"Schiaparelli," she said.

He said, "Is it the one you swap among yourselves?"

"Who told you that?"

"You look beautiful," he replied.

She picked up the rustling skirt and floated away up the staircase.

Oh, girls of slender means!

The election speech having come to an end, everybody's wireless was turned off for a space, as if in reverence to what had just passed through the air.

Nicholas approached the office door, which stood open. The office was still empty. The warden came up behind him.

"I'm still waiting for Miss Selina Redwood."

"I'll ring her again. No doubt she's been listening to the speech."

Selina came down presently. Down the staircase she floated, as it were, even more realistically than the sad communer with the spirit of Jack Buchanan had floated up it a few moments before. It might have been the same girl, floating upward in a Schiaparelli rustle of silk with a shining hood of hair, and floating downward in a slim skirt with a white-spotted blue blouse, her hair now piled high. The normal noises of the house began to throb again. "Good evening," said Nicholas.

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams . . .

"Now repeat," said Joanna's voice.

"Come on, then," said Selina, stepping ahead of Nicholas into the evening light, like a racer into the paddock, with a high disregard of all surrounding noises.

* * *

Selina sat, not yet dressed, on the edge of Nicholas's bed. She had a way of glancing sideways beneath her lashes that gave her command of a situation which might otherwise place her in a weakness.

She said, "How can you bear to live here?"

He said, "It does till one finds a flat."

In fact, he was quite content with his austere bed-sitting-room. With the reckless ambition of a visionary, he pushed his passion for Selina into a desire that she, too, should accept and exploit the outlines of poverty in her life. He loved her as he loved his native country. He wanted Selina to be an ideal society personified among her bones; he wanted her beautiful limbs to obey her mind and heart like intelligent men and women, and for these to possess the same grace and beauty as her body. Whereas Selina's desires were comparatively humble; she only wanted, at that particular moment, a packet of hair clips, which had just then disappeared from the shops for a few weeks.

It was not the first instance of a man taking a girl to bed with the aim of converting her soul, but he, in great exasperation, felt that it was, and poignantly, in bed, willed and willed the awakening of her social conscience. After which he sighed softly into his pillow with a limp sense of achievement, and presently rose to find, with more exasperation than ever, that he had not in the least conveyed his vision of perfection to the girl. She sat on the bed and glanced around beneath her lashes. He was experienced in girls sitting on his bed, but not girls as cool as Selina about their beauty, and such beauty as hers. It was incredible to him that she should not share with him an understanding of the lovely attributes of dispossession and poverty, her body was so austere and economically furnished.

She said, "I don't know how you can live in this place; it's like a cell. Do you cook on that thing?" She meant the gas grill.

He said, while it dawned upon him that his love affair with Selina remained a love affair on his side only, "Yes, of course. Would you like some bacon and egg?"

"Yes," she said, and started to dress.

He took hope again, and brought out his rations. She was accustomed to men who got food from the black market.

"After the twenty-second of this month," said Nicholas, "we are to get two and a half ounces of tea—two ounces one week and three ounces the next."

"How much do we get now?"

"Two ounces every week. Two ounces of butter; margarine, four ounces."

She was amused. She laughed for a long time. She said, "You sound so funny."

"God, so I do!" he said.

"Have you used all your clothing coupons?"

"No. I've got thirty-four left."

He turned the bacon in the pan. Then, on a sudden thought, he said, "Would you like some clothing coupons?"

"Oh, yes, please."

He gave her twenty, ate some bacon with her, and took her home in a taxi.

He said, "I've arranged about the roof."

She said, "Well, see and arrange about the weather."

"We can go to the pictures if it's raining," he said.

He had arranged to have access to the roof through the top floor of the hotel next door, occupied as it was by American Intelligence, which organization he served in another part of London. Nicholas greatly desired to make love to Selina on the roof. He arranged everything as precisely as a practiced incendiary.

The flat roof of the club, accessible only by the slit window on the top floor, was joined to a similar flat roof of the neighboring hotel by a small gutter. The hotel had been requisitioned and its rooms converted into offices for the use of the American Intelligence. Like many other requisitioned premises in London, it had been overcrowded with personnel during the war in Europe, and now was

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"What's more, we're on the wrong road."

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practically unoccupied. Only the top floor of this hotel, where uniformed men worked mysteriously day and night, and the ground floor, which was guarded day and night by two American servicemen, and served by night and day porters who worked the lift, were in use.

Nobody could enter this building without a pass. Nicholas obtained a pass quite easily, and he also obtained permission to move into a large attic office which was being used as a typing pool. Nicholas was given a courtesy desk there. This attic had a hatch door leading to the flat roof.

The weeks had passed, and since in the May of Teck Club they were weeks of youth in the ethos of war, they were capable of accommodating quick happenings and reversals, rapid formations of intimate friendships, and a range of lost and discovered loves that in later life and in peace would take years to happen, grow and fade. The May of Teck girls were nothing if not economical. Nicholas, who was past his youth, was shocked at heart by their week-by-week emotions.

"I thought you said she was in love with the boy."

"So she was."

"Well, wasn't it only last week he died? You said he died of dysentery in Burma."

"Yes, I know. But she met this naval type on Monday; she's madly in love with him."

"She can't be in love with him," said Nicholas.

"Well, they've got a lot in common, she says."

"A lot in common! It's only Wednesday now."

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread . . .

"Joanna's marvelous at that one. I love it."

"Poor Joanna."

"Why do you say 'poor Joanna'?"

"Well, she never gets any fun. No men friends."

"She's terribly attractive."

"Frightfully attractive. Why doesn't someone do something about Joanna?"

Jane said, "Look here, Nicholas, there's something you ought to know about Huy Throvis-Mew as a firm and George himself as a publisher."

They were sitting in the offices of Throvis-Mew, high above Red Lion Square; but George was out.

"He's a crook," said Nicholas.

"Well, that would be putting it a bit strongly," she said.

"He's a crook with subtleties."

"It's not quite that, either. It's a psychological thing about George. He's got to get the better of an author."

"I know that," Nicholas said. "I had a long, emotional letter from him making a lot of complaints about my book."

"He wants to break down your confidence, you see, and then present you with a rotten contract to sign. He finds out the author's weak spot. He always attacks the bit the author likes best. He ——"

"I know that," said Nicholas.

"I'm only telling you because I like you," Jane said. "In fact, it's part of my job to find out the author's weak spot, and report to George. But I like you, and I'm telling you all this because ——"

"You and George," said Nicholas, "draw me a tiny bit closer to understanding the Sphinx's inscrutable smile. And I'll tell you another fact."

Beyond the grimy window, rain fell from a darkening sky on the bomb sites of Red Lion Square. Jane had looked out in an abstract pose before making her revelation to Nicholas. She now actually noticed the scene; it made her eyes feel miserable, and her whole life appeared steeped in equivalent misery. She was disappointed in life once more.

"I'll tell you another fact," said Nicholas. "I'm a crook too. What are you crying for?"

"I'm crying for myself," said Jane. "I'm going to look for another job."

"Will you write a letter for me?"

"What sort of letter?"

"A crook-letter. From Somerset Maugham to myself. *Dear Mr. Farringdon.* He is to say my manuscript is a work of genius. He congratulates me on a work of genius, you realize. Then I show the letter to George."

Jane's life began to sprout once more, green with possibility. She recalled that she was only twenty-three, and smiled.

"Then I show the letter to George," Nicholas said, "and I tell him he can keep his contract and ——"

George arrived. He looked busily at them both.

Nicholas said to Jane, in a good, loud voice, that he was going for a stroll in the park now that the rain had stopped, and that it was lovely having nothing to do but dream beautiful dreams all the day long.

"Yours very sincerely and admiringly, Somerset Maugham," wrote Jane. She opened the door of her room and shouted, "Turn down the wireless a bit. I've got to do some brainwork before supper."

On the whole, they were proud of Jane's brainwork and her connection with the world of books. They turned down all the wirelesses on the landing.

She read over the first draft of the letter, then very carefully began again making an authentic-looking letter in a small but mature hand such as Somerset Maugham might use. She had finished by the time the supper bell rang. She folded the letter with meticulous neatness, having before her eyes the sagelike features of Somerset Maugham's photograph. Jane calculated that this letter by Somerset Maugham which she had just written was worth at least fifty pounds to Nicholas. George would be in a terrible state of conflict when he saw it. Poor Tilly, George's wife, had told her that when George was persecuted by an author he went on and on about it for hours.

Nicholas was coming to the club after supper to spend the evening, having at last persuaded Joanna to give a special recital of *The Wreck of the Deutschland.* It was to be recorded on a tape machine that Nicholas had borrowed from the newsroom of a government office.

After supper Jane was struck by a sense of her treachery to the establishment of Throvis-Mew, and to George, with whom she was paid to conspire in the way of business. Without the slightest intention of withdrawing from her conspiracy with Nicholas, she gazed at the letter she had written and wondered what to do about her feelings. She decided to telephone George's wife, Tilly, and have a friendly chat about something.

Tilly was delighted. She was a tiny redhead of lively intelligence and small information, whom George kept well apart from the world of books, being experienced in wives. To Tilly this was a great deprivation, and she loved nothing better than to keep in touch, through Jane, with the book business.

Jane was usually bored by Tilly, who, although she had not exactly been a cabaret dancer, imposed on the world of books, whenever she was given the chance, a high-leg-kicker's spirit which played on Jane's nerves, since she herself was newly awed by the gravity of literature in general. She felt Tilly was altogether too frivolous about the publishing and writing scene, and moreover failed to realize this fact. But her heart in its treachery now swelled with an access of warmth for Tilly. She invited Tilly to supper on Friday.

Tilly said, "I always love the May of Teck. It's like being back at school." Tilly always said that. It was infuriating.

Nicholas arrived early with his tape recorder and sat in the recreation room with Joanna Childe, waiting for the audience to drift in from supper. She looked to Nicholas very splendid and Nordic.

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"That's the janitor."

"Have you lived here long?" said Nicholas sleepily, while he admired her big bones. He was sleepy because he had spent most of the previous night on the roof with Selina.

"About a year. I daresay I'll die here," she said with the conventional contempt of all members for the club.

He said, "You'll get married."

"No, no." She spoke soothingly, as to a child who had just been prevented from spooning jam into the stew.

While coffee was being served and the girls began to fill the room, Jane entered, fresh from her telephone conversation with Tilly, and, feeling somewhat absolved by it, she handed over to Nicholas her brainwork letter from Somerset Maugham. While reading it, he was handed a cup of coffee. In the process of taking the cup, he splashed some coffee on the letter.

"Oh, you've ruined it!" Jane said. "I'll have to do it all over again."

"It looks more authentic than ever," Nicholas said. "Naturally, if I've received a letter from Somerset Maugham telling me I'm a genius, I am going to spend a lot of time reading it over and over, in the course of which the letter must begin to look a bit worn. Now, are you sure George will be impressed by Maugham's name?"

"Very," said Jane.

"Do you mean you're very sure or that George will be very impressed?"

"I mean both."

"It would put me off, if I were George."

The recital of *The Wreck of the Deutschland* started presently. Joanna stood with her book ready.

"Not a hush from anybody," said the warden, meaning "Not a sound." "Not a hush," she said, "because this instrument of Mr. Farringdon's apparently registers the drop of a pin."

One of the dormitory girls, who sat mending a run in a stocking, carefully caused her needle to fall on the parquet floor, then bent and picked it up again. Another dormitory girl who had noticed the action snorted a suppressed laugh. Otherwise there was silence but for the quiet purr of the machine waiting for Joanna.

Thou mastering me
God! Giver of breath and bread;
World's strand, sway of the sea;
Lord of living and dead . . .

A scream of panic from the top floor penetrated the house as Jane returned to the club on Friday afternoon, the 27th of July. She had left the office early to meet Tilly at the club. She did not feel that the scream of panic meant anything special. Jane climbed the last flight of stairs. There was another, more piercing scream, accompanied by excited voices. Screams of panic in the club might relate to a run in a stocking or a sidesplitting joke.

When she reached the top landing, she saw that the commotion came from the washroom. There Anne and Selina, with two of the dormitory girls, were attempting to extricate from the little slit window another girl who had evidently been attempting to climb out and had got stuck. She was struggling and kicking without success, exhorted by various instructions from the other girls. Against their earnest advice she screamed aloud from time to time. She had taken off her clothes for the attempt, and her body was covered with a greasy substance; Jane immediately hoped it had not been taken from her

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own supply of cold cream, which stood in a jar on her dressing table.

"Who is it?" Jane said, with a close, inspective look at the girl's unidentifiable kicking legs and wriggling bottom, which were her only visible portions.

Selina brought a towel, which she attempted to fasten round the girl's waist with a safety pin. Anne kept imploring the girl not to scream, and one of the others went to the top of the stairs to look over the banister in the hope that nobody in authority was being attracted upward.

"Who is it?" Jane said.

Anne said, "I'm afraid it's Tilly."

"Tilly!"

"She was waiting for you downstairs and we brought her up here for a lark. She said it was like being back at school, here at the club, so Selina showed her the window. She's just half an inch too large, though. Can't you get her to shut up?"

Jane spoke softly to Tilly. "Every time you scream," she said, "it makes you swell up more. Keep quiet, and we'll work you out with wet soap."

Tilly went quiet. They worked on her for ten minutes, but she remained stuck by the hips. Tilly was weeping. "Get George," she said at last. "Get him on the phone."

Nobody wanted to fetch George. He would have to come upstairs. Doctors were the only males who climbed the stairs, and even then they were accompanied by one of the staff.

Jane said, "Well, I'll get somebody." She was thinking of Nicholas. He had access to the roof from the Intelligence Headquarters; a hefty push from the roof side of the window might be successful in releasing Tilly.

Jane decided to telephone and beg Nicholas to come immediately and help with Tilly.

Tilly was weeping, with a sound that threatened a further outburst of screams.

Jane descended to the telephone booths as the clock in the hall struck six o'clock.

Nicholas had just returned to his room. When he heard of Tilly's predicament, he promised eagerly to go straight to the Intelligence Headquarters, and onto the roof.

"It's no joke," Jane said.

"I'm not saying it's a joke."

"You sound cheerful about it. Hurry up. Tilly's crying her eyes out."

"As well she might, seeing Labour have got in."

"Oh, hurry up. We'll all be in trouble if ——"

He had rung off.

A distant anguished scream descended the staircase.

"Really," Greggie, the elderly spinster, said to Jane, who was emerging from the telephone booth, "this club has gone right down. What are visitors to think? Who's screaming up there on the top floor? It sounds exactly as it must have been when this house was in private hands. You girls behave exactly like servant girls in the old days when the master and mistress were absent. Romping and yelling."

"George. I want George," Tilly wailed thinly from far above.

Jane was keeping an eye out for the taxi which she hoped would bring Nicholas, at any moment, to the functional hotel next door.

"Once again," said Joanna's voice clearly from the fourth floor to her pupil. "The last three stanzas again, please."

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth.

Jane was suddenly overcome by a deep envy of Joanna, the source of which she could not locate exactly at that hour of her youth. The feeling was connected with an inner knowledge of Joanna's disinterestedness, her ability—a gift—to forget herself and her personality.

Jane felt suddenly miserable, as one who has been cast out of Eden before realizing that it had in fact been Eden. She recalled two ideas about Joanna that she had gathered from various observations made by Nicholas: that Joanna's enthusiasm for poetry was limited to one kind, and that Joanna was the slightest bit melancholy on the religious side; these thoughts failed to comfort Jane.

Nicholas arrived in a taxi and disappeared in the hotel entrance. Jane started to run upstairs. She bumped into several of the girls who were spilling in lively groups out of the dormitories. She thrust her way through their midst, anxious to reach Tilly and tell her that help was near.

"Jan-*ee!*" said a girl. "Don't be so bloody rude. You nearly pushed me over the banister to my death."

But Jane was thumping upward. She arrived at the top floor to find Anne Baberton and Selina frantically clothing Tilly's lower half to make her look decent. They had got as far as the stockings. Anne was holding a leg while Selina, long-fingered, smoothed the stocking over it.

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"Happy anniversary to us, happy anniversary to us . . . "

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"Nicholas has come," Jane said. "Is he out on the roof yet?"

Tilly moaned, "Oh, I'm dying. I can't stand it any more. Fetch *George*. I want George."

"Here's Nicholas," said Selina, who was tall enough to see him emerging from the low doorway of the hotel attic, as he had lately done on the calm summer nights. He stumbled over a rug which had been bundled beside the door. It was one of the rugs they had brought out to lie on.

He recovered his balance, started walking over toward them, then fell flat on his face. A clock struck the half-hour. Jane heard herself say in a loud voice, "It's half-past six." Suddenly Tilly was sitting on the bathroom floor beside her. Anne, too, was on the floor, crumpled with her arm over her eyes, as if trying to hide her presence. Selina lay stunned against the door. She opened her mouth to scream, and probably did scream, but it was then that the rumbling began to assert itself from the garden below, mounting swiftly to a mighty crash. The house trembled again, and the girls who had tried to sit up were thrown flat. The floor was covered with bits of glass, and Jane's blood flowed from somewhere in a trickle, while some sort of time passed silently by. Sensations of voices, shouts, mounting footsteps and falling plaster brought the girls back to various degrees of responsiveness. Jane saw, in an unfocused way, the giant face of Nicholas peering through the open slit of the little window. He was exhorting them to get up quick.

"There's been an explosion in the garden."

"Greggie's bomb," Jane said, grinning at Tilly. "Greggie was right," she said. This was a hilarious statement, but Tilly did not laugh; she closed her eyes and lay back. Tilly was only half dressed and looked very funny indeed. Jane then laughed loudly at Nicholas, but he, too, had no sense of humor.

Down in the street the main body of the club had congregated, having been in one of the public rooms on the ground floor at the time of the explosion, or else lingering in the dormitories. There the explosion had been heard more than it was felt. Two ambulances had arrived and a third was approaching. Some of the more dazed among the people were being treated for shock in the hall of the neighboring hotel.

Greggie said, yet once more, "I knew that live bomb was in that garden. I knew it. I was always saying that bomb was there. The bomb-disposal squad missed it. They missed it."

Some faces appeared at an upper bedroom. The window opened. A girl started to shout but had to withdraw her head; she was choking with the dust that was still surrounding the house in clouds.

It was difficult to discern the smoke, when it began to show, because of the dust. A gas main had, in fact, been ruptured by the explosion, and a fire started to crawl along the basement from the furnaces. It started to crawl and then it flared. A roomful of flame suddenly roared in the ground-floor offices, lapping against the large windowpanes, feeling for the woodwork.

An American officer came out of the hotel adjoining the club, with his olive-greenish khaki uniform dusky with soot and streaked as with black oil. He had been investigating the back premises of the club. He said, "The brickwork of the walls looks unsteady. The top half of the fire escape has collapsed. There are some girls trapped up there. The firemen are directing them up to the top floor; they'll have to be brought through the skylight onto the roof."

* * *

"Who?" said Lady Julia Markham.

"Jane Wright speaking. I rang you last week to see if you could find out some more about Nicholas Farringdon."

"Oh yes. Well, I'm afraid there's very little information from the Foreign Office. They never comment officially, you know. From what I can gather, the man was making a complete nuisance of himself, preaching against the local superstitions. He had several warnings and apparently he got what he asked for. How did you come to know him?"

"He was friendly with some of the girls at the May of Teck Club when he was a civilian. I mean before he joined this Order. He was there on the night of the tragedy, in fact, and ——"

"It probably turned his brain. Something must have affected his brain, anyhow, because from what I gather unofficially he was a complete. . ."

* * *

The skylight, although it had been bricked up on someone's hysterical orders at that time in the past when a man had penetrated the attic floor of the club to visit a girl, was not beyond being unbricked by the firemen. It was all a question of time.

Time, which was an immediate onward-rushing enemy to the onlookers in the street and the firemen on the roof, was only a small, far-forgotten event to the girls; for they were stunned not only by the force of the explosion but, when they recovered and looked round, still more by the sudden dislocation of all familiar appearances. A chunk of the back wall of the house gaped to the sky. There, in 1945, they were as far removed from the small fact of time as weightless occupants of a space rocket. Jane got up, ran to her room and, with animal instinct, snatched and gobbled a block of chocolate which remained on her bedside table. The sweet stuff assisted her recovery. She turned to the washrooms, where Tilly, Anne and Selina were slowly rising to their feet. There were shouts from the direction of the roof. An unrecognized face looked in the slit window, and a large hand wrenched the loose frame away.

But the fire had already started to spread up the main staircase, preceded by heraldic puffs of smoke, the flames sidling up the banisters.

Some of the third-floor dormitory girls had been quick and alert enough to slide down the staircase and out into the street, in the interval between the explosion of the bomb and the start of the fire. The remaining ten, when they variously attempted to escape by that route, met the fire and retreated upward.

Joanna and Nancy Riddle, having finished their elocution lesson, had been standing at the door of Joanna's room when the bomb went off, and so had escaped the glass from the window. Joanna's hand was cut, however, by the glass from a tiny traveling clock which she had been winding at the time. It was Joanna who, when the members shrieked at the sight of the fire, gave the last shriek, then shouted, "The fire escape!" Pauline Fox fled behind her, and the others followed along the third-floor corridors and up the narrow back staircase to the fourth-floor passageway, where the fire-escape window had always stood. This was now a platform open to the summer evening sky, for here the wall had fallen away and the fire escape with it. Plaster tumbled from the bricks as the ten women crowded to the spot that had once been the fire-escape landing. They were still looking in a bewildered way for the fire-escape stairway. Voices of firemen shouted at them from the garden. Voices came from the direction of the flat roof above, and then one voice clearly through a megaphone ordered them back, lest the piece of floor they stood on should collapse.

The voice said, "Proceed to the top floor."

"Jack Buchanan will wonder what's happened to me," said Pauline Fox. She was first up the back stairs to the washrooms, where Anne, Selina, Jane and Tilly were now on their feet, having steadied themselves on learning of the fire. Selina was taking off her skirt.

Above their heads, set in a sloping ceiling, was the large, square outline of the old, bricked-in skylight. Men's voices, the scrabble of ladders and loud thumps of bricks being tested came down from this large square. The men were evidently trying to find a means of opening the skylight to release the girls, who meanwhile stared up at the square mark in the ceiling. Tilly said, "Won't it open?" Nobody answered because the girls of the club knew the answer. Everyone in the club had heard the legend of the man who had got in by the skylight and, some said, been found in bed with a girl.

Now Selina stood on the lavatory seat and jumped up to the slit window. She slid through it to the roof with an easy diagonal movement. There were now thirteen women in the washroom. They stood in the alert, silent attitude of jungle danger, listening for further instruction from the megaphone on the roof outside.

Anne Baberton followed Selina through the slit window—with difficulty, because she was flustered. But a man's two hands came up to the window to receive her. Pauline Fox ripped off her dress and then her underclothes until she was altogether naked. She had an undernourished body; there would have been no difficulty for her in getting through the slit window fully clothed, but she went naked as a fish.

Only Tilly sobbed heavily, but the rest of the girls were trembling. The noises from the sloping roof ceased as the firemen jumped down, after investigating the skylight, onto the flat roof area; footsteps beat and shuffled there, beyond the slit window, where throughout the summer Selina had lain with Nicholas, wrapped in rugs, under Orion's Belt and the Plow, which constituted the only view in Greater London that remained altogether intact.

Within the washroom the eleven remaining women heard a fireman's voice addressing them through the window, against the simultaneous blare of megaphone instructions to the firemen. The man at the window said, "Stay where you are. Don't panic. We're sending for tools to uncover the brickwork over the skylight. We won't be long. It's just a question of time."

The question of time opened now as a large thing in the lives of the eleven listeners.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Be with you in a minute, ma'am!"

Twenty-eight minutes had passed since the bomb had exploded in the garden. Anne and naked Pauline Fox had been huddled into the two blankets of variable purpose and hustled through the roof hatch of the neighboring hotel. Nicholas was as fleetingly impressed as was possible in the emergency by the fact that Selina allowed the other girls to take the blankets. She lingered, shivering a little but with an appealing grace, like a wounded roe deer, in her white petticoat and bare feet. Nicholas thought she was lingering for his sake. He left Selina standing thoughtfully on the hotel side of the roof and returned to the slit window of the club to see for himself if any of the remaining girls were slim enough to escape by that way. It had been said by the firemen that the building might collapse within the next twenty minutes.

As he approached the slit windo Selina slipped past him and, clutching the sill, heaved herself up again.

"Come down. What are you doing?" Nicholas said. He tried to grasp her ankles, but she was quick and, crouching

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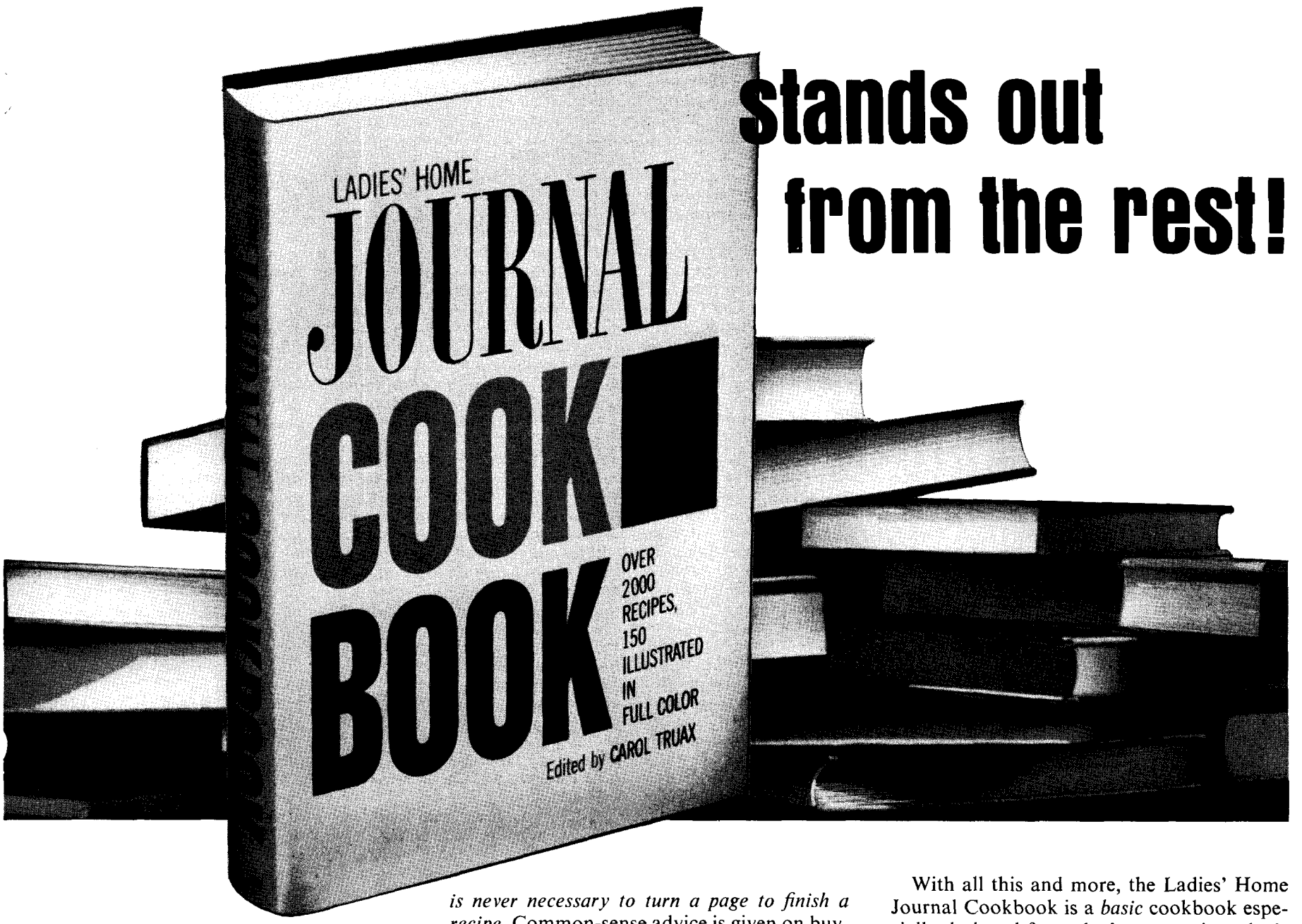
stands out from the rest!



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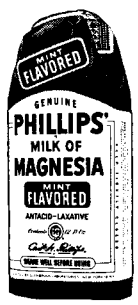

for a small second on the narrow sill, she dipped her head and sidled through the window into the washroom.

Nicholas immediately supposed she had done this in an attempt to assist one of the girls to escape through the window.

"Come back out here, Selina," he shouted, heaving himself up to see through the slit. "It's dangerous. You can't help anybody."

Selina was pushing her way through the standing group. They moved to give way without resistance. They were silent, except for Tilly, who now sobbed convulsively without tears, her eyes, like the other eyes, wide and fixed on Nicholas with the importance of fear.

Nicholas said, "The men are coming to open the skylight. They'll be here in a moment. Are there any others of you who would be able to get through the window here? I'll give you a hand. Hurry up. The sooner the better."

Joanna held a tape measure in her hand. At some time in the interval between the firemen's discovery that the skylight was firmly sealed and this moment, Joanna had rummaged in one of these top bedrooms to find this tape measure, with which she had measured the hips of the other ten trapped with herself, even the most helpless, to see what were their possibilities of escape by the seven-inch window slit. It was known all through the club that thirty-six and a half inches was the maximum for hips that could squeeze themselves through it.

None of the women now left on the top floor was slim in anything like the proportions of Selina, Anne and Pauline Fox. Some where plump. Jane was fat. Dorothy Markham, who had previously been able to slither in and out of the window to sunbathe, was now two months pregnant. Joanna's efforts to measure them had been like a scientific ritual in a hopeless case. It had been something one did; it provided a slightly calming distraction.

Nicholas said, "They won't be long. The men are coming now." He was hanging on to the ledge of the window, with his toes dug into the brickwork of the wall. He was looking toward the edge of the flat roof, where the fire ladders were set. A file of firemen was now mounting the ladders with pickaxes, and heavy drills were being hauled up.

Nicholas looked back into the washroom.

"They're coming now. Where did Selina go?"

No one answered.

He said, "That girl over there—can't she manage to come through the window?"

He meant Tilly. Jane said, "She's tried once. She got stuck. The fire's crackling like mad down there. The house is going to collapse any minute."

In the sloping roof above the girls' heads the picks started to clack furiously at the brickwork, not in regular rhythm, as in normal workmanship, but with the desperate hacking of impending danger. It would not be long now before the whistles would blow and the voice from the megaphone would order the firemen to abandon the building to its collapse.

Nicholas had let go his hold to observe the situation from the outside. Tilly appeared at the slit window now, in a second attempt to get out. He recognized her face as that of the girl who had been stuck there at the moment before the explosion, and whom he had been summoned to release. He shouted at her to get back lest she should stick again and jeopardize her more probable rescue through the skylight. But she was frantic with determination; she yelled to urge herself on. It was a successful performance after all. Nicholas pulled her clear, breaking one of her hipbones in the process. She fainted on the flat roof after he had set her down.

He pulled himself up to the window once more. The girls huddled, trembling and silent, round Joanna. They were looking up at the skylight. Some large thing cracked slowly on a lower floor of the house, and smoke now started to curl in the upper air of the washroom. Nicholas then saw, through the door of the washroom, Selina approaching along the smoky passage. She was carrying something fairly long and limp and evidently light in weight, enfolding it carefully in her arms. He thought it was a body. She pushed her way through the girls, coughing delicately from the first waves of smoke that had reached her in the passage. The others stared, shivering only with their prolonged apprehension, for they had no curiosity about what she had been rescuing or what she was carrying.

She climbed up on the lavatory seat and slid through the window, skillfully and quickly pulling her object behind her. Nicholas held up his hand to catch her.

When she landed on the rooftop she said, "Is it safe out here?" and at the same time was inspecting the condition of her salvaged item. It was the Schiaparelli dress. The coat hanger dangled from the dress like a headless neck and shoulders.

"Is it safe out here?" said Selina again.

"Nowhere's safe," said Nicholas.

Later, reflecting on this lightning scene, he could not remember whether he had involuntarily signed himself with the cross. It seemed to him, in recollection, that he had.

From the slit window came a new sound, faint because of the continuous tumble of hose water, the creak of smoldering wood and plaster in the lower part of the house and, above, the clamor and falling bricks of the rescue work on the skylight. This new sound rose and fell with a broken hum between the sounds of desperate, choking coughs. It was Joanna, mechanically reciting the evening psalter of Day 27, responses and answers.

The voice through the megaphone shouted, "Tell them to stand clear of the skylight in there. We'll have it free any minute now. It might collapse inward. Tell those girls to stand clear of the skylight."

Nicholas climbed up to the window. They had heard the instructions and were already crowding into the lavatory by the slit window.

Nicholas shouted, "Keep well away from the skylight. Come right in close to the window."

Joanna's skin, now close to his eyes, seemed to him to have become suddenly covered with large freckles, as if fear had acted on it like the sun; in fact, the pale freckles on her face, which normally were almost invisible, stared out in bright gold spots by contrast with her skin, which was now bloodless with fear. The versicles and responses came from her lips and tongue through the din of demolition.

She wore a dark green wool jersey and a gray skirt. The other girls, automatically listening to Joanna's voice as they had always done, were possibly less frantic and trembled less because of it, but they turned their ears more fearfully and attentively to the meaning of the skylight noises than they did to the actual meaning of her words for Day 27.

Except the LORD *build the house; their labour is but lost that build it.*
Except the LORD *keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.*

Any day's liturgy would have been equally mesmeric. But it was Joanna's habit to have the right words for the right day. The skylight thudded open with a shower of powdery plaster and some lopsided bricks. While the white dust was still falling, the firemen's ladder descended.

First up was Dorothy Markham, the chattering debutante whose bright life, for the past forty-three minutes, had gone into a bewildering darkness, like illuminations at a seaside town when the electricity system breaks down. She looked haggard and curiously like her aunt, Lady Julia, the chairwoman of the club's committee, who was at that moment innocently tying up refugee parcels at Bath. Lady Julia's hair was white, and so now was the hair of her niece Dorothy, covered as it was by falling plaster dust, as she clambered up the fire ladder to the sloping tiles and was assisted to the safe, flat rooftop. At her heels came Nancy Riddle, the daughter of the Low Church Midlands clergyman, whose accents of speech had been in process of improvement by Joanna's lessons. Her elocution days were over now; she would always speak with a Midlands accent.

Nancy's hips looked more dangerously wide than they had ever noticeably been, as she swung up the ladder behind Dorothy. Three girls then attempted to follow at once; they had been occupants of a four-bed dormitory on the fourth floor and were all newly released from the Forces; all three had the hefty, built-up appearance that five years in the army was apt to give to a woman. While they were sorting themselves out, Jane grasped the ladder and got away. The three ex-warriors followed.

Joanna had jumped down from the lavatory seat. She was now circling round, vaguely wobbling, like a top near the end of its spin. Her eyes shifted from the skylight to the window in a puzzled way. Her lips and tongue continued to recite compulsively the litany of the day, but her voice had weakened and she stopped to cough. The air was still full of powdered plaster and smoke. There were three girls left besides herself. Joanna groped for the ladder and missed. Then she stopped to pick up the tape measure, which was lying on the floor. She groped for it as if she were partially blind, still intoning:

So that they who go by say not so much as,
The LORD *prosper you: we wish you good luck in the Name of the* LORD.

Out of the deep have I called. . . .

The other three took the ladder; o[r] of them, a girl called Pippa, sho[u] back, "Hurry up, Joanna."

And Nicholas shouted from the window, "Joanna, get up the ladder."

She regained her senses and pressed behind the last two girls, a brown-skinned,

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heavily sinewed swimmer and a voluptuous Greek exile of noble birth, both of whom were crying with relief. Joanna promptly started to clamber after them, grasping in her hand a rung that the last girl's foot had just left. At that moment the house trembled, and the ladder and washroom with it. The fire was extinguished, but the gutted house had been finally thrown by the violence of the work on the skylight. A whistle sounded as Joanna was halfway up. A voice from the megaphone ordered the men to jump clear. The house went down as the last fireman waited at the skylight for Joanna to emerge. As the sloping roof began to cave in, he leaped clear, landing badly and painfully on the flat rooftop. The house sank into its center, a high heap of rubble, and Joanna went with it.

* * *

The tape recording had been erased for economy reasons, so that the tape could be used again. That is how things were in 1945. Nicholas was angry in excess of the occasion. He had wanted to play back Joanna's voice to her father, who had come up to London after her funeral to fill in forms about the effects of the dead. Nicholas had written to him, partly with an urge to impart his last impressions of Joanna, partly from curiosity, partly, too, from a desire to stage a dramatic playback of Joanna doing *The Wreck of the Deutschland.* He had mentioned the tape recording in his letter.

But it was gone. It must have been wiped out by someone at his office.

Thou hast bound bones and
veins in me, fastened me
flesh. . . .

Nicholas said to the rector, "It's infuriating. She was at her best in *The Wreck of the Deutschland.* I'm terribly sorry."

Joanna's father sat, pink-faced and white-haired. He said, "Oh, please don't worry."

"I wish you could have heard it."

"Never mind. I remember Joanna as she was in the rectory. Joanna was a great help in the parish. Her coming to London was a mistake, poor girl."

Nicholas said, "She was reciting some sort of office just before she went down. The other girls were with her—they were listening. Some psalms."

"Really? No one else has mentioned it."

The old man looked embarrassed. He swirled his drink and swallowed it, as if Nicholas might be going on to tell him that his daughter had gone over to Rome at the last, or somehow died in bad taste. He said, "I must go and see the spot where she died."

Nicholas had already promised to take him to the demolished house in Kensington Road. The father had reminded Nicholas of this several times.

He looked around him as they walked toward Kensington. "These bomb sites look tragic. I never come up to London if I can help it, you know."

Nicholas said presently, "Have you seen any of the girls who were trapped in the house with Joanna, or any of the other members of the club?"

The rector said, "Yes, quite a few. Lady Julia was kind enough to have a few to tea to meet me yesterday afternoon. Of course, those poor girls have been through an ordeal, even the onlookers among them. Lady Julia suggested we not discuss the actual incident. You know, I think that was wise."

"Yes. Do you recall the girls' names at all?"

"There was Lady Julia's niece, Dorothy, and a Miss Baberton who escaped, I believe, through a window. Several others."

"A Miss Redwood? Selina Redwood?"

"Well, you know, I'm rather bad at names."

"A very tall, very slender girl, very beautiful. I want to find her. Dark hair."

"They were all charming, my dear boy. All young people are charming. Joanna was, to me, the most charming of all, but there I'm partial."

"She was charming," said Nicholas, and held his peace.

But the man had sensed his pursuit with the ease of the pastoral expert on home ground, and he inquired solicitously, "Has this young girl disappeared?"

"Well, I haven't been able to trace her. I've been trying for the past nine days."

"How odd. She couldn't have lost her memory, I suppose? Wandering the streets? . . ."

"I think she would have been found in that case. She's very conspicuous."

"Selina . . ." said the rector.

"Yes, that's her name."

"Just a moment. There was a mention of a Selina. One of the girls, a fair girl, very young, was complaining that Selina had gone off with her only ball dress. Would that be the girl?"

"That's the girl."

"Not very nice of her to pinch another girl's dress, especially when they've all lost their wardrobes in the fire."

"It was a Schiaparelli dress."

The rector did not intrude on this enigma. They came to the site of the May of Teck Club. It looked now like one of the familiar ruins of the neighborhood.

Joanna's father stood holding his wide black hat. "There's really nothing to see."

"Like my tape recording," said Nicholas.

"Yes, it's all gone, all elsewhere."

* * *

Rudi Bittesch lifted and flicked through a pile of notebooks that lay on Nicholas's table. He said, "Is this the manuscript of your book, by the way?"

He would not have taken this liberty in the normal course, but Nicholas was under a present obligation to him. Rudi had located Selina.

"You can have it," said Nicholas, meaning the manuscript. He said, not foreseeing the death he was to die, "You can keep it. It might be valuable one day when I'm famous."

On the way to pick up Jane to go and see the fun at the palace, Nicholas said, "Would you like a letter from Somerset Maugham to me saying I'm a genius?"

"What letter?"

"Here it is." Nicholas brought Jane's letter from his inside pocket, crumpled like a treasured photograph.

Rudi glanced at it. "Jane's work," he said, and handed it back. "Why are you so cheerful? Did you see Selina?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She screamed. She couldn't stop screaming. It's a nervous reaction."

"You frightened her."

"Yes."

"Keep away. She's no good; by the way, she's with a crooner in Clarges Street. You see him?"

"Yes. A nice chap. They're married."

"So they say. You want to find a girl with character. Forget her."

"Oh, well. Anyway, he was very apologetic about her screaming, and I was very apologetic, of course. It made her scream more. I think she'd have preferred to see a fight."

"You don't love her that much, to fight a crooner?"

"He was quite a decent crooner."

"You heard him croon?"

"No, of course, that's a point."

* * *

"This is a toll call," Jane said rapidly.
"I know. Who's speaking?" said Nancy Riddle, the daughter of the Midlands clergyman, now married to another Midlands clergyman.

"It's Jane. Look, I've just got another question to ask you, quickly, about Nicholas Farringdon. Do you think his conversion had anything to do with the fire?"

"Well, I always like to think it was Joanna's example. Joanna was very High Church."

"But he wasn't in love with Joanna, he was in love with Selina. After the fire he looked for her all over the place."

"Well, he couldn't have been converted by Selina. Not converted."

"He's got a note in his manuscript that a vision of evil may be as effective to conversion as a vision of good."

"I don't understand these fanatics, Jane. I think he was in love with us all, poor fellow."

* * *

The public swelled on V-J night of August as riotously as on the victory night of May. The little figures appeared duly on the balcony every half hour, waved for a space and disappeared.

Jane, Nicholas and Rudi were suddenly in difficulties, being pressed by the crowd from all sides. A seaman, pressing on Jane, kissed her passionately on the mouth; nothing whatsoever could be done about it. She was at the mercy of his wet, beery mouth until the crowd gave way, and then the three pressed a path to a slightly healthier spot, with access to St. James's Park.

Here another seaman, observed only by Nicholas, slid a knife silently between the ribs of a woman who was with him. The lights went up on the balcony, and a hush anticipated the royal appearance. The stabbed woman did not scream, but sagged immediately. Someone else screamed through the hush—a woman, many yards away, some other victim. Or perhaps the screamer had only had her toes trodden upon. The crowd began to roar again. All their eyes were at this moment fixed on the palace balcony, where the royal family had appeared in due order. Rudi and Jane were busy yelling their cheers.

Nicholas tried unsuccessfully to move his arm above the crowd to draw attention to the wounded woman. He had been shouting that a woman had been stabbed. The seaman was shouting accusations at his limp woman, who was still kept upright by the crowd. These private demonstrations faded in the general pandemonium. Nicholas was borne away in a surge that pressed from The Mall. When the balcony darkened, he was again able to make a small clearing through the crowd, followed by Jane and Rudi, toward the open park.

On the way, Nicholas was forced to a standstill and found himself close by the knifer. There was no sign of the wounded woman. Nicholas, waiting to move, took the letter from Somerset Maugham and thrust it down the seaman's blouse, and then was borne onward. He did this for no apparent reason and to no effect, except that it was a gesture. That is the way things were at that time.

They walked back through the clear air of the park, stepping round the couples who lay locked together in their path. The park was filled with singing. Nicholas and his companions sang too. They ran into a fight between British and American servicemen. Two men lay unconscious at the side of the path, being tended by their friends.

The crowds cheered in the distance behind them. A formation of aircraft buzzed across the night sky. It was a glorious victory.

Jane mumbled, "Well, I wouldn't have missed it, really." She had halted to pin up her straggling hair, and had a hairpin in her mouth as she said it. Nicholas marveled at her stamina, recalling her in this image years later in the country of his death—how she stood, sturdy and barelegged on the dark grass, occupied with her hair—as if this was an image of all the May of Teck establishment in its meek, unself-conscious attitudes of poverty, long ago in 1945. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Me little white god."

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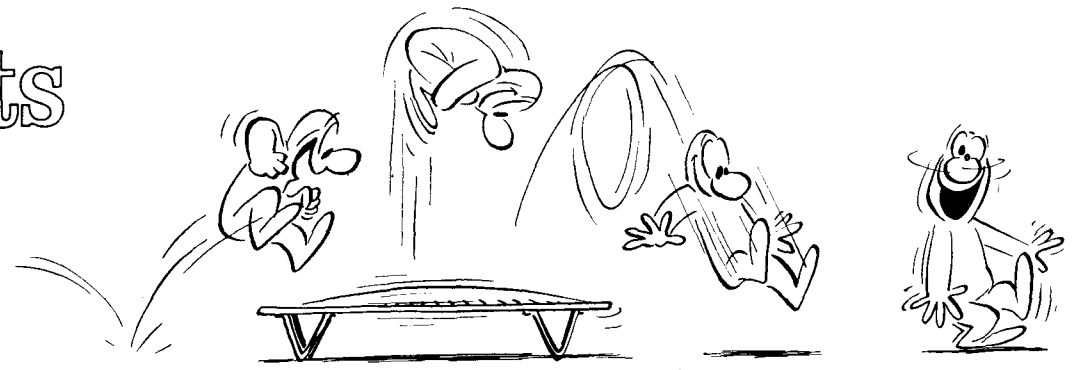
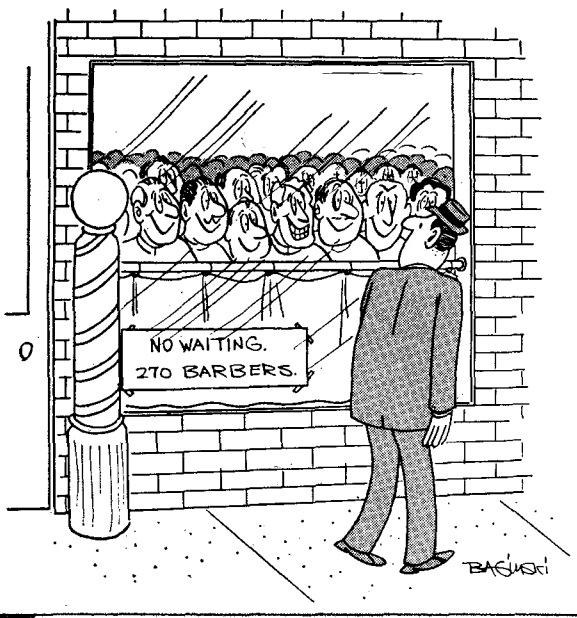
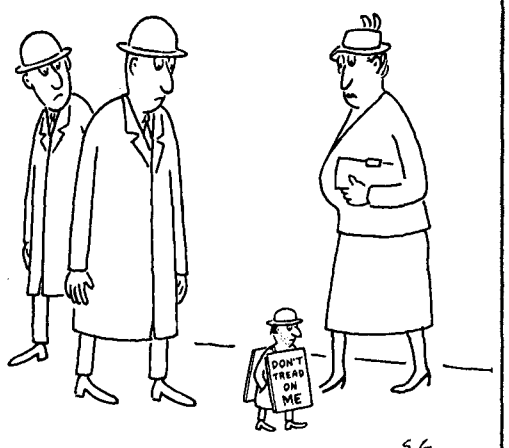
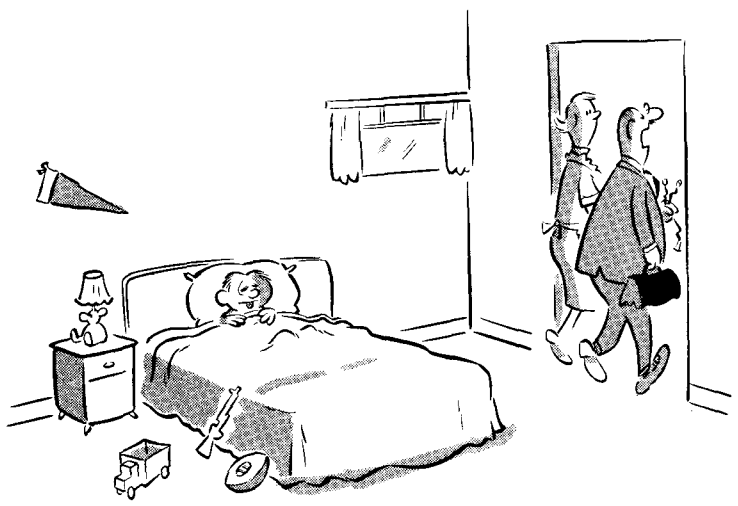
post scripts



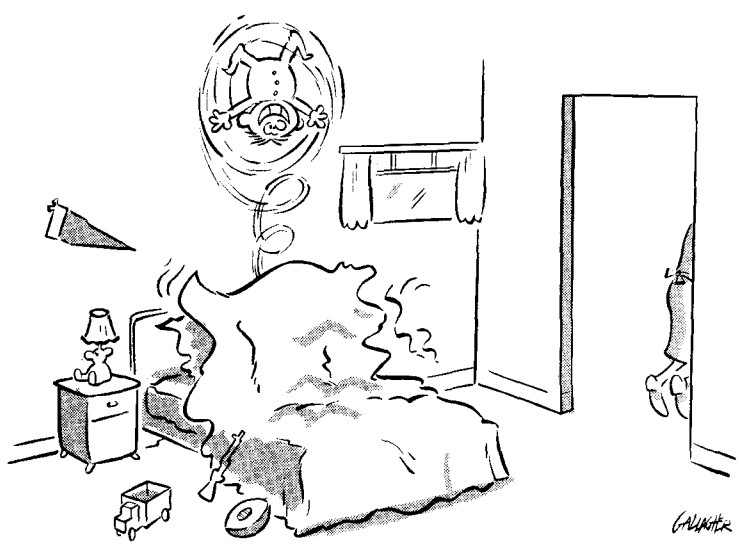




"Take it easy—that kind of talk could get you in real trouble."



"I'd keep him home from school . . .



. . . for a few days."

"I bring greetings from your good neighbor to the north."

"They're OK, Sarge—it's the Budapest String Quartet!"

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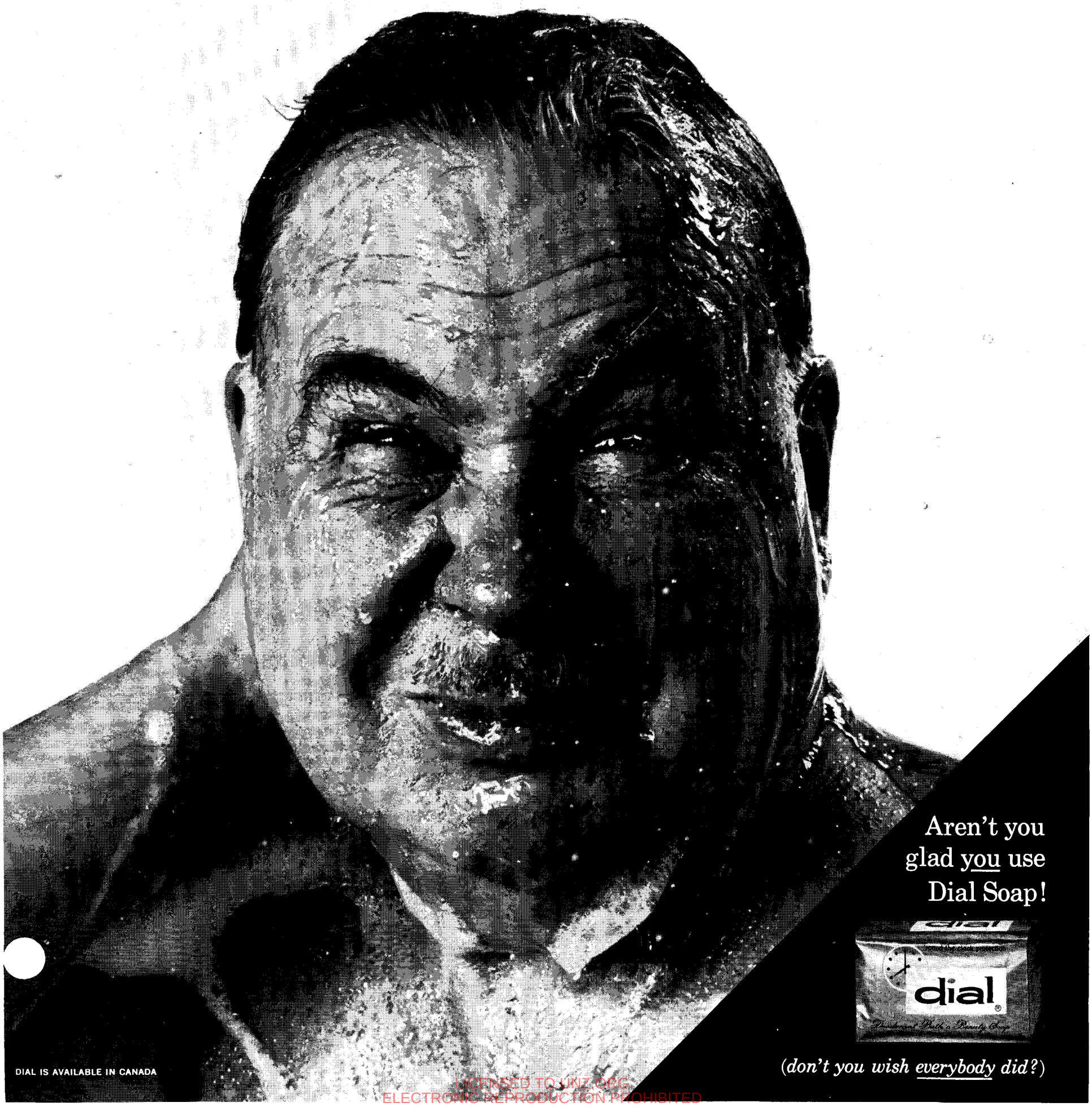
Me worry?

Not about perspiration odor, that's for sure. Not with Dial around. Dial has AT-7. And that's all it takes to get rid of skin bacteria, the cause of the trouble. So what's to worry about—with Dial, the soap for people who like people.



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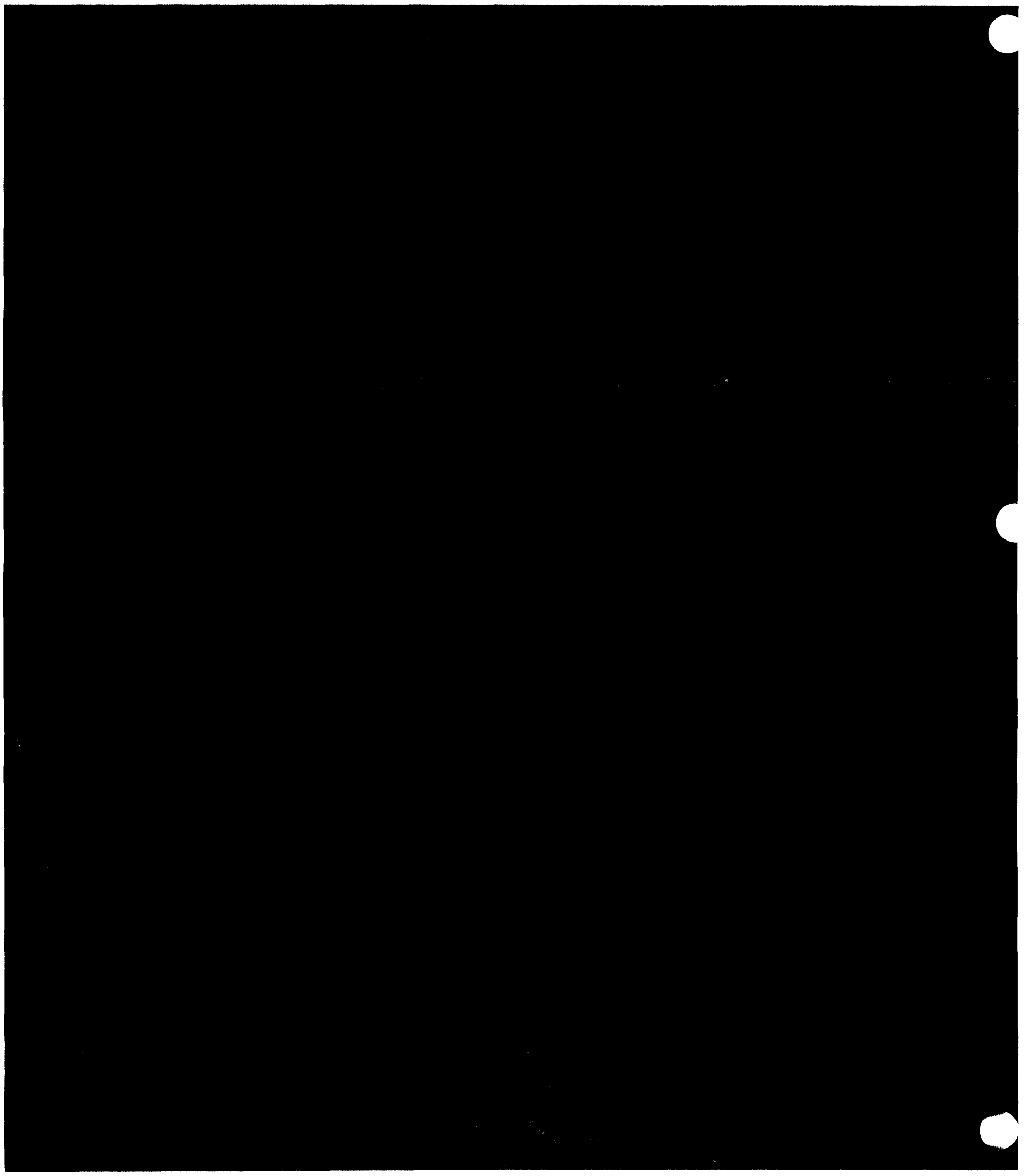

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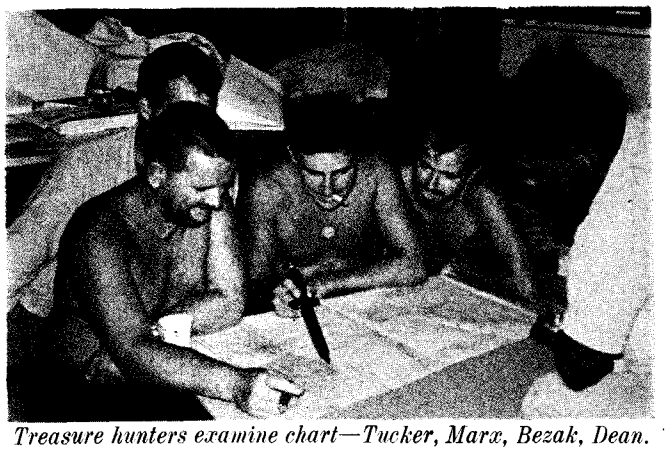
EVEN THE BEST-PLANNED TREASURE HUNT CAN HAVE TROUBLES.



Treasure hunters examine chart—Tucker, Marx, Bezak, Dean.

WACKY SEARCH FOR GOLD

Eight galleons loaded with doubloons had gone aground on the reef. There had to be loot all over the bottom, and these were the men to bring it up.

By Lewis H. Lapham

There is something in a treasure that fastens upon a man's mind. He will pray and blaspheme and still persevere, and will curse the day he heard of it, and will let his last hour come upon him unawares, still believing that he missed it only by a foot. He will see it every time he closes his eyes. He will never forget it until he is dead. There is no way of getting away from a treasure . . . once it fastens itself upon your mind. JOSEPH CONRAD

On our first afternoon at sea Bob Marx explained that our venture was merely a matter of going to the Serranilla reef and lugging the gold to the surface in potato sacks. He thought potato sacks more suitable than plastic bags—"better," he said, "for the heavy stuff." About the gold there was never any question.

We sat on the after deck of the shrimp boat, *Sea Hunter*, three hours out of Key West, Fla., on a southwesterly heading for the Yucatán Channel. The boat, 65 feet long and round-bottomed, rolled uncomfortably in a moderate sea. Flying fish glimmered in the water off the bow; gulls drifted into the haze astern.

A tall and sunburned young man of 29, Robert F. Marx had dreamed of lost gold ever since he was a child playing in the dismal alleys of Pittsburgh, Pa. Loyal to his dream, he had become an adventurer and professional diver, wandering among the islands of the Caribbean Sea and asking local fishermen to direct him to "the good reefs." He had visited as many as 200 sunken wrecks (on some, described in previous *Post* articles, he found thousands of valuable artifacts), and he had lived in Seville, to examine the archives relevant to the Spanish treasure fleets of the 16th and 17th centuries. From his studies he had learned that in 1605 a flotilla of eight galleons, bound from Cartagena to Havana with a cargo of at least two million dollars in gold, had run aground at Serranilla.

The expedition's small Perry Cubmarine makes a test dive. At the reef, seas were so rough the craft could not be launched.

"Loot all over the bottom, Daddy," he said, "in twenty feet of calm water . . . no sweat."

Marx spoke with absolute certainty, admissible of neither doubt nor error, like an evangelist entranced with a vision of paradise. He wore an old football shirt and high sneakers. As he discussed the expedition that he had conceived and organized, he cleaned his fingernails with his favorite shark knife.

"I've been on lots of treasure hunts," he said, "and this is the most scientific treasure hunt ever seen . . . the best equipment, and guys who really know what they're doing."

The reputations of the other gentlemen on board the *Sea Hunter*, together with the impressive accumulation of diving gear on the decks, appeared to justify Marx's bravado. Aside from himself, those present were:

Edward (Teddy) Tucker of Bermuda—foremost treasure diver in the world;

Donald Canton—brother-in-law to Tucker, a diver and marine engineer;

Robert Canton—the same;

Commander Robert Thurman—Master Diver and the senior salvage officer in the U.S. Navy;

Bruce Parker—boatman and champion water-skier and skin-diver; formerly the owner of a pet shark named "Horace";

Henry Weinkam—diver and mechanic;

George Bezak—submarine operator;

Lionel Dean—cook;

L. H. Lapham—writer.

Tucker and Parker joined the expedition on assurances from Marx that he knew precisely where the wrecks lay and that the weather at Serranilla during the months of June and July was flat calm.

Tucker had been invited by reason of his expert knowledge. A diver previously engaged in salvaging scrap metal from modern shipwrecks, he came upon a Spanish hulk near Bermuda in 1955 from which he retrieved gold and jewelry valued at $250,000, also described in previous Post articles. This find forthwith elevated him to first place among contemporary treasure hunters. He claimed that he could look at a waterlogged timber or rusted anchor chain and tell not only its place of origin but also its exact age.

He was a cheerful but superstitious man, in the habit of taking off his shoes in airplanes because a fortuneteller once told him he would die with his shoes on. He stood about five feet, six inches tall; round and squat, bearing a strong resemblance to Sir Francis Drake.

The Canton brothers, both about 40 years old and both accustomed in their youth to the engine rooms of banana boats, hardly ever spoke. Their lean faces and increasingly longer beards gave them the appearance of sorrowful monks.

Parker was an entrepreneur who at various times in his life had conducted water-skiing and skin-diving schools in Nassau, operated a resort in the Adirondacks and directed water shows at Jones Beach. Now a consultant to Geraldines Laboratories, Inc., an underwater engineering firm in Annapolis, Md., he had

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THEY HAD BEEN WARNED THAT THE SHARKS AT SERRANILLA WERE TH

convinced the company that Marx's expedition presented a chance to prove the worth of its Perry Cubmarine

This small submarine, secured amidships on top of the main cabin, could carry two men to a depth of 150 feet. It was fitted with 10 windows and was to be used for underwater reconnaissance, allowing Marx to decide which wrecks offered the most profitable salvage. Weinkam and Bezak, both employed by Geraldines, had been assigned by the company to maintain and operate the submarine.

On board the *Sea Hunter*, Parker served as captain, Commander Thurman as navigator, Weinkam as chief engineer and the rest of us as deck hands.

Even at the beginning the navigation was left largely to chance. Hardly anyone could read a sextant or identify more than two constellations in the night sky. The commander thus was forced to rely on the loran, a navigational device he never fully trusted or understood. On dark nights he could be found fumbling through the instruction book, swearing terrible oaths.

The commander looked remarkably like Popeye: the same square face, the same determined jaw. He had run away to sea at 12 and been in ships ever since.

Now almost 50 and within a few months of retiring from the Navy, he had taken leave to go off on a treasure hunt. The romance of it appealed to him—also the hope of "finding me a few quid and buying me a shack somewhere."

From Key West the *Sea Hunter* proceeded on a triangular course around the western end of Cuba to Grand Cayman Island in the British West Indies, an uneventful voyage of four days. We anchored in the lee of the island at two A.M. on June 16, five hours late, having at one point mistaken a passing oil tanker for a lighthouse. Later in the morning we took aboard diesel oil, fresh water, a stalk of bananas and 12 quarts of ice cream, a delicacy for which Marx admitted a decided weakness.

"It's my brain food, Daddy," he said. "It helps me think."

That evening, having announced our destination to the Caymanian authorities as "the high seas," to prevent any less expert treasure hunters from following us to the gold, we sailed for the Serranilla reef, about 230 miles to the southwest.

"I've always wanted to stand barefoot in a pile of doubloons," Parker said.

"Gold bars," said Marx, "are easier on the feet."

All the next day the *Sea Hunter* struggled against steadily rising winds and seas. At noon we reduced our speed to three knots and headed directly into the wind. At sunset the sky looked sick, with shreds of cloud dissolving in the haze.

"Boys," said Tucker, "if I saw that sky in Bermuda, I'd go get in the cellar and stay there for a week."

After nightfall the wind continued to rise, gusting up to 50 miles an hour at nine P.M. An hour later we realized that we were lost. The radio transmitter and the radio directional finder had ceased to work early in the afternoon, obliging the

With the Cubmarine resting on the bottom, diver Henry Weinkam operates air lift, a compressed-air device used to excavate sand from buried wrecks.

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'ARGEST AND HUNGRIEST IN THE WORLD.

commander to deal with the dreaded loran. Peering steadfastly into the glowings and flickerings of the machine's cathode-ray tube, he at last discovered the necessary directional lines. When plotted on a chart, however, these intersected in the mountains of Jamaica, at least 250 miles to the east.

The entire company was gathered in the wheelhouse, clutching the tables and chairs and listening to a broadcast of dance music from Havana (the radio receiver did not break down until the next morning). Marx put on a sailor's knitted cap—"My good-luck hat," he said.

According to the course we had set from Grand Cayman, we should have been abeam of the southwest end of the Serranilla reef at daybreak. We arrived at noon, well off to the northeast. If Donald Canton had not noticed a row of breakers on the wrong horizon (everybody else was looking the other way), our next landfall would have been somewhere in Venezuela.

The reef did not conform to Marx's advertisements of the place. He had promised palm trees and fishermen's huts, wide beaches and a high headland behind which a boat could safely anchor. We were confronted instead by an implacable line of surf breaking over coral ledges and an occasional sandbar—no beaches, no huts, no sand flies; nothing but a few terns squawking in the hot, faded sky.

We anchored in 30 feet of water on the leeward side of the reef. The wind still blew from the southeast at 40 miles an hour, and the *Sea Hunter* heaved uneasily at her anchors.

Marx proposed to begin diving operations right after a lunch of Spam sandwiches, canned soup and Fig Newtons.

"I came to dive, Daddies," he said. "I like it rough."

He announced that the "important wrecks" were "somewhere on the inside" (i.e., leeward side) of the reef. This information, although less exact than his colleagues had been encouraged to expect, still seemed adequate to the purpose. The reef was no more than 10 miles long, and the water was a pale, translucent blue. That afternoon, however, it was sufficiently rough to dissuade Tucker and the Canton brothers from venturing off the deck of the *Sea Hunter*.

"Entirely too boisterous, Father," Tucker said. "Not my sort of thing at all."

The commander, likewise impressed by the size of the seas breaking over the reef, explained that he had never been much good at skin diving himself, but that he would be glad to help out when it came to the heavy salvage work.

"For Pete's sake," said Marx, "a treasure hunt isn't supposed to be a picnic."

Muttering to himself ("chickens . . . quitters"), he went off with Parker in the large outboard motorboat to patrol the shallows in the vicinity of the *Sea Hunter*. They carried a cargo of brightly colored beach balls, which Marx intended to place as buoys over any sunken treasure ships he might come across.

Tucker waved to him cheerily. "Watch out something doesn't bite you, Father," he called. "There are some very nasty animals swimming about here."

A well-meaning friend in Bermuda had informed Tucker that, according to marine studies published by the University of Texas, the sharks at Serranilla were among the largest and most vicious in the world. The information proved correct. Every evening at sunset several sharks gathered around the boat, presumably hoping for a fish-head.

The *Sea Hunter* remained at that first anchor for three days. The wind never dropped below 30 miles an hour, making it impossible to put the submarine over the side. The search for gold was confined to an occasional sortie in the motorboat. Only Marx, Parker and Bezak would go into the water, abandoning the boat at intervals of 200 yards.

Their sporadic plunges into the waters of the reef resulted in the recovery of the following objects: one rotten plank, probably from a turtle schooner; three iron spikes; six nails; 18 ballast stones; one shard of pottery, possibly a fragment of a Spanish wine jar; 235 seashells of assorted sizes and colors; two empty gin bottles, of British manufacture; one shapeless metal object, identified by Marx as pewter and by Tucker as pig iron; one empty Burma-Shave can.

Marx and Tucker disagreed on nearly every aspect of their science. Whereas, for example, Marx believed it was best to salvage wrecks from a coral bottom, Tucker preferred to work in sand. Once when Marx brought up a stone that he identified as ballast from a West Indian ship, Tucker examined it intently under an electric light and pronounced it European in origin.

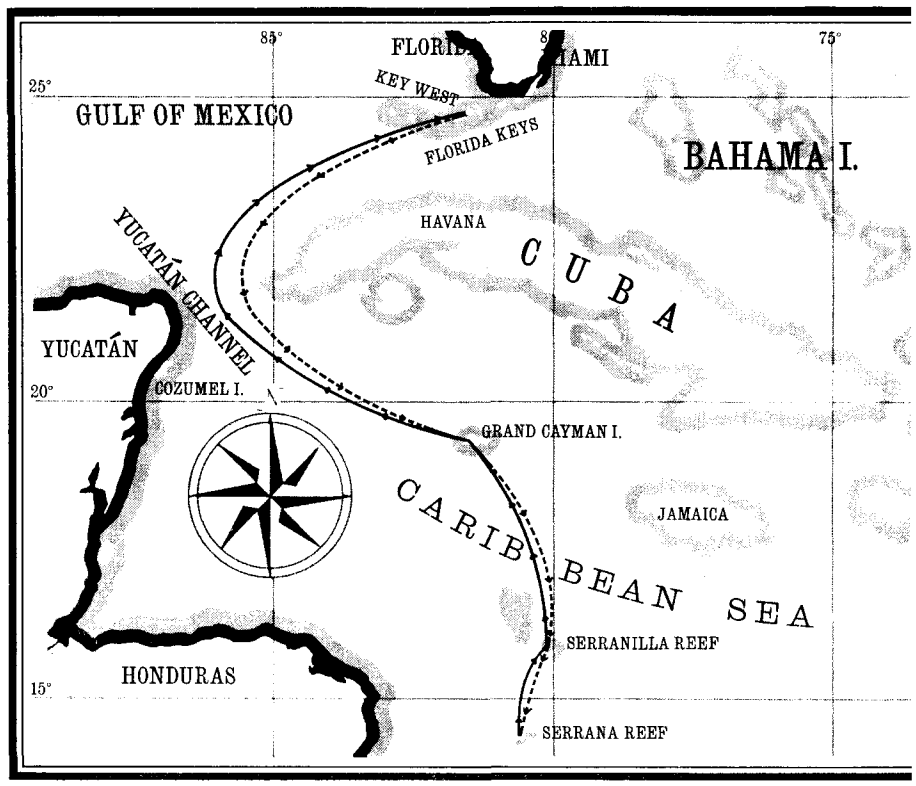
"Probably the Firth of Clyde," he said, and threw the stone overboard.

On the second afternoon at Serranilla, Thurman and Tucker carried the metal detector to the nearest sandbar, struggling under its weight as they waded through the surf. The machine failed to work, which was just as well, because the expedition lacked shovels. (When it was later fixed, the detector proved sensitive to pebbles and coral flowers.)

The commander, waiting in vain for a chance to help out with the heavy salvage work, passed most of his time talking on the ham-radio set that he had brought from the basement of his home in Washington, D.C. Early in the evening of the third day he was saying to some voice in Hoboken, N.J., "You're the forty-seventh man, Bert, ever to receive a broadcast direct from the Serranilla reef. What do you think of that?"

A kind and ingenuous man, who laughed in all the right places at all the bad jokes, the commander distressed Marx by giving away the location of the treasure hunt. Before sailing from Key West, none of us had been allowed to discuss our eventual destination, but there was the commander, grinning happily and confiding to his pal on the radio, "Yes sir, Bert, we're down here on a very secret diving expedition. I'll tell you all about it when we get back."

The disorder and confusion characteristic of the expedition soon unsettled Henry Weinkam, a balding and red-faced man of 44. Trained as a plant manager in various electronics and engineering firms,



Voyage of the Sea Hunter—from Key West past Cuba to Serranilla, then Serrana reef.

Natives accompany Parker, Weinkam and Tucker on search with a metal detector.

The Sea Hunter, a converted shrimp boat, survived high seas but rolled relentlessly.

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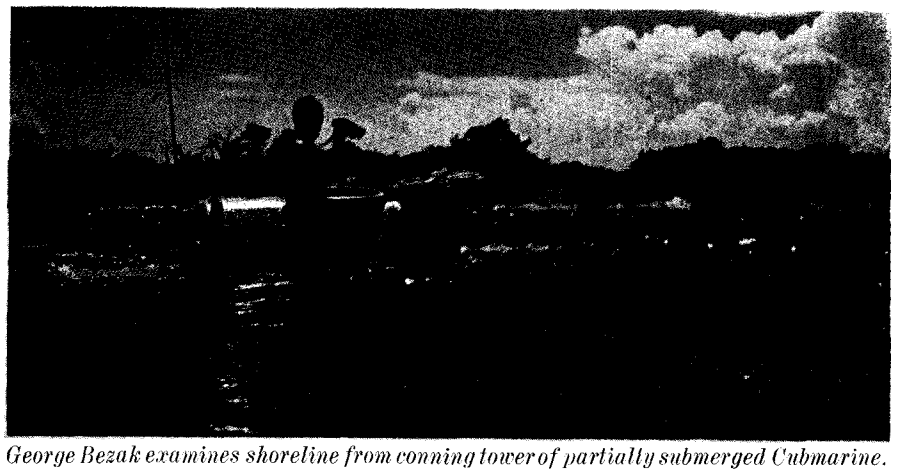
"EVERY TREASURE HUNT OUGHT TO HAVE A SHIPWRECK, AND THIS IS OURS"



George Bezak examines shoreline from conning tower of partially submerged Submarine.

he continually wanted to know who was going where and why, apparently simple questions to which, of course, there never were any answers.

"Doesn't anybody around here know what they're doing?" he would say, and shuffle heavily away to measure the fuel tanks or pump the bilges.

George Bezak, the operator of the submarine, resigned himself wistfully to circumstances that he could do nothing to correct. "I guess it's sort of like the land of Oz," he said, "only nobody's wearing funny hats."

Bezak's worst suspicions were confirmed that same evening, June 20, when Marx conducted six members of the expedition to the nearest sandbar in search of giant sea turtles. Intending to return later that night to the *Sea Hunter*, we brought no blankets, dry clothes or matches. As soon as it got dark, however, it was obvious that without a moon the motorboat could not fetch us through the surf, a difficult maneuver even in daylight. We were therefore stranded for the night.

The first turtle arrived promptly at 8:30 P.M., heaving itself solemnly up from the sea. It must have weighed 400 pounds. Donald Canton estimated its age at 350 years, old enough to have seen a Spanish galleon go aground.

Oblivious to an audience of men holding flashlights, the turtle dug a trench in the sand about three feet deep, and therein deposited approximately 150 eggs.

The entire proceeding took about two hours, which left us with another seven hours before dawn. We shivered in the strong wind blowing across the sandbar. The heat lightning flickering in the sky looked like sudden bursts of artillery fire. Alarmed by the noise of distant thunder, Marx said, "Holy smoke, is that thunder or a gunshot?" (Nobody could ever convince him that the expedition was not being followed by sinister figures in high-powered boats.)

The holes that we eventually dug in the sand afforded meager protection against either the wind or the crowd of turtles that blundered back and forth over the sandbar during the night.

At two A.M. Donald Canton, who had been lying on eggs buried in the sand, hatched a brood of baby turtles. Overcoming his fright and shaking turtles out of his shirt, he organized them into an orderly troupe and, by shining a light at them, marched them down to the sea.

"Ah, Donald boy," said Tucker, laughing, "the Pied Piper of Serranilla Reef."

We returned to the *Sea Hunter* with the first light. The sea was still rough, the barometer falling and the horizon cluttered with menacing clouds. After breakfast a reconnaissance party in the outboard ventured to the extreme southeastern point of the reef and there found, much to everyone's surprise, a larger sandbar and two fishing boats from Jamaica.

The fishermen said that in June and July the Serranilla reef is the "breeziest damn place in the whole Caribbean, boss . . . just ain't no place any worse."

When Parker described the position of our own anchorage, they stared at us in disbelief, explaining that we could not have chosen a more treacherous junction of wind and tide. In a sudden squall, they said, our boat would be on the reef within five minutes.

Grateful for the advice, Parker summoned the commander on the two-way radio that we carried in the outboard, instructing him to bring the *Sea Hunter* to the larger sandbar. Although their conversation was interrupted by a voice that apparently belonged to a taxi controller deploying his cabs in Kingston, the message got through.

That evening Marx invited Capt. George Ryan, master of the *Glory B.*, the smaller of the fishing boats, to a parley aboard the *Sea Hunter*. The captain's seamed and wind-worn face marked him as a man long familiar with the hard discipline of the sea. He knew of treasures everywhere in the Caribbean, all the way from Haiti to British Honduras.

"If it's wrecks you want, man," he said, "I've seen 'em, man, I've seen 'em."

Marx pushed a sheaf of maps across the chart table.

"Now watch me close, boys," the captain said. "I'm not telling you anything I guess about. You fellas, I can see, are too smart to fall for idle tales."

Marx, Tucker and Parker leaned expectantly forward as the captain scrawled X's on the charts he had been given.

The captain spoke in a slow, deliberate voice, interrupting his tales of sunken riches every now and then to inquire if we could spare a carton of cigarettes or a tin of coffee or a gallon of diesel oil. Satisfied in these modest requests, he would resume his narrative.

He said he had been sailing the Caribbean ever since 1927, and told us that his father and uncle had both drowned many years ago on the Serrana reef, 85 miles south of Serranilla. There, on the eastern edge of a shoal known as the Devil's Horn, lay a treasure as fabulous as any prince could imagine.

"A French merchantman chased by Bloody Morgan, boys, loaded down to her gunwales with jewels and gold . . . I went to the spot in 1948 . . . weeds growing on the bottom near her anchor . . . yes, man, the weather is good, not like here, but smooth, like glass . . . the wreck is in water so shallow, man, you can roll up your pants legs and walk to her."

"Brass cannons?" asked Marx.

"Ay, man, cannons."

"Doubloons?" asked Parker.

"As many as you can ever spend."

"Silver bars?" asked Tucker.

"Maybe silver, maybe gold."

In answer to inquiries as to why he, Captain Ryan, did not salvage the wreck for his own account, he said, "There's enough there for all of us, boys. It never did a man any good to be greedy."

The *Sea Hunter* sailed the next afternoon, June 22, for the Serrana reef. Although Bezak had begun to suggest that perhaps the expedition might find gold more easily if we blindfolded one another and took turns sticking pins in the chart, Marx maintained that much of the science of treasure hunting lay in knowing which fishermen were trustworthy.

"It's part of the adventure, Daddy," he said. "This guy had all the right dates."

The voyage to Serrana was precisely like the voyage to Serranilla, except maybe worse. At midnight a huge sea broke over the stern and almost capsized the boat. The commander, again baffled by the loran, fell through the door of the wheelhouse at four A.M., shattering the glass in the door. Subsequently he predicted a landfall at dawn on the starboard bow. In accordance with the inexorable logic of the expedition, the Serrana reef appeared much later, well off to port.

The Serrana reef was as forlorn as Serranilla; the same barren sandbars, the same faded blue in the sky and the same easterly wind blowing at 40 miles an hour. The "X" that Captain Ryan had marked on our chart proved to lie beyond the 100-fathom curve, a detail that nobody had noticed before.

The next morning, although the sea was still high, Marx insisted on going outside the reef. Both Tucker and Commander Thurman refused to take him in the outboard.

"Damn young foolishness," said the commander.

"No, Father," said Tucker. "I'm strictly an inside man."

Parker, however, agreed to take him.

George Bezak and I, to our subsequent regret, also volunteered to take part in the reconnaissance.

We got caught in the surf within 10 minutes of venturing into the open sea. A wave at least 20 feet high lifted the boat as if it had been a paper cup and smashed it onto the reef. The four of us, no doubt blessed with the same kind of luck that preserves drunken men who fall down five flights of stairs, emerged bruised and bleeding but otherwise unhurt. We stumbled through the breakers to the highest crest of the reef, awash under two feet of water, and sat there on a plush seat that had floated free of the boat, like castaways in some advertisement for summer drinks made with expensive vodka. The rest of the boat, which was 17 feet long and made of chrome and glass fiber, broke into small pieces.

"This probably serves me right," said Bezak, as wistful and philosophic as always. "Last night I was looking at photographs of Jayne Mansfield and thinking evil thoughts."

Marx simply laughed. "Every treasure hunt ought to have a shipwreck, Daddies," he said, "and this is ours."

For two hours we waited on the reef, binding our cuts with strips of a torn shirt, while the crew on board the *Sea Hunter* attempted to launch the second motorboat. They managed to put it in the water, but they could not start the engine. Nowhere on the *Sea Hunter* were there any oars so, without the engine, the boat remained useless.

Marx then bravely swam to the *Sea Hunter*, a distance of half a mile against a strong tide, followed by menacing sharks. He returned with a rope and a life raft, on which we were all eventually towed to the boat.

At dinner that evening, to celebrate our survival, we ate the last of the ice cream—maple walnut with chocolate syrup.

The loss of the motorboat, however, proved conclusive. Even Marx conceded that without it the diving operations must be abandoned. Accordingly, much to everyone's relief, the *Sea Hunter* weighed anchor that afternoon for the voyage back to Florida.

Nobody, of course, doubted that the gold was there within easy reach at both the Serrana and Serranilla reefs—if only the wind hadn't been blowing so hard.

"We had a few bad breaks with the weather," Marx said. "Otherwise there would be goodies all over the decks."

The Canton brothers and Commander Thurman left the *Sea Hunter* at Grand Cayman. The commander suddenly remembered a series of conferences he had been invited to attend in Washington. The Cantons did not bother to explain their reasons for going.

Far from being discouraged by the reversals of the past two weeks, Tucker and Marx became more and more cheerful on the voyage north from Grand Cayman. The wind and sea grew calmer; their recollections of other treasures grew sunnier.

After a passage around Cuba enlivened only by the final failure of the loran, we docked in Key West at dawn on July 2.

"Don't despair, boys," Tucker said, drawing us to a new conference on the afterdeck. "I know of an unsalvaged wreck in the Bahamas . . . twenty-six guns on her, and no doubt her timbers are full of gold."

"You know the exact location?" Marx asked eagerly.

"We can drop the hook right in her ribs," Tucker said.

"Well," said Parker, "you guys are the experts." And at two o'clock that very same afternoon he ordered the *Sea Hunter* under way to the east: toward Bimini, where the water was calm and clear—full of sharks and the eternal promise of treasure. THE END

Teddy Tucker, using the air lift, is almost obscured by streams of sand and bubbles.

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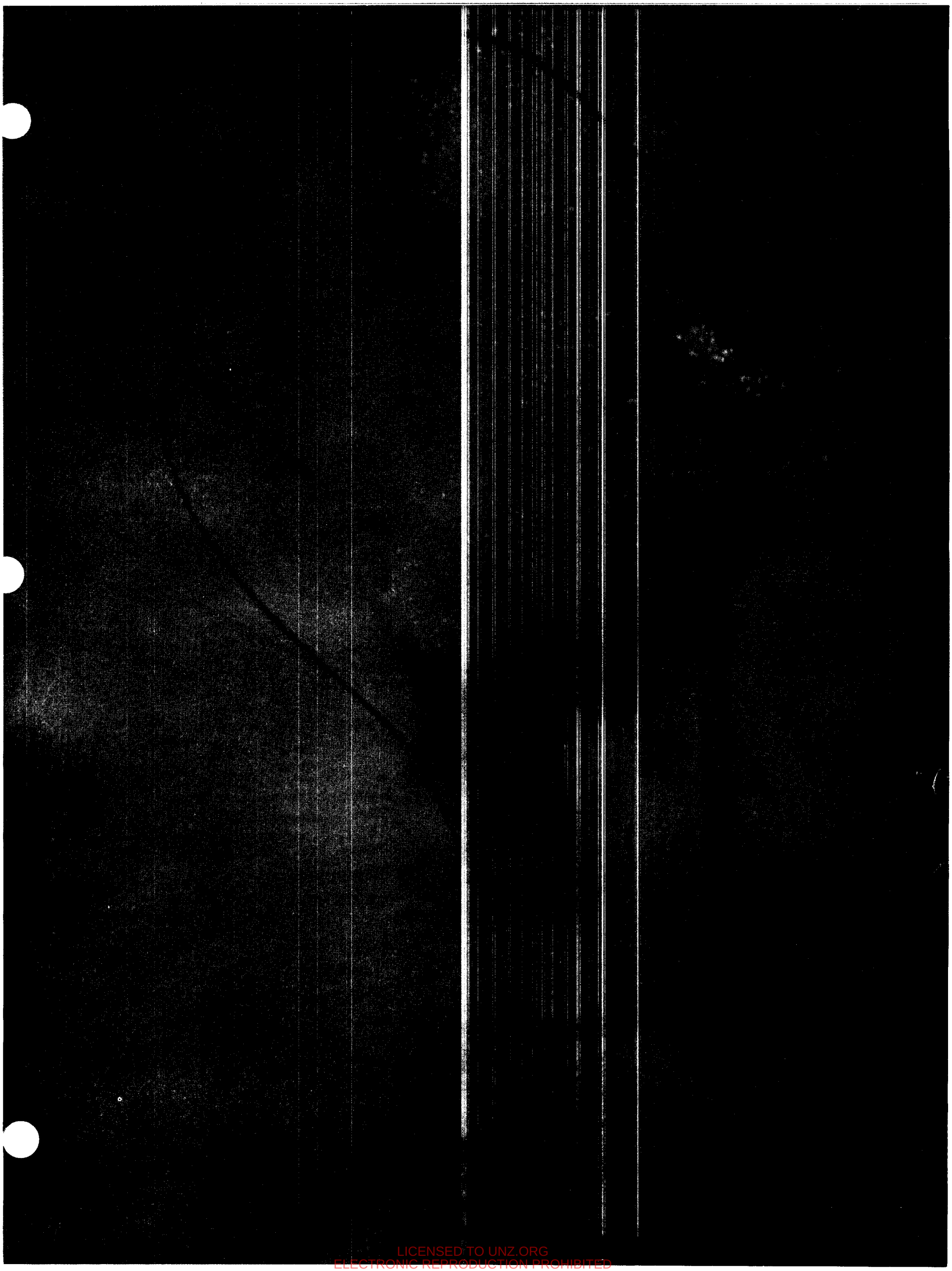

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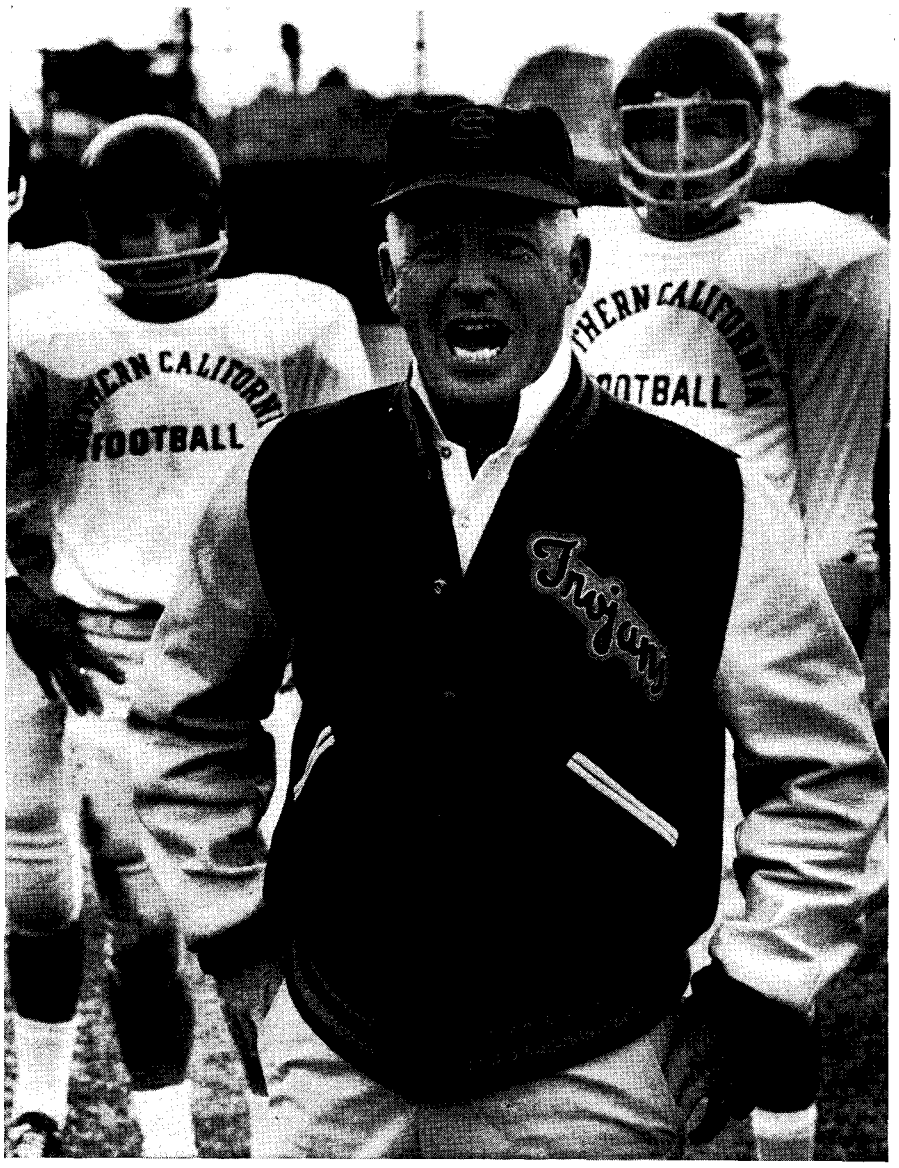

McKay with his players: "Character? About all we can teach a kid is football."

By MELVIN DURSLAG

THE COACH HAS ALL THE PROBLEMS

REWARDED BY ALUMNI WITH AN ELEGANT SWIMMING POOL, JOHN McKAY OF U.S.C., WHO DISLIKES WATER, DESCRIBES THE VEXING TRIALS HE FACES AS A CONTEMPORARY COACH.

When the discovery was made among followers of the University of Southern California football team that the head coach lived in a home without a swimming pool, shock rumbled through the Los Angeles area. How, the followers asked, could one of their very own be reduced to such indigence?

Although it is the custom in many areas to reward a successful coach with an expensive car, the U.S.C. boosters decided on necessities first. They promptly built their coach an elegant pool at his ranch-style dwelling in West Covina. From Malibu to Cucamonga, U.S.C. fans relaxed.

That was how, last summer, status came to John McKay, an assured man of 40, who was 1962 Coach of the Year, leader of a national-championship team, Rose Bowl winner and recipient of so many awards that he needed a cabana in which to house them. John did not really need the pool. He doesn't like to swim, which leads him to suspect a dark strain in his makeup. Before coming to U.S.C., he served as an assistant coach at the University of Oregon in Eugene, a paradise for fishing and hunting. McKay hates both. "If I had been Mark Antony in Egypt," he insists, "I probably would have developed an allergy to sex."

Bright, energetic and quick-witted, McKay is a thinker and conversationalist who spent the past football season on the verge of a bowl bid. Like most current business executives, he works harder than he should, employing new methods for improving personal efficiency. He keeps promising himself that he will find more time for his wife Nancy and their four children, but does not. He is aware of public relations, friendly with the press. What McKay symbolizes then is the successful contemporary big-time college football coach, an entirely different breed from the old, gruff doctor of muscle and professor of platitudes.

The typical university coach used to dramatize the role the game played in molding American manhood. ("Football makes men, builds character, and keeps America strong.")

"The wheeze about building character is a joke," McKay remarks. "Most boys we get are eighteen. Their character has long since been built, usually in the home. About all we can teach a kid is how to play football."

Coaches for years lived in fear of alumni, upon whose whims jobs often depended ("Yessir, it sure is great to be talking to all you great guys from the great class of '96"). McKay's position is somewhat different. Recently he was hurrying across the campus when an influential grad stopped him and started babbling football. McKay glanced at his watch. It was 3:58 P.M.

"I have forty men who will be expecting me in two minutes flat," he interrupted. "Forgive me, but I'm leaving."

McKay does not flaunt this independence. He attends weekly alumni luncheons, answers questions and invites alumni participation in the athletic-scholarship program, to which they contribute cash. But he makes it clear that he does not want the alums to recruit, to suggest plays or kibitz the operation in general. "Above all," he declares, "I won't tolerate drunks phoning me at midnight."

Many old-style coaches, badgered by alumni, showed their hostility by jumping contracts. ("What the hell. It's only a piece of paper.")

This contemporary coach does not run scared, but he does not run out on contracts, either. Following his big year in 1962, McKay received several feelers, including one from a professional team. He rejected all. "I expect my school to honor our agreement," he says. "I am obligated to do the same."

McKay is finishing the first year of a new three-year contract said to pay him $20,000 annually. He also has been given an associate professorship at U.S.C. which guarantees him tenure and lifetime security. If he chooses, he can stay at the university until retirement, though not necessarily at the same job or pay.

His outlook has not always been this good. Born in Everettville, W. Va., McKay was one of five children whose father a coal-mine superintendent, died at 4: When he died, the children's life grew hard. "My mother went to work," McKay recalls. "We ate, but not well."

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, swift halfback, he graduated from egon in 1950, and his coach, the late Jim Aiken, then hired him as an assistant. "My salary was the grand sum of $3,800 a year," says McKay, "but Aiken helped me out by letting me eat a lot of my meals in his home."

This arrangement ended after one season. Aiken was fired.

"He committed the oversight of winning only one game and losing nine," McKay says. "Alumni grumbled. To try to keep his job, Jim really went out to get a team. He pushed too hard, and the school canned him. It was a situation that was pretty typical of that era."

Coaching has since stabilized, according to McKay. "Most of the universities have grown up," he says. "Take my case at U.S.C. In the old days I possibly would have been fired after my first season—and definitely after the second. I won only four games each year. But there was hardly a ripple on the water."

Coaching has been made less frantic in another respect. Most major conferences today offer football players roughly the same inducements—room, board, books and tuition. "There are occasional departures for so-called premium athletes," McKay explains, "but these cases are rare today.

"Previously the coach had to take in alumni as undercover agents. It was their b to slip the prospect the automobile, e cash, or whatever was needed to land him. With alums that close to his operation, the coach was under the gun continuously. The alums produced talent. They demanded results.

"Faced with winning or getting the ax, the coach had to win. As I say, there aren't many college presidents today who demand a winner or else. Among the major schools on the West Coast, only one, Stanford, has fired a coach in the last seven years."

"In other words," McKay was asked, "the contemporary coach is without great problems?"

"I didn't say that," McKay answered. "The contemporary coach has new security, but he has difficulties in other areas. To start with, most universities have raised entrance requirements."

It is, we had to admit, a dirty trick. Woody Hayes, the coach of football-conscious Ohio State, complained not long ago that new academic demands at his school "have wiped out sixty to eighty percent of my Negro prospects alone."

McKay contends that the academic changes demand only ingenuity on the part of coaches. "We must organize our sales forces," he says, "and work the territory more thoroughly." McKay has six full-time and two part-time assistants. Each is assigned a section of California, and each is expected to obtain a line on all worthwhile prospects in his district.

"We prepared index cards on three hundred players this year," says McKay. "Close to half were eliminated immediately because of grade deficiencies. Competitors moved in and took some more, and we wiped out others after our interview. I won't take a boy unless he passes I loosely call a psychological test. I no attempt to put him on the couch, but I do probe his background."

Quietly, McKay's assistants gather intelligence on the boy from his high-school coach, friends, employers—even his minister. "I am searching mostly for weaknesses and attitudes which would prevent the kid from becoming a first-class college football player or, equally important, from becoming a good influence on our team," McKay says. "One kid, who had been a good halfback in high school, opened our interview by telling me that he would be a good gate attraction for the university. I sized him up as a conniver. He went to another school and lasted only a year.

An error can be dear

"Occasionally I make mistakes. I wrote off a kid two years ago as a selfish sort who wouldn't fit the total picture. He became a big asset to one of our rivals."

Working at a private school where four-year scholarships are worth roughly $10,400 each, the coach must be cautious. "We don't want to blow grants on kids we don't feel will contribute to football," he says. (Of the 300 athletes that U.S.C. screened this year, only 17 actually received scholarships.)

Another major headache to today's college coach is competition from the National Football League. In some areas, such as New York, the pros have all but overwhelmed the colleges. In Los Angeles, where the professional Rams have been losing steadily, McKay has introduced an entertaining offense, and U.S.C. has actually outdrawn the Rams for the last two years.

U.S.C. operates basically from an "I" formation, in which three backs take their stance in a straight line behind the center. Sometimes the backs shift, and other times they run directly from the I. Coach McKay employs 32 variations.

An unfaltering exponent of frequent substitution, he divides his athletes into three units—red, gold and green. The red unit plays the first five minutes of every quarter, the gold the next four and the green the next three, after which the red returns for the last three. "I often have qualms taking out a unit that is moving successfully," he says, "but once you have a system in which you have confidence, you can't waver. Nor can you dare get caught with tired players when the opponent has fresh ones."

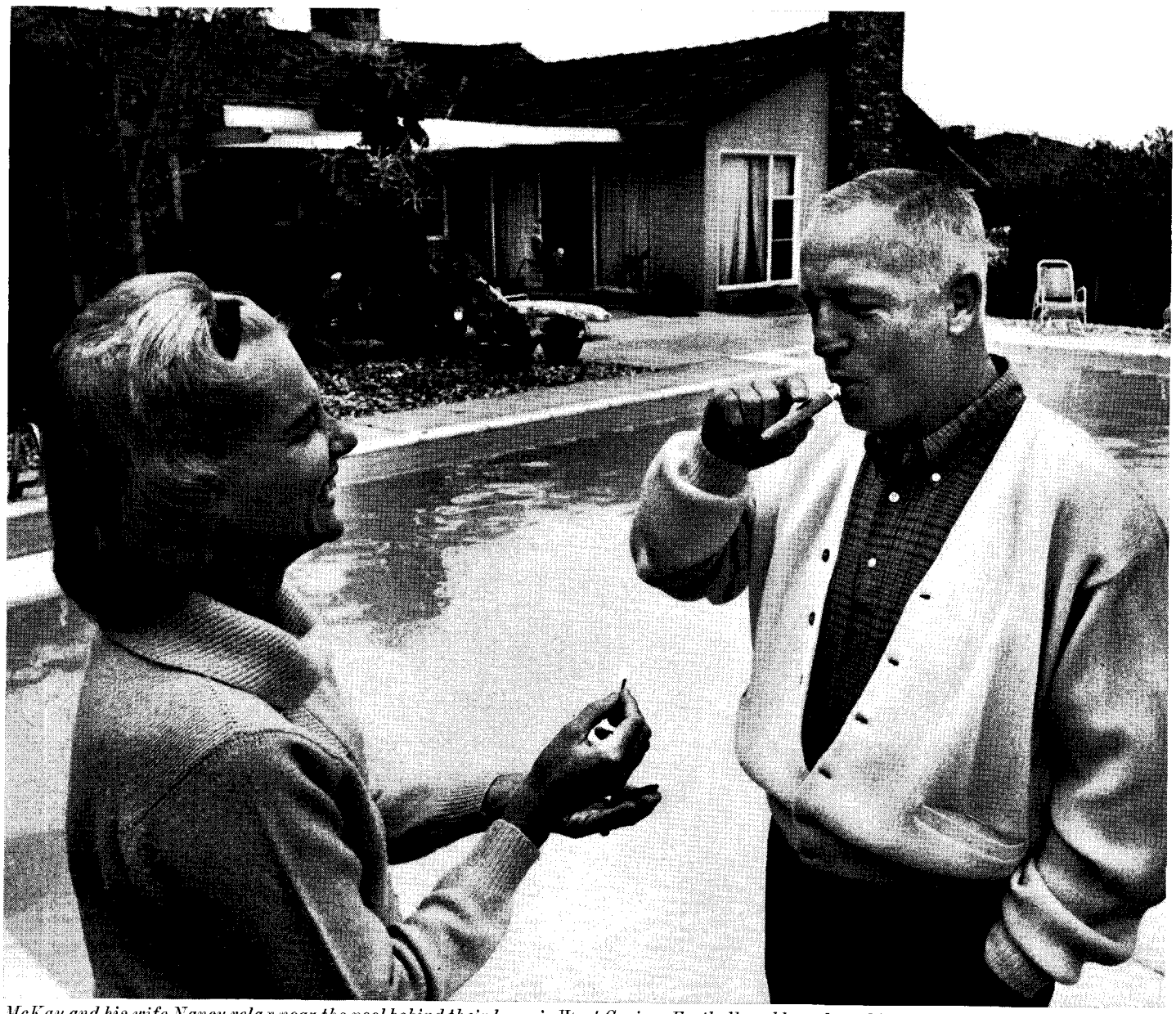
McKay's unit system paid off spectacularly in the Rose Bowl game played against Wisconsin last January. Fresh waves of U.S.C. troops so jolted the Badgers that the Trojans at one stage of the fourth quarter led 42–14. (The game ended 42–37, with Wisconsin opening up with a big passing game during the last 10 minutes.)

Postseason football, such as the coming Rose Bowl game, is not accepted readily by many academicians, who argue that schedules should end in mid-November. "It's a long season from September first to January first," McKay concedes, "and I can see where faculty people object.

"But postseason games are an obligation of the university to the player. The rewards of college football today are smaller than ever before. Material inducements have been pretty much eliminated, and the glamour aspects of the game have declined. Pro football can hire only a few players, and doors of business and industry no longer open automatically. In today's market, they are required to have brains, not reputations.

"So boys play big-time college football mostly for fun. They give their time and their energy to the university, which takes in gate receipts. If the players like bowl games—and all those I've seen do—they are entitled to them."

Bowl football serves an additional purpose to the contemporary coach, who has traded old pressures for new. It focuses attention on his game. "The Nielsen estimate for our Rose Bowl match with Wisconsin was 53,338,000," says McKay. "It was the largest sports TV audience of the season. If you are forced to compete with the pros, I say compete." THE END



McKay and his wife Nancy relax near the pool behind their home in West Covina. Football problems keep him away most of the time.

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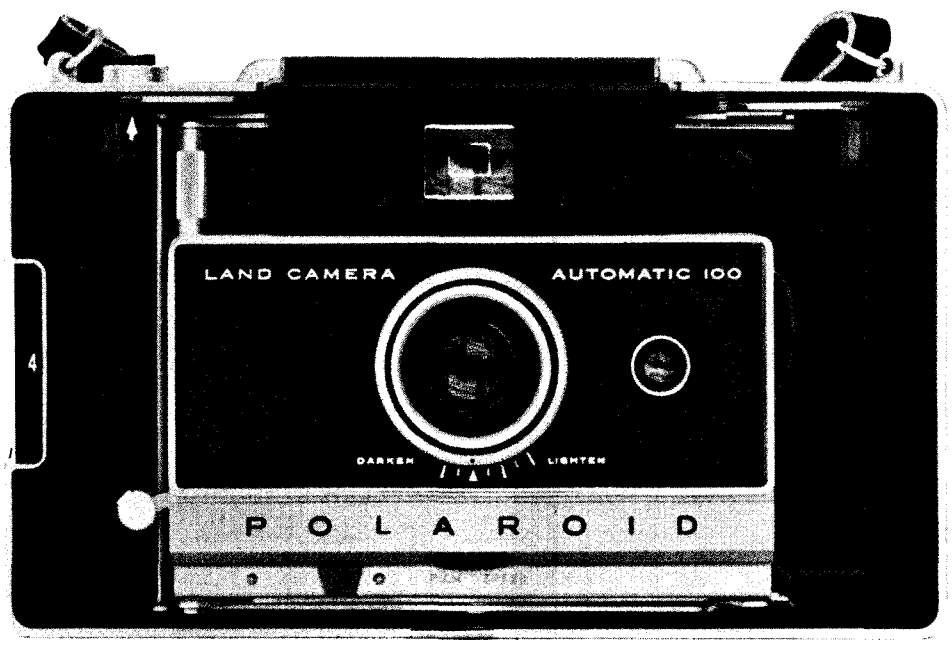

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THE RICH(?) WILD(?) LIFE OF MILT KAMEN

A comic copes with garbage, girls and gags.

By Marvin Kitman

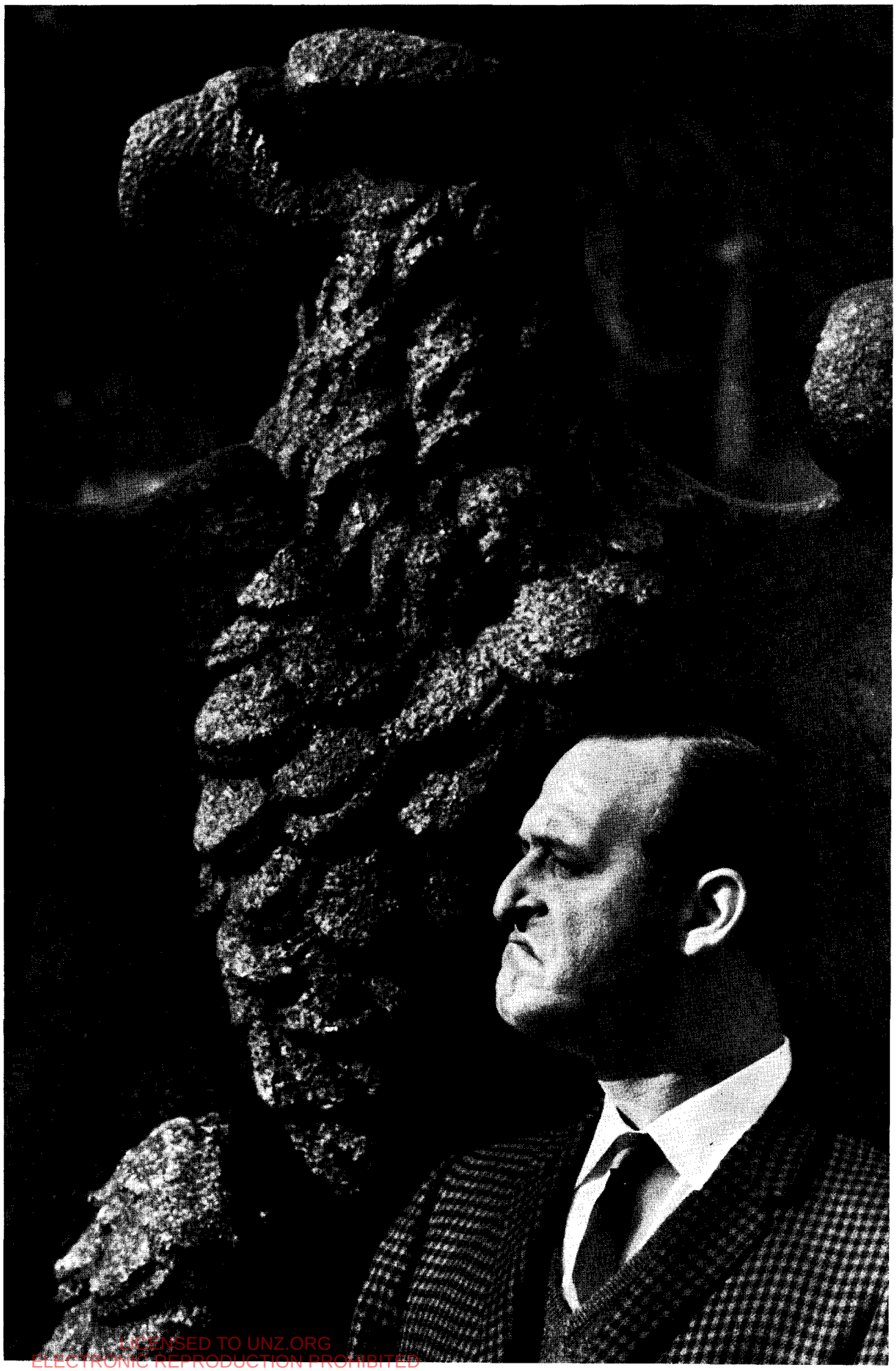
I don't cook," a New York bachelor observed recently, "so I have no garbage. As a result, the neighbors in my apartment house weren't talking to me. 'What's the matter,' one of them said, 'you're too good to show us your garbage?' But then, I discovered they have a product in the supermarkets for people like me: frozen garbage. No defrosting; just throw it out. They sell instant 'cheap garbage,' things like coffee grounds and sardine cans. The more expensive high-class garbage has lobster shells and champagne bottles. That's the kind I get. I put it out in front of my door right after breakfast. You should see the way my neighbors now look at me with respect and admiration. Some garbage! Some neighbor!"

The bachelor was comic Milt Kamen. And the forum for his observations was NBC's *Tonight* show. Shortly after Kamen's pronouncement, an avalanche of leftovers descended on the network's Rockefeller Center headquarters. Lobster shells arrived from Maine, orange peels from Florida, and sardine cans from California. A pop artist in New Jersey even sent in a piece of avant-garbage: a collage composed of the remainder of his dinner. Apparently all that Kamen's fans wanted to get out of his parable was that their idol didn't have any garbage—and needed some.

Kamen has had surprisingly little trouble convincing his admirers that he needs all the help he can get in solving his domestic problems. He is the man in the street, trying to become a man of the world, and failing. "I've had a tremendous amount of failure at whatever I've tried in life," Kamen says, "starting at age six when I failed as a thief. Do you know what that can do to a six-year-old in Brooklyn? It breaks a kid in half."

Kamen's bookings, however, furnish ample testimony that nothing seems to succeed with the public like failure. In one recent week he appeared as a comedian on the Jimmy Dean, Jerry Lewis and *Hootenanny* shows; as a gamesman on half a dozen sessions of Goodson-Todman shows, including *To Tell the Truth*, *Missing Links* and *Match Game*; and as a panelist and movie critic on Johnny Carson's show. During the same period, he was doing two shows a night at New York's Blue Angel, and preparing to play *two* roles in Paddy Chayefsky's *Passion of Joseph D.*, which will open on Broadway in February.

Now 39, Kamen has managed to climb, or fall, up the ladder to the top because he seems to satisfy an audience need for an older-brother figure. As soon as he comes on stage, puts a hand in one jacket pocket, smiles nervously before delivering his usual opening zinger—"How are you?"—the audience recognizes in Kamen



At Central Park Zoo, one of his favorite haunts, Milt Kamen imitates stone eagle.

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the unmarried, unhappy and proudly self-sufficient older brother. "Who needs women?" Milt Kamen asks. "I have absolutely no desire for them—except when I see one."

Kamen does have sex appeal, although he isn't every woman's glass of tea. His idea of a wild night in Manhattan is, in fact, singular. "I like to take the elevator down to the laundry room in the basement of my apartment house on a Sunday night while all the married people are sleeping," he says. "Then I throw in forty pairs of socks and all the soap flakes I want. You should see the suds I make! Everything goes wild. Who says I don't lead a rich life?"

As a defender of the right to live alone in society, and not like it, Kamen is an inviting target for the women he sometimes sits with on TV panel shows. "It's not a negative attitude I have toward women," he once corrected novelist Rona Jaffe on *Tonight*. "It's fear."

Kamen, however, covers more than his bachelorhood in his act. He has one of the fastest ears in comedy, and he regularly prowls the sidewalks of New York, later reporting his encounters. At a health store he met a man with a reducing formula who told him, "I eat only things that swim."

"Then all you can eat is fish," Kamen said.

"I can eat *anything*," the man answered. "First I teach it to swim, then I eat it."

Although Kamen is a shrewd observer of contemporary life, he is not a political comedian. He never makes jokes about the Kennedys because "as far as I'm concerned, Roosevelt is still President. I thought he was my father. Even my father thought he was his father. I grew up in a confusing era."

Kamen's movie reviews—a public service he has offered on a variety of TV shows over the past year—have made him a major force for good movies, a responsibility he takes seriously.

His reviews are spontaneous and cheerfully irrelevant. "The purpose of *How the West Was Won*," he explained, "was to show us how much Debbie Reynolds had done for our country." "In *The Longest Day*," he said, "I felt sorry for Fabian and Paul Anka. They wanted to fight, but they lost their combs in the sand and were too busy looking for them while the battle was going on." He praised Rex Harrison's acting in *Cleopatra*. "He was the only one who had time to learn his lines." And he supplied this nutshell description of *Lawrence of Arabia*: "This is essentially the story of a nut. Go see it."

Kamen has a rich fantasy world, and he feels comfortable letting outsiders peek into it. "That is what comedy is to me," he explains. "Married men have to face their wives when they go home at night; I face my fantasies."

Kamen's fantasies, however, sometimes give the impression he is on the verge of losing his mind, a fear exacerbated by his prescription for relaxing tension. "I go into the linen closet in my apartment," he says solemnly, "and shout for two hours. When I come out, I'm completely refreshed and relaxed."

If Kamen seems more insecure—if that is the word—than the average 39-year-old bachelor, the causes might be traced to his childhood. It began in Hurleyville, N.Y., a borsch-belt town where his father worked as a barber. Milton Kaiman—he later changed the spelling for simplicity—arrived in the rough-and-tumble Brownsville section of Brooklyn as a two-year-old. He still finds it painful to talk about his boyhood. "John Garfield played it on the screen a thousand times," he says. "It was underprivileged and rotten."

Before he was 10 years old, Kamen says, he was picked up by police 20 times. "Brownsville is a great place to grow up during a depression," he recalls. "It's the home of Murder, Inc., and I don't have to remind you of the fine work that organization has done."

When Kamen wasn't failing as a petty thief, he was failing as a student. He was left back three times in first grade. "I hardly said two words to my teachers," Kamen explains, "but I said them all the time." By the time his Bedouin existence in the Brooklyn public-school system came to a close, he had attended 14 different schools.

In his formative years he would lie in a Brownsville gutter—"it was the only way I could see the sky"—and dream of becoming a football star. Or on Saturday mornings he would sneak into a movie house and spend nine hours watching the double feature several times. His idol in those days was Joan Crawford. "She had a terrific pair of shoulders for football," Kamen recalls. "But I was so backward I didn't know the difference then between boys and girls. Now I'm more mature. I realize I'll never have a pair of shoulders like Joan Crawford."

Kamen discovered the French horn in high school and won a scholarship to the Juilliard School after graduation. But it wasn't until his 30th year—while he was sitting in the French-horn chair of the Columbus Symphony—that he suddenly decided he wanted to be a comic actor.

"There was no rational reason for me to think I could make a living as a comedian," he says. "I remember I hocked the horn so I wouldn't fall back on it as a crutch. Then I went out into the world like a child. But I found that the world wasn't waiting for me. Not one single person. 'It's too late,' all the agents said. 'Don't be ridiculous.' I was such a failure I couldn't even get a job in Macy's as a wrapper. I had to work in the garment center as a third shipping clerk waiting for my lucky break."

It came in 1953 when a director decided Kamen would be perfect for a role in a TV play: a patient being wheeled out of an operating room, a mask covering his face. As Kamen whimsically recalls it, he next played a pair of hands holding a letter on camera. "I was so nervous," he says, "I asked the director how he wanted me to handle the role."

"Be sure to clean your nails," the director said.

"I never felt discouraged," Kamen says of his years in obscurity, "only rejected, frightened and rotten."

Now that he is finally making as much as $2,200 a night for a bit on the Jimmy Dean show, Kamen's daily life bears the scars of his lean years. He still eats only one meal a day, but it lasts all day long. When he first worked regularly—in 1955, as a TV stand-in for Sid Caesar, whom he somewhat resembles—Kamen's habit was to eat alone and order for two. "When I was a kid," he says about his food problem, "I saw many people starving, including myself. I stood in front of a bakery window and watched an éclair for four years. I knew that once I got an éclair my life would be set. I was like the woman who thinks redoing her living room will save her marriage. Once I finally got that éclair nothing changed, but I didn't become cynical. I figured that I had the wrong cake in mind. Strawberry shortcake would make everything perfect. Now that I'm older I know it's rum cake."

After a day of eating, Kamen will often treat himself to a nightcap: a loaf of pound cake and a quart of milk. "Then I go up to my apartment and drink and eat myself into a stupor," he says. "That's my life; you lead yours."

Food is perhaps Kamen's only extravagance. He lives in a two-room flat in a modest prewar apartment house on Manhattan's unfashionable West Side. He doesn't own a car, although he does own a V-neck sweater, something that had as much status as an éclair in his childhood. His clothes tend to be unostentatious and untailored. "You see this suit," he said proudly of a baggy number he was wearing. "It's very light. It's made out of the new miracle fabric—nothing."

Kamen is considered something of an eccentric by his show-business friends because he continues to think small. At the bank, he isn't on speaking terms with the vice president, but he is with a shy girl teller. "She understands my money" is the way he explains his interest in her. Walking with Kamen, you grow accustomed to the sound of squealing brakes as cabbies slow down to yell, "Hey, Milty." The common working man's devotion to Kamen is easy to understand. When he leaves a cab, he invariably apologizes for taking the driver out of his way. The night before his maid is due to clean up his apartment, he spends an exhausting night straightening up the place. "She's only a person," he says.

Most of his nonworking hours are spent reading, a fact he tries to conceal because he fears he will be labeled an intellectual comic. His tastes range from theologian Martin Buber to Dostoevski to fairy tales. "But I'm uncomfortable with intellectuals," he says. "They're the first ones to be fooled by demagogues." Yet he seems to be wounded that intellectuals write him off because his work on the surface seems nonintellectual. "I'm not the most brilliant person in the world, but I say things in my work. When I tell the story about the day the girls in my geometry class started to cry when Miss Finnegan, the teacher, announced that parallel lines can never meet—well, that's the end of romance."

When Kamen isn't reading or sitting alone in his apartment, he goes to museums, or loiters at the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, talking to classical musicians. He is a hungry conversationalist and will talk to anything that moves. Walking through the Central Park Zoo one day recently, Kamen leaned over the railing of the yak cage and was eyeball to eyeball with the shaggy Tibetan beast. "How are you?" he asked, breaking the silence. When the yak, with typical oriental inscrutability, turned away, Kamen shouted at him, "How's the wife?"

Passing the ape house, he reminisced about old girl friends. "I was once in love with Fay Wray," he confessed. "I never knew what she saw in King Kong. That ape had no imagination. On their first date he took her to the Empire State Building like any other tourist. I knew nothing could come of the relationship."

As symbols, movie stars play an important part in Kamen's life. "I'm attracted to the kind of girl who looks like she'll fall down, like Jean Harlow. Those girls never seem to have to get married. They smoke in bed. I'm afraid of somebody like Ava Gardner, but I could hurt Kim Novak—if I had a chance. If you see her, tell her to stay away from me."

In real life his dates rarely are professional actresses. "Before you can finish telling an actress why you love her, her mind begins to wander," he says. "She starts thinking about her own career problems." His female companions are usually secretaries, clerks and, particularly, waitresses. "Anybody who serves me food I automatically think is a nice person. I read things into food: It means a person loves me.

"Truthfully, though, I feel it in my bones that within six months I'll be going steady with a girl. Just the other day I took a girl for a malted. We were sitting in a store near Carnegie Hall drinking from the same glass. Luckily she didn't know that in Brooklyn that meant we were engaged." THE END

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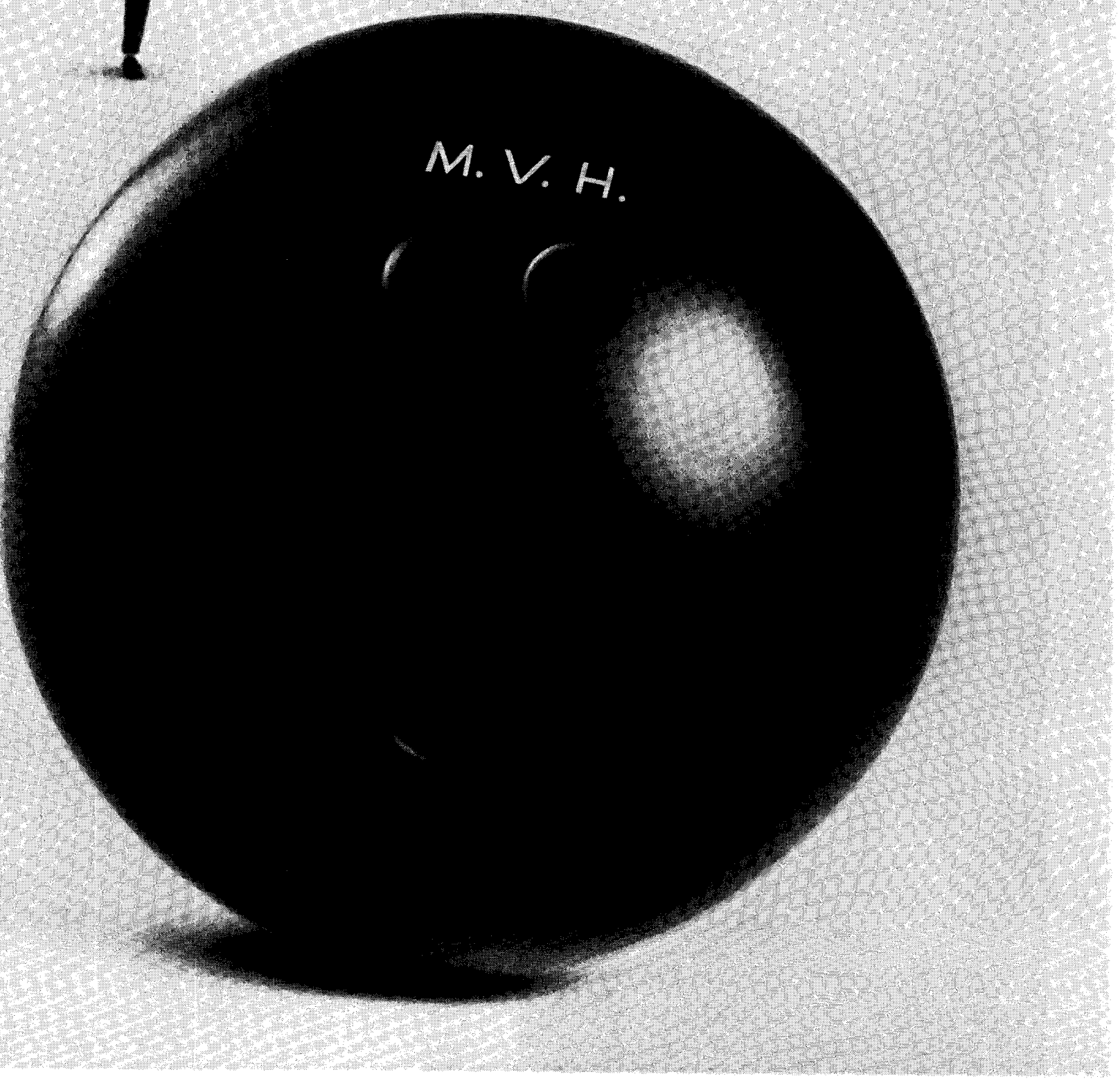

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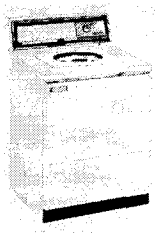

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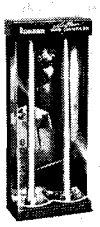

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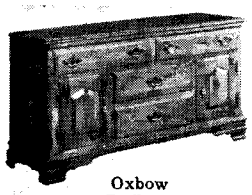

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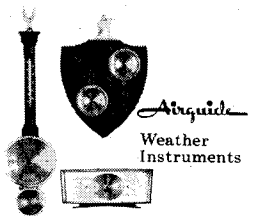

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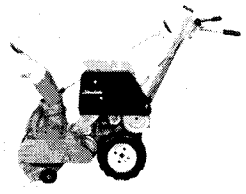

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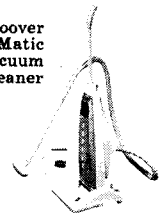

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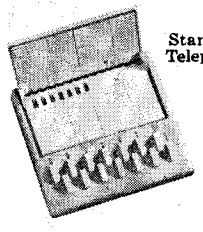

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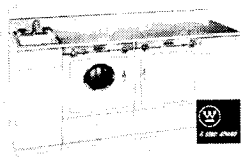

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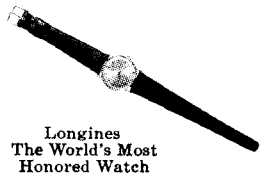

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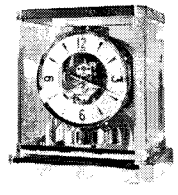

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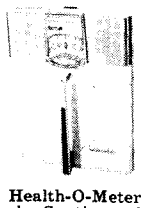

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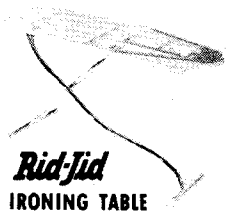

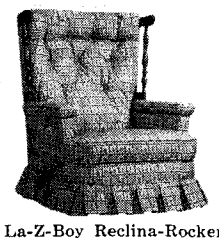

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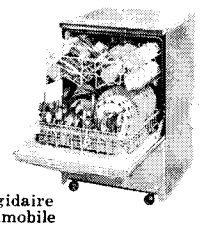

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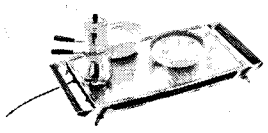
Dishmobile

Barca
Lounger

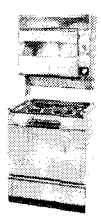


Salton Hotray
Patio Master

Ronson Varaflame
Table Lighter

Esperanto
Cigarette
Table by
Drexel

General
Electric
Appliances



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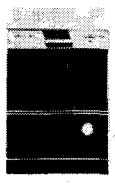
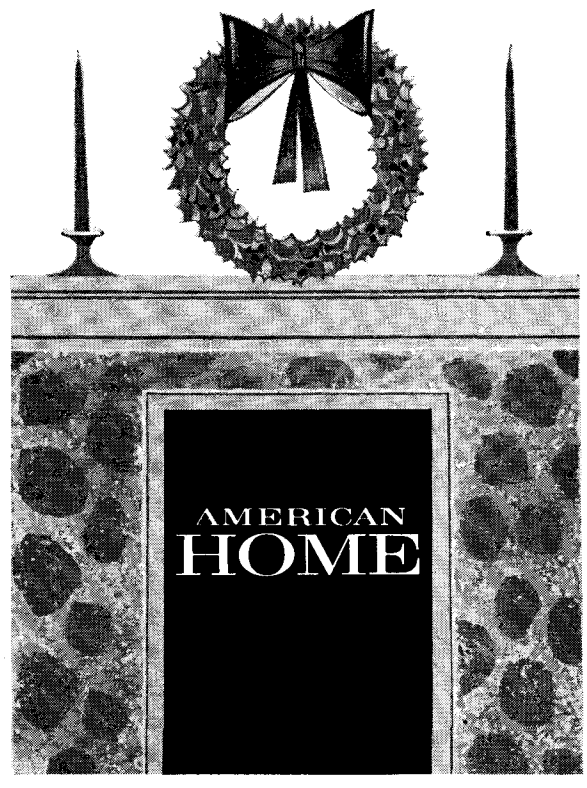
Armstrong Flooring



KitchenAid
by
Hobart



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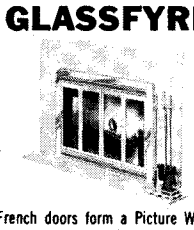
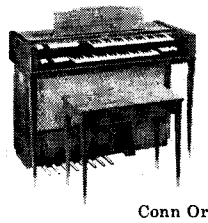
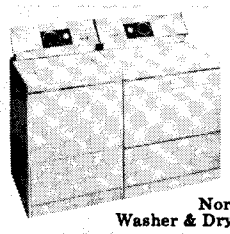


French doors form a Picture Window

Battery Clocks
by Westclox

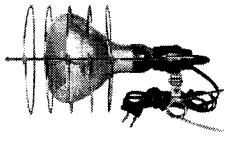


Conn Organ



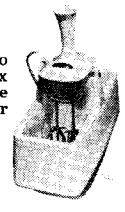
Norge
Washer & Dryer

RCA Whirlpool
Home Appliances



General Electric
Sunlamp

Presto
Rock-'N-Mix
Portable
Mixer



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"CHRISTMAS AROUND THE HEARTH"

This is the year to give gifts for the home; nothing brings more years of enjoyment and use. What should your gifts be? You'll find a world of wonderful ideas in American Home magazine where you'll see the fine products shown above and all the help you need to make this "Christmas Around The Hearth" the happiest ever!

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THE NEW PRESIDENT

(Continued from page 20)

now become, there was a line on the racial issue, which he could not overstep. But there never have been any considerable number of Negroes in Johnson's part of Texas, and the southern attitude on the racial issue is not bred in Johnson's bones, as it is bred in the bones of a Russell or a Talmadge.

The first meaningful civil-rights bill since the Civil War was passed when Johnson was Majority Leader. As Vice President, Johnson took a consistently pro-civil-rights position. Partly, this was no doubt for political reasons. Johnson intended to make a hard try for the nomination in 1968, and he was quite aware that the "lib-labs"—labor, the liberal intellectuals, the pro-civil-rights groups generally—exercise a veto power at Democratic conventions. And they would certainly veto any Southerner with southern views on the racial issue. But it is always a mistake to be too cynical about the motivations of a politician, especially if that politician is, as Johnson is today, a President who wants desperately to go down in history as a great President.

Johnson's favorite quotation is from Isaiah: "Come now, let us reason together"; and bridging seemingly unbridgeable chasms between seemingly irreconcilable viewpoints was his specialty as Majority Leader. Johnson is not going to "solve" the racial problem, because there is no "solution" to the problem. But Johnson has a better opportunity to contain the racial crisis, to find for the nation a way of living with the insoluble, than his brilliant predecessor had.

In other respects, Johnson will no doubt simply hew to the Kennedy line in the eleven months that remain before the election. If he is elected in his own right next November, it seems a good guess that he will be in most respects only a couple of hairs to the right of Kennedy, who was, despite the ideological idiocies voiced by the extreme right, the most conservative Democratic President since Grover Cleveland.

The real difference between Johnson's Washington and Kennedy's Washington is likely to be more a difference of style than of ideology. Although they came to have a real affection for each other, it is hard to imagine any two men more different than Johnson and Kennedy. Kennedy's Washington had an elegance and an intellectual quality which Johnson's Washington will certainly lack. But there are other qualities which Johnson's Washington is likely to have.

Again, the LBJ Ranch is the key to an understanding of the very special Johnson style. The Johnson style derives in part from the forts, and in part from the swimming pool.

Lyndon Johnson loves to show the forts to visitors to the LBJ Ranch. There are two of them, small, shaped like beehives, with a double thickness of stone, and thin slits for rifle fire. They were built about 100 years ago by Samuel Ealy Johnson, the President's great-grandfather, to protect the settlers of Johnson City from Indian raids. Johnson likes to tell how his grandmother—his grandmother, not some distant ancestress—saved her life during an Indian raid by hiding in a flour barrel.

Those forts are symbols of something that is no more than a legend, a distant folk memory, in older parts of the country—the vanished American frontier. The frontier has vanished from Johnson City, too, but it is still a living memory. The closeness of his frontier background explains a lot about Lyndon Johnson.

Johnson is a very elegant dresser—he goes in for silk ties, and long, single-breasted suits with very full skirts. But beneath this elegant—indeed, overelegant—exterior, there is a lot of the frontiersman left. Johnson can be very rough and very rude when he is provoked, and he has odd personal habits—for example, he has a tendency, which he will presumably control at state dinners, to pull up his shirt at the dining table, and scratch his belly in a thoughtful fashion. But the real mark of the frontiersman in Johnson is the restless hopefulness of the man, the undefeated quality.

The pool is also part of the Johnson style. The pool is large, luxurious, and permanently heated, so that Johnson and the endless stream of visitors to the LBJ Ranch can take a dip even in January. It is equipped with numerous telephone outlets, so that Johnson, a compulsive user of the telephone, can make calls even when immersed. Piped-in music soothes the nerves of the bathers, who usually include two or three decorative young ladies. Behind the pool there is a garage with space for no fewer than 11 vehicles.

The pool, in short, is modern Texas, oil Texas, millionaire Texas. This Texas society, in which Johnson has lived and breathed and had his being. is a vigorous, hard-driving, but far from intellectual society, in which success is the purpose of life, and money is its measure. This environment is as much a part of Johnson as the frontier. Johnson may well offend his fellow Texans by his stand on civil rights. He is, however, very unlikely to offend them by his stand on the oil-depletion allowance.

In fact, the people Johnson is most likely to offend are the "lib-labs." The liberal intellectuals, whose power in the Democratic Party is waning but still formidable, have never cottoned to Lyndon Johnson, even though he has generally supported the liberal line. The basic reason for their dislike is, again, a matter of style. Johnson is an intelligent man, but unlike President Kennedy he is in no sense an intellectual. The difference between Kennedy's intellectual background and Johnson's is the difference between Harvard and Southwest State Teachers College, which is Johnson's alma mater. Academic and intellectual types usually feel uncomfortable with Johnson, and he with them.

In terms of style, in fact, Lyndon Johnson has more in common with another nonintellectual President, Harry S. Truman, than with his immediate predecessor. Like Truman, Johnson has a homely turn of phrase, and a tendency to see complex matters in simple, basic, human terms. Here, for example, is Johnson on the subject of foreign policy:

"The real danger is that the other side is going to underestimate us—it's happened before. The danger is they'll think we're fat and fifty and fighting among ourselves about free enterprise and socialism and all that. We might mislead them, so they'll think these Americans are just the country-club crowd. That's a mistake our enemies have made before.

"I remember in school in Johnson City, there was a school bully, like there is in every school. There was one boy he used to pick on all the time; he'd follow him home from school, slapping and kicking him, sometimes right up to his front porch. This boy's mother had told him it was a bad thing to fight, and we all thought he was a sort of mother's boy, a Sunday-school boy. But one day he decided he'd had enough. He turned on the bully on the road from school, and he got him down, and he began to hit his

"HE OUGHT TO TRY TO SLOW UP."

Lyndon Johnson made such a complete recovery from his 1955 heart attack that "you'd never suspect, from an examination, that he had one."

This sum-up of the new President's state of health comes from his friend and fellow Texan, Dr. James C. Cain, specialist in internal medicine at the Mayo Clinic. Doctor Cain, who recently visited the Johnsons in Washington, said, "His general health has been excellent, and I think we should be reassured on this point; we are in good hands with him."

Mr. Johnson suffered a moderately severe coronary attack on July 2, 1955, while visiting a friend in Middleburg, Va. He was immediately driven to the Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Md. There he was attended by Dr. John Willis Hurst, then a lieutenant commander and chief of cardiology at the hospital, and now at Emory University Hospital, Atlanta. Doctor Cain flew to Bethesda to assist in the treatment of his old friend.

Explaining the coronary attack, Doctor Cain reported that "Mr. Johnson has had a myocardial infarction of a moderately severe nature. He was quite critically ill immediately following the attack, but his recovery has been satisfactory."

Mr. Johnson was discharged from the Naval Hospital on August 7, 1955, with the report that there had been "no complications [during the last month]" and that he "has made steady improvement." Senator Johnson told reporters Doctor Hurst expected him to be "as good as new in January," when Congress reassembled. Johnson flew to his Texas ranch later in August, accompanied by Doctor Hurst.

Senator Johnson was a good patient. "I've treated my health problem like any other job that had to be done," he said, "and the doctors think I've made a perfect recovery." His blood pressure remained down at 115/75, which is on the low normal side. And he was so proud of his electrocardiograph record, which doctors interpreted as normal, that he frequently pulled it out of his pocket and showed it around to his friends.

Discussing the management of the acute attack, Doctor Cain recalled that Mr. Johnson had been placed briefly on anticoagulants. President Eisenhower was kept on anticoagulants for a long time, but Mr. Johnson "has not taken them since the week of the attack itself," Doctor Cain said. "Nor has he taken digitalis or any other medicine for his heart. The length of time which has elapsed without a recurrence is most encouraging. It has been more than eight years."

Mr. Johnson used to smoke three packs of cigarettes a day. "He's cut them out," the Mayo physician said, "and he has pared his weight down from about 225 to under 200. It goes up and down, of course, as it does for many of us. He was down to 185 at one time, and that's very trim for a man who stands six feet three. He took naps for a while, but I don't believe he does that anymore."

From time to time President Johnson has been bothered by kidney stones. While these are extremely painful they do not threaten the patient's life unless a stone formation is so extensive as to destroy a large part of the kidney. Mr. Johnson suffered an attack while he was campaigning for the Senate in 1948. The stone was removed from the ureter by manipulation at the Mayo Clinic. In the spring of 1955 he suffered a more severe attack, and this time Mayo doctors performed surgery to remove the stone.

"However, in spite of these attacks I would say President Johnson's health has been excellent," Doctor Cain observed. "Nobody has a worse job than the President, and my only advice to him has been that he ought to try to slow up, but he continues to burn the candle at both ends."

This appraisal is echoed by Doctor Hurst, who flew to Washington a few hours after Mr. Johnson took the oath of office, and gave the new President a physical checkup.

"He is a very active and vigorous man," said Doctor Hurst, "and he has done very well. From a health standpoint, I would say that he has no problems." THE END

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ALSOP INTERVIEWS L.B.J.

Was it a bad heart attack? "As bad an attack as you can have, and still live."

At the height of his power as majority leader of the U.S. Senate, Lyndon B. Johnson talked at length with Stewart Alsop, Washington editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Although parts of the talk were published at the time, the interview takes on a new significance today, for it provides a remarkable insight into the thinking of the 36th President of the United States.

Q.—Some say you're a mixture of your mother's family, mostly teachers and ministers, and your father's family, frontiersmen, politicians and men of action. Is that accurate?

L.B.J.—Well, there's some of that. But my daddy was a teacher too, and a successful businessman.

Q.—What was he like?

L.B.J.—He looked like me, only he was better looking. Six foot two, with coal-black hair, quick in his movements, an excellent rider. He was a warm man, he loved people, while my mother was sort of aloof.

I remember once on Christmas Eve we were all sitting down for dinner, when a road hand came in with his seven children and a cake for my daddy, to express his affection. It was a green cake, I remember, and terrible tasting—nobody could eat it. My mother said, "Oh my goodness," and she wasn't pleased at all, to have our Christmas Eve dinner broken up that way, but my daddy was very pleased and told them all to come right in. A warm man he was, and he loved to be with people.

Mother's people were Baptists, mostly, teachers and preachers. She took after them. She was a writer, she wrote a lot for the papers, and I suppose I took after her—I was editor of the college paper. Mother taught speech, and so did I.

Q.—Weren't you a debater?

L.B.J.—Yes, sir, we won sixty-five or sixty-six debates, only lost the last one. We won the city and the county championship, but we lost the state [championship], by a vote of the judges of three to two. We were on the wrong side—we had the affirmative in "Resolved, that the jury system ought to be abolished." I was so disappointed I went right into the bathroom and was sick.

Q.—Your mother has written that there was a time after you graduated from high school, a time of indecision, I think she calls it, when she was unhappy about you.

L.B.J.—Yes, I went out to California, for two years; that was in 1924 to about 1926. I lived sort of from hand to mouth, washing cars, doing odd jobs. Then I came back home, and for a while I worked on the road gang. But my mother was always after me to get an education, and finally I said I would go to college. I had to do six weeks' high-school work to get ready for the college entrance exam—and I made all A's in the end, except for plane geometry. My mother worked with me all night before the geometry exam, and I got a seventy, just passing—I'm not sure yet whether I really passed. Then in college I went through the course in less than three years. In college I never let daylight catch me in bed. I lived and slept in the president's garage, on a cot. I had about five different jobs, janitoring, working for the president, selling silk socks, and so on, and when I graduated I had $200 in the bank.

Q.—What does your extraordinary drive come from?

L.B.J.—Well, I suppose you'd call it pride. Some people have it in an unusual degree. For me there has been more satisfaction in politics than in anything else. I've always wished Lady Bird and I had a son; if we had a boy, I'd want him to be a politician, or a teacher or a preacher. Or maybe a writer or a publisher. But someone who deals with other people, who has an influence on the course of events. I get more satisfaction out of doing things for people than anything else.

Q.—The liberals say you're too conservative, and the conservatives say you're too liberal. How would you define your political position?

L.B.J.—Well, I like to think I'm a liberal without being a radical. To put it another way, I always want to keep moving—but not with both feet off the ground at the same time.

Q.—Have you become more conservative since you entered politics?

L.B.J.—Well, any man learns with experience. I've had ten years in the House, and ten in the Senate, and one thing you learn by experience is that politics is about people. The greatest good for the greatest number. I believe strongly in our system of checks and balances—otherwise a simple numerical majority might get out of hand. But I've always thought I had a social conscience. I ought to have—I know what it is to be poor. And I know one thing—you don't want to sit on your hands; you have to keep moving forward. If there's something that has to be done, the Republicans always have reasons why you can't do it now—it's too hot, it's too cold, it's raining too hard. Sometimes you get a little impatient.

Q.—Tell me about your heart attack in '55—exactly what happened?

L.B.J.—Well, I'd had a terrible day. It was Saturday, July second, and my daughter Lucy's birthday. I was going to George Brown's place in Virginia that night [Brown is a Texas contractor] to spend the Fourth of July weekend. Saturday's my cleanup day, when I do things I can't get done the rest of the week. First there was a press conference in the morning, and there was a new man there. This new man asked me about the immigration bill, when it would be passed and so on. I thought a minute, and said I really didn't know just where the bill stood. This new man said that it seemed to him "passing strange" the majority leader wouldn't know the facts about the immigration bill, and right then I blew my top. I said it seemed passing strange to me that when I did a newspaperman the courtesy of inviting him into my office and giving him the facts as far as I knew them that he should question my motives. "As far as I'm concerned in the future," I told this man, "you've had it." I was really angry. I remember an old friend saying, "Lyndon, you're tired, you'd better go on home and have a good rest over the weekend."

I'm always pressed for time—an hour late and a dollar short, that's the way I've been all my life. But I remember that day I had the feeling that I had a million things to do and I couldn't possibly do them all, a feeling of terrible pressure. I remember buying a couple of suits, a brown one and a blue one—I'd been wearing those old seersucker suits, and they looked terrible, and my wife had been after me, asking me when I was going to get some new suits. There were a lot of other things. Then I got a message that Senator Walter George had called me. The senator was feeling pretty sick, and Miss Lucy thought it would cheer him up if I dropped in on him, so I did so just before I left for Virginia in the late afternoon. He offered me a drink, and I refused it. I've wondered since if it would have helped if I'd had the drink. Maybe not.

On the way to Virginia I was alone in the car with the driver, Norman Edwards. I remember suddenly it began to seem terribly close, and I told Norman to turn on the air conditioner. He said it already was on, and I said to turn it on full steam, and he said it was already on full steam and was getting very cold.

I was an hour late, and I was trying to make it, and there was this sense of pressure. My chest hurt and I thought to myself, if only I hadn't eaten that cantaloupe at lunch. About twenty miles away from George Brown's place, my chest really began to hurt, as though there were two hundred pounds on it. Then I belched a little, and felt better. But when we arrived I told Norman I didn't feel well, and to stay around for a bit, because I might have to go back. Well, I had some baking soda—all along I thought I had indigestion—and I went to bed. But then I got this feeling that I couldn't breathe.

Clint Anderson—Senator Anderson—was there too, and he said, "Lyndon, I think you may be having a heart attack." He'd had one himself. I said, "Don't scare me, Clint," but he was serious, and we sent for the doctor. He thought I was having a heart attack too. He said, "You'll probably go into deep shock in about one and a half hours, which just gives us time to get you back into town."

Well, I told them to call Lady Bird, and tell her to come to the hospital, and also Skeeter Johnston [Secretary of the Senate], and George Reedy [Lyndon Johnson's assistant] and Doctor Thompson, my personal doctor. On the road in, I still felt as though I had someone stepping on me, but I was able to talk all right. I got out a cigarette, I remember, and the doctor told me to put it away, but I said, "Let me have just one more and then I'll never have another." So I had that cigarette, and it's the last I've ever had. So when I got to the hospital, they were all there. I gave Bird my keys, and the money out of my pocket. I told Skeeter Johnston to call Earle Clements, who was the whip then, and tell him to take over the leadership for the rest of the session. Then I began to go into shock.

Q.—How did that feel?

L.B.J.—Well, I felt sort of addled. I was conscious part of the time, or half conscious anyway.

Q.—Was it a bad heart attack?

L.B.J.—As bad an attack as you can have, and still live. But I've recovered completely—and really completely. The cardiogram shows absolutely no evidence of damage at all. I've got several thousand dollars' worth of insurance since the attack—and the insurance companies aren't in the business of giving money away.

Q.—Do you ever have any regrets?

L.B.J.—No, I have no regrets. There's more satisfaction in doing things for people than in anything else, and that's what politics is all about. You get a sense of achievement if you do your job well. . . . I can put my political philosophy in three sentences. First, I'm a free man. Second, I'm an American. Third, I'm a Democrat—in that order. THE END

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FOR THE PRESENT HE WILL JUST HEW TO THE KENNEDY LINE.

Recent tragedy haunts every face as Johnson, flanked by past and present first ladies, takes oath of office.

Moments after the swearing in, Texas Congressman Albert Thomas tries to console grief-stricken Mrs. Kennedy.

head on the concrete, till his brains almost spilled out. That bully was very different after that. But the chances are he'd never have bullied this quiet boy in the first place if he'd known what was going to happen."

As President, Lyndon Johnson certainly will not permit the United States to be bullied. Ever since his political "Daddy," Franklin Roosevelt, finagled a place for him on the Naval Affairs Committee as a freshman congressman in 1937, defense has been a Johnson specialty, and he has consistently favored a strong defense. His voting record in the House and Senate was that of a moderate internationalist in foreign policy.

Even so, one of the most effective arguments against his presidential candidacy in 1960 was that Johnson was essentially a "parochial politician," in Walter Lippmann's phrase. Until he became Vice President, his knowledge of the world outside the United States was, to say the least, limited. But in the last three years Johnson has been taking a sort of foreign-policy cram course. He has made several trips abroad, and as a member of the National Security Council he has participated in all the major foreign-policy decisions, including last year's decision to face down Khrushchev in Cuba.

It will be interesting to see the personal style of Lyndon Johnson, as President, applied to foreign policy. A meeting between President Johnson and Chairman Khrushchev, for example, would be a peculiarly fascinating occasion, particularly if Johnson administered what was known in Johnson's Senate days as "Lyndon's Treatment A."

Treatment A was the Majority Leader's secret weapon for use against recalcitrant senators. He also used it, on occasion, on reporters, including this one. I had written a couple of sentences critical of Johnson in a newspaper article. For this magazine, I later described what happened in his office:

"The Majority Leader was, it seemed, in a relaxed, friendly, reminiscent mood. But by gradual stages this mood gave way to something rather like a human hurricane. Johnson was up, striding about his office, talking without pause, occasionally leaning over, his nose almost touching the reporter's, to shake the reporter's shoulder or grab his knee. Secretaries were rung for. Memoranda appeared and then more memoranda, as well as letters, newspaper articles, and unidentifiable scraps of paper, which were proffered in quick succession and then snatched away. Appeals were made, to the Almighty, to the shades of the departed great, to the reporter's finer instincts and better nature, while the reporter, unable to get a word in edgewise, sat collapsed upon a leather sofa, eyes glazed, mouth half open. Treatment A ended a full two hours later, when the Majority Leader, a friendly arm around the shoulder of the dazed journalist, ushered him into the outer office."

As Treatment A demonstrates, our new President is an extraordinary man, in the literal meaning of that word. In every way, he is out of the ordinary.

His drive is extraordinary. Every politician who gets to the top of the political heap has great dynamism, but at least in the past there has been something almost frenetic about Johnson's drive to power—"I'm always pressed for time," he has said. "An hour late and a dollar short,

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Former President Eisenhower comes to give words of advice and encouragement to President Johnson at the end of his first full day in office.

Former President Truman, too, pays his respects to a fellow ex-senator.

THE NEW PRESIDENT

that's the way I've been all my life." Ever since he was a boy, he has been driven by a need to succeed. "My daddy used to wake me up at dawn," he has said, "and shake my leg and say, 'Lyndon, every boy in town's got an hour's head start on you.'"

He has been trying to catch up ever since. The pressure to catch up certainly helped cause the massive heart attack—"as bad as you can have and live," by his own account—which he suffered in 1955. Ever since the heart attack, from which he has staged a complete recovery, he has been trying to slow down. The effort is sometimes visible—Johnson will suddenly and abruptly halt the flood of his talk, lie back in his chair, gaze contemplatively at the ceiling, and scratch his stomach. But these moments of conscious relaxation rarely last long, and Johnson is soon striding restlessly about again, the floodgates of his conversation opened wide.

There are other ways in which Johnson is extraordinary. He is extraordinarily sensitive. An unfriendly story in the press will plunge him into gloom. This extreme sensitivity could be a serious weakness in the new President, for criticism, sometimes brutal and unfair, is the lot of every President.

He is extraordinarily proud. Sometimes his pride can degenerate into mere vanity, as evidenced by the endless proliferation of his initials, which are attached to his wife, his two daughters, his ranch, and even his dog. But in its essence Johnson's pride is admirable, a pride in achievement, a love of excellence.

Johnson is also an extraordinarily likable man. His charm is not, to be sure, universal in its effect. But Sen. Earle Clements of Kentucky was not greatly exaggerating when, after Johnson's heart attack, he paid this tribute to Johnson: "I doubt if there is a member of the Senate, on either side of the aisle, who does not look on Johnson as a friend."

Johnson is a witty man, a good storyteller, and a fine mimic—his imitations of politicians he dislikes are sidesplitting. But the chief secret of his talent for friendship is a certain warmhearted and oddly boyish exuberance. Like other successful politicians—Winston Churchill and Theodore Roosevelt are examples—Johnson has never quite grown up.

Finally, as John F. Kennedy's casual remark suggests, Lyndon Johnson is a man of extraordinary ability. When he was Majority Leader, there was something magical about his performance—no one was ever quite able to explain how Johnson worked his legislative miracles. A devoutly loyal staff and a good intelligence system were part of the answer—and in the White House, Johnson will certainly insist on both. A certain restlessness was another part of the answer. But there was something else as well—an X quality, something undefinable.

"I don't quite know why it is," an old friend of Johnson has said, "but whatever Lyndon *really* wants, he gets in the end." And getting what he wants is a useful quality for a President of the United States to have. THE END

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Looking somber under the burden of his suddenly acquired responsibilities, President Johnson strides between the White House and his former offices.

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EDITORIAL

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went
down

As when a lordly cedar, green with
boughs,

Goes down with a great shout upon the
hills,

And leaves a lonesome place against the
sky.

—Edwin Markham on the assassination of A. Lincoln

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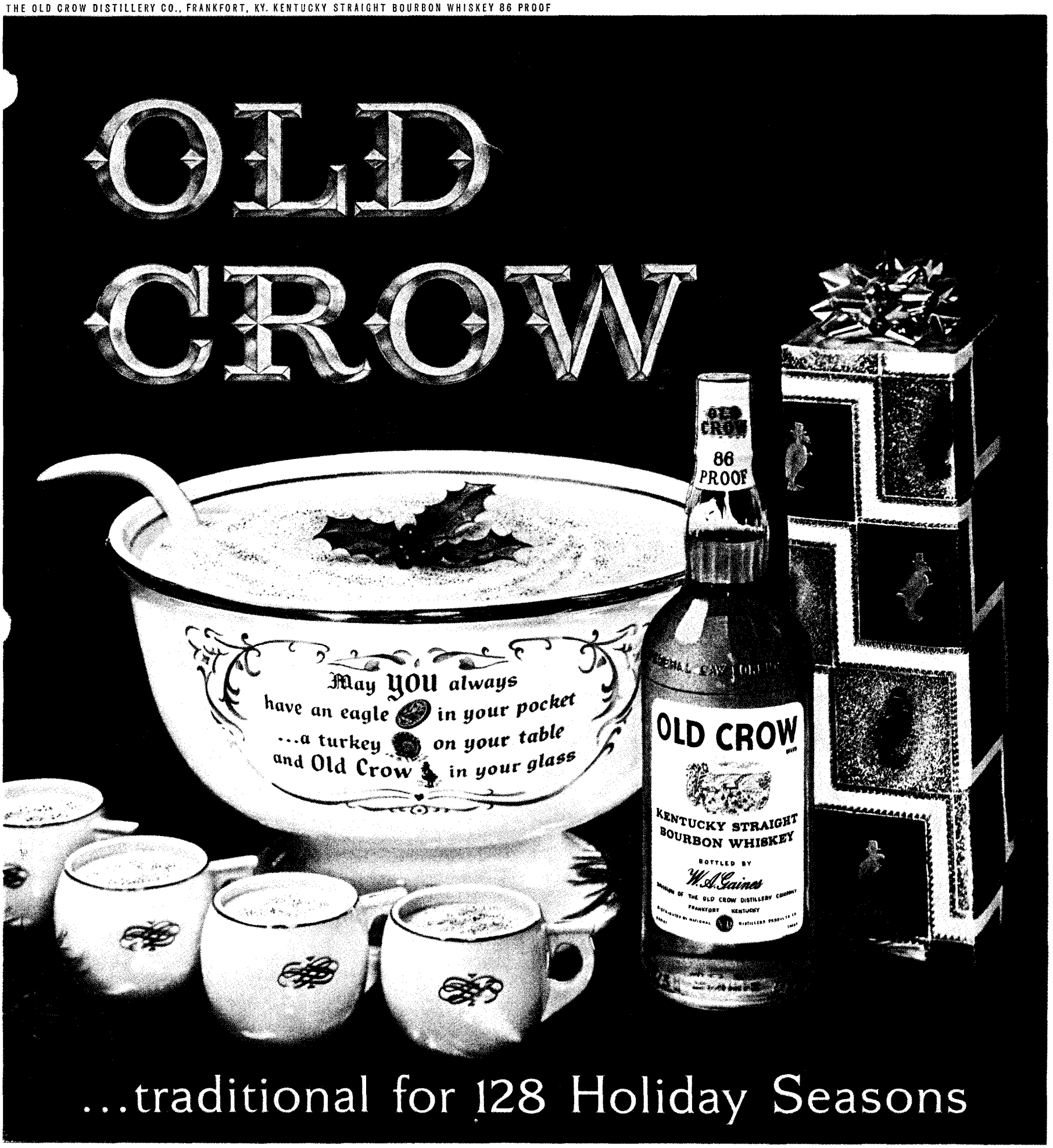
THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 86 PROOF

OLD CROW



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***To make the* EGGNOG.** Mix 2 qts. eggnog-mix with 4/5 qt. of Old Crow and 1/2 pt. lightly whipped cream. Chill. Stir. Serve with sprinkling of nutmeg. Serves 30.

***To purchase the* BOWL.** Exact replicas of Old Crow's famous antique bowl, with 10 cups and ladle, are available at $15. Send check to Box 745, OLD CROW PUNCHBOWL, East Liverpool, Ohio.

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